

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XXII.

JULY, 1881.

No. 3.

THE YOUNGER PAINTERS OF AMERICA. III.



CAPRI PEASANT. (JOHN S. SARGENT.)

MR. W. GEDNEY BUNCE is, of all the new men, except Mr. Ryder, the fondest of color. Like Mr. Ryder, too, he seems to succeed in making very agreeable pictures without further design at bottom than that of

VOL. XXII.—26.

amusing himself—or, to put it in another way, it is evident from his pictures that he delights in his art. The difference between them is patent enough. There is nothing in anything of Mr. Bunce's which

[Copyright, 1881, by Scribner & Co. All rights reserved.]

we have seen that testifies to the concentrated brooding over luminous tones and harmonies of hue which gives its quality of intensity to Mr. Ryder's most characteristic work. His touch is lighter, freer, more buoyant, more natural, and less magical. Its range is greater and its power of moving correspondingly slighter. With less poetry, it has more intelligence, strictly so called—is cleverer, surer, more the servant of the painter. But he shares with Mr. Ryder that amateur quality which, when it is either truly poetic or cleverly managed, or both, is a delightful element in art, and, from its rarity, in American art especially. We endeavored, long ago, to say how Mr. Ryder's works impressed us, and he is not here in question, though, having mentioned him, it may be said in passing that since that time he has more than fulfilled the promise he then displayed. Mr. Bunce's are more difficult to speak of with closeness. He is one of the newest of the new men, and only last year won the full measure of attention which he undoubtedly deserves. We believe he owes no master any allegiance, though he painted long in Europe, and to compare his pictures to those of Felix Ziem, as they have been compared, shows a contrast in all points except that they agree in being, for the most part, marines, and in relying on color. Original, accordingly, Mr. Bunce's work must be called; and doubtless if he were fond of studying and judging it himself he would come to the same conclusion. But doubtless, also, he, better than any one else, could tell why, being original, it is not more impressive. It is certainly interesting and attractive. We do not care so much for those large marines shrouded in scumbled mist which introduced Mr. Bunce to the New York public two years ago, and which he contributed last year to the exhibition of the Society of American Artists. There was observable in these, to be sure, an agreeable avoidance of the theatrical, as well as what may be called the sentimental, employment of color, to one or the other of which painters of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic are too often addicted. But, to our mind at least, both this avoidance and the effort to substitute soft aerial atmospheric effects seemed a little distinct and conscious. They seemed to say to the observer: "You have, all along, been laboring under a great mistake. What you have supposed to be color is a mere jumble of hues more or less discordant, striking, gorgeous, or

what not, and can be obtained very cheaply. But properly speaking, it is not color at all. This is color; and, though it may not seem so at first, because it is not glaringly evident like the canvases you have been accustomed to regard as color, if you look at it a while you will see how pervaded it is with warmth and tone, how pleasantly elusive its modulations are, and how quietly charming is the whole effect of it." And though, if this be not too fanciful an interpretation of their import, these pictures may be said to have performed a valuable missionary service, such a service can only be called incidental in thoroughly satisfactory art. We liked much better the moonlight Venice which Mr. Bunce sent to the Academy last year, and which was evidently the product of an unmixed and genuine impression. This avoided quite as successfully the ordinary conventionalities of color, and had, in addition, the positive charms of rich and liquid tones. Along with this one could not fail to notice what, in fact, was its main attraction, that, liquid and rich as it was in color, and thoroughly imbued as the painter had evidently been with a sense of the beauty of color, it was distinctly a Venetian moonlight, and not merely a "nocturne." No one can have a greater respect for "nocturnes" than we have. There are many who have ineradicable *a priori* objections to them, but we cherish no illusions of the sort, and are free to like what seems on its face likable without inquiring too curiously into its legitimacy. Nevertheless, the painting of "nocturnes" is surrounded with discouraging difficulties, and until Mr. Bunce tries his hand at them avowedly and definitely, it will be safe to rest content with such frank treatment as in this picture he displayed. Owing to his use of color as material instead of as an end, and to the directness with which he painted what there was visible to his eye and suggested to his mind when he made his study (materially or mentally it matters not which, of course), his Venetian moonlight depends for its interest not on Venice and its familiar and hackneyed romantic attractiveness, but on qualities of its own. However, the picture had limitations obvious enough, perhaps, and in the direction of its merits. It was not altogether "inevitable," and the same may be said of a good deal of Mr. Bunce's work that has been exhibited here. And as we suggested, perhaps he himself, considering how rare a thing originality is, and how impressive a work that is original in any real sense must be, and

knowing his own powers, and the facility which they give him, could best explain why it is that, with all his admirable qualities, he yet fails to rivet one's interest firmly. One of two explanations must be the true one: either he is too subtle and poetic a painter, and by consequence careless of the obvious and tangible excellences upon which the wayfarer is accustomed to hang his admiration; or he is a clever, facile, and buoyant genius, delighting in his art for the pleasure which it gives him, esteeming difficulties lightly, because it is easy for him to conquer all that he sees, and full of sensitiveness, appreciation, aspiration, healthful confidence, and other qualities which the trained amateur shares with the born artist. If he should do more of such work as a bit of still-life a few inches square to be seen at the Cottier Gallery some time ago, there would be no doubt of his being a born decorative painter, at all events: it represented a couple of apples and so on, and was not only a rich piece of color, but beautifully painted in respect of quality and serious, contained expression in general.

Mr. Douglas Volk is another of the painters whose work has only recently been seen here. The portrait that introduced him to the New York public at the Academy a year ago yet remains the best thing he has shown. It was, however, a work of so much merit, and so evidently an important production of a trained painter, that to look for the speedy improvement upon it which it is the fashion to demand of "new men" would imply a misjudgment of its qualities. It showed clearly enough that Mr. Volk was a "new man" only in the sense of being new to us. At the same time, one could easily see that Mr. Volk's future was likely to be of more interest than his past, and if it had not a youthful look it could not be called mature. Most of our readers must remember the picture: a blonde young lady, with black dress, hat, and gloves, seated sideways, her face turned toward the observer and relieved against a yellow background; the whole painted in a key high enough to give it an air of vivacity, enforced rather than enfeebled by the abundant contrasting blacks. The effect was very real, and the face and figure individualized so happily as to make one forget, in recognition of its perfect simplicity, the difficulty of realizing so completely the charm of a lively and attractive girl. Any one who studied the canvas must have given the painter deserved credit for failing to vulgarize in any degree a sub-

ject of such peculiarities. No disparagement of the dignity of portraiture compared with other departments of painting is implied, however, in adding immediately that this portrait furnished no test of Mr. Volk's imaginative force. In both color and composition it avoided failure so far as appeared by not challenging any of the difficulties of either. Its success, in other respects than those mentioned, lay in its admirable drawing and in the discriminating rendering of its different textures. The discovery of Mr. Volk's invention and his æsthetic qualities generally is made in other works—in "The Puritan Maiden," here engraved, for example. There is something very pleasant in the sentiment of this, aside from the noticeably excellent "handling" evident in the snow. It tells its story with clearness, as all *genre* of the sort of course should, but it is agreeably reserved in expression, and the subject is treated pictorially rather than in literary fashion. It loses thus naturally the quality which Mr. Boughton's literary insistence, for example, would secure—an intellectual or sentimental refinement, that is to say. But if not subtly poetic it is at any rate pretty, and yet dignified in both idea and expression. The same is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of two small and unpretending landscapes sent respectively to the last Society of American Artists' Exhibition and its predecessor. The truth is, that Mr. Volk's work is of that kind which disposes one to take the most favorable view possible of it; even toward his rather confused picture which accompanied "The Puritan Maiden" to the Academy this year, and which seems more like picture-making (of a pardonable enough sort, however) than anything he has done, it is impossible not to take this view. But in it, as in his portrait of a "Fencing-Master," there is nevertheless a trace of alloy that will be rejected before Mr. Volk makes the position among his fellow-painters which belongs to him absolutely secure. How to characterize it one scarcely knows, but perhaps it would not be inaccurate to attribute it to a judgment of popular appreciation that is a little careless and hasty. Popular appreciation has made a great advance within the time that has elapsed since Mr. Volk began to paint and think of subjects and their treatment. It is still, to be sure, in large measure content with work greatly inferior to Mr. Volk's worst. But nothing is more certain than that, for this kind of appreciation, it is hopeless for an artist to compete with his inferiors. So-called "pop-



FRANK D. MILLET AS WAR-CORRESPONDENT. (GEORGE W. MAYNARD.)

ular art" seems somehow to have its own secret, undiscoverable by real talent in spite of every effort to attain it—according to the law which prescribes natural sincerity as the first condition in all art. So that successful mediocrity implies in general a natural turn for it in the painter who arrives at it. And it is therefore a sign of Mr. Volk's inaptitude for it that his own departures in its direction should appear as unsuccessful as they do. An inferior painter might easily have owed something to the theatricality of flinging a mass of white into the center of a large dark canvas, but in Mr. Volk's portrait of M. Senac the manage-

ment of the white gauntlet is felt at once to be trivial and unhappy—and, as we say, by many more people than would have quarreled with it not so very long ago. In the same way, it must also be said, one may fail by inattention to, as well as by misconception of, one's natural audience, and that the background of the portrait first mentioned is an instance of this. Altogether, it is probable that Mr. Volk's serious work is yet to come—after he has become more singly devoted to some ideal worthy of his really uncommon powers. Of these, drawing is evidently the first, and so good a draughtsman is he that it will not be considered out of

place here to congratulate the schools of the Cooper Union upon his professorship there. There have been few as conspicuous examples of broad and firm drawing as the drapery of this portrait; and its drawing was what saved the picture of a sleeping child enfolded in the ultra-Ethiopian arms of a nurse outside the frame, which Mr. Volk sent to the last Artists' Fund Society Exhibition.

Portraiture is also the forte of Mr. George W. Maynard. That of Mr. Millet looks—in the engraving, at least—rather photographic, but one can see that in character delineation and in painting it is probably one of the painter's successes. His work is curiously unequal, it must have been observed. In the Academy Exhibition of 1880, for example, there was a family interior whose awkwardness was in striking contrast with the graceful traits of the large portrait in an adjoining room. One could not help trying to account for the difference, and it may pardonably be attributed to a lack of the critical poise and acumen which should warn a painter when he is erring, elementarily, at all events, though doubtless the unattractiveness of subject in the failure compared with the attractiveness of the subject in the success is to be partly blamed. That, however, is really the affair of the painter himself, and besides cutting both ways it would not serve as a plea more than once or twice, say. The larger canvas—which was curiously mis-catalogued "A Mexican Portrait," by the way—was not only a success, but one of the most noteworthy successes of an exhibition in which there were several. It was an excellent piece of painting, in large masses, and in arrangement remarkably graceful and winning; so that an occasional imperfection, like the blending of the charming figure's hair with the background, seemed a solecism. Now and then Mr. Maynard's inspiration seems to fail him in just this way, and of much of his work—such as a pretty conceit of a girl, or goddess, sailing the empyrean in a crescent, which was sent to the last Salmagundi Exhibition—one wonders why, since it is so pleasing, it is not even more so. Mediocrity always threatens when effort is relaxed, and it is so evidently within Mr. Maynard's ability to keep above it, that one wishes sometimes he were a little more acutely sensible of the ease with which one unconsciously falls into it, and of the loss to one's importance which even an occasional lapse must involve. Of a painter whose powers were really



MARKET DAY BY THE CATHEDRAL STEPS, MORLAIX, BRITTANY. (LOUIS C. TIFFANY.)

mediocre it would not, of course, occur to any one to say this, and it is said here mainly to suggest that Mr. Maynard is not fairly judged if he is judged, as he sometimes has been, by the unmistakable mediocrity he has once or twice exhibited.

On their decorative sides, Mr. Louis C. Tiffany and Mr. Francis Lathrop, who are not to be classed among the younger painters with exactness, may be loosely considered with them. Mr. Lathrop was, we believe, one of the original band of devoted pre-Raphaelites whose mild earnestness of

performance and preachment accomplished its mission so many years ago. He studied with Madox Brown, and perhaps others of the school in England, and has reproduced their spirit in his pictures with a good deal of sympathy, but without special accentuation. To his work of this sort his drawings in black and white, of which this magazine has contained many examples, seem preferable,—done with more freedom, and therefore more characteristic. Such a portrait as that of Mr. Edison, which appeared here, shows powers of draughtsmanship and of characterization that are noteworthy, and have, indeed, long been recognized. But his strictly decorative work is not so well known, and in it he is probably at his best. He was Mr. La Farge's main reliance—we presume it may be said without disrespect to his associates in that work—in the decoration of Trinity Church in Boston, and to his tact and invention, and (at that time certainly no less valuable a quality) his skilled knowledge of what had been done and is practicable in decoration, no small part of the success of the whole is to be attributed. Of the decoration at Bowdoin College we cannot speak with knowledge. Persons who have visited Trinity Church may be reminded of a graceful and delicate band which runs around the chancel dado, and which certainly testifies to a very nice and artistic sense of pure decoration. Even now that the domain of decoration is being invaded by the painters to such a noticeable degree, so much taste as this one thing evinces is uncommon. Much the same thing may be said of Mr. Tiffany, with obvious qualifications, of course. He was for some years a very clever painter of oriental phenomena, the attractiveness of which was also appreciated with the same keenness by Mr. Colman and Mr. Swain Gifford. But no more than these painters did he find them exclusively interesting, and though both he and Mr. Colman have clung pretty closely to cathedrals,—representations of which, in general, have a vogue that may be explained on religious grounds, perhaps,—he has ranged as far afield upon occasion as either of the others, and with equally felicitous results. Some of the most attractive of his works that we remember were of the naturally unromantic, not to say hideous, "localities" to be found in this city. In particular, the impression left by a miniature portrait of an uptown green-grocer's shanty and garden remains with us still, though it certainly had nothing of factitious interest

about it. This seemed for a time, indeed, so clearly Mr. Tiffany's true line that it is hardly probable that he has seriously compromised the qualities to which he owed his success in following it, and far more likely that he carries these into the new sphere of professional decoration which he has entered. And his decorative work, such of it as is to be seen in this city, does in truth show the same freedom from conventionality in intention and generally in accomplishment which he first gave the rein to in his street studies. Of course, he is in a much more agreeable and congenial atmosphere in dealing with rich stuffs and frescoes than in painting cabbage-gardens; but what is worth noticing is that, upon such work as the windows and wall-painting at the new Union League Club, he brings to bear all the invention and taste with which he is endowed, and that at the beginning of his career as a painter he was content to lean upon whatever intrinsic interest might belong to such material as deserts and dromedaries.

Any review, however cursory, of the younger painters of the country would err in neglecting the work of—shall we say the few, or the many?—American women who have helped to make it an impertinence to question the ability of their sex to acquire a contained and dignified plastic expression of the artistic susceptibilities in which it has always been assumed to be so strong. Indeed, in a society whose attention has only recently been given with any seriousness to fine art, which it had therefore long popularly regarded as an accomplishment, painting, to some extent, fell into the sphere of feminine effort synchronously with piano-playing and embroidery. Of course, not much was to be accomplished in it while it was thus classified even by women themselves. We all remember with emotion the "specimens" of feminine skill and feeling which won distinction at the fashionable boarding-school, and afterward gladdened the family heart and decorated the family drawing-room. One cannot do much in art without any notion of the dignity or of any other quality which makes art admirable, certainly; but the long apprenticeship which feminine art in this country served as an accomplishment merely was probably not entirely thrown away. Quite as much, perhaps, as a natural feminine aptitude,—and at the present day to distinguish aptitudes sexually may have a musty sound,—

it is to be credited with the unmistakable turn for decorativeness which American women-painters have shown; or, at least, the aptitude may be said to have grown out of it. And so, when the opportunity came for serious work to be done in art, they were some of them as capable as they were enthusiastic to embrace it. Boston is, like the State of which it is the metropolis, the most chivalrous of American centers of intelligence. Either in virtue of its superior mental activity, or of the peculiar adaptedness of its activities to the feminine capabilities, or of the significant disclosures of every census, it gives to women a freedom and opportunity which, though at present somewhat crude, no doubt, may very fairly stand for the beginnings of a seemly, nineteenth-century, practical substitute for the Middle Age ideal of chivalry. Accordingly, it is natural to find in Boston a coterie of women artists, whose work has already gained some distinction and is still more striking in its promise. The late William M. Hunt stands sponsor for these clever painters, in popular estimation. He used to take great interest in their progress, and many of them had the benefit of his instruction. To them were addressed the series of "Talks," which one of them jotted down so successfully that he had them copyrighted, and which may therefore be taken as an authentic *précis* of his teaching and criticism. Almost every one has read more or less of these, and will be able to verify the remark that their effect upon their immediate audience is very evident. Mr. Hunt was, of all American painters, perhaps, the most alive to impressions of a vivid and vigorous kind. His impressionableness was, indeed, his main characteristic, and its predominance in him over the reflective and imaginative faculties is probably responsible for that diffusion of effort which, while it is always a witness of the power of a genius, accounts also for whatever alloy of transitoriness there may be perceived in its interest. His audience exactly suited him in this respect. A more impressionable body of students, taken as a whole, it would be difficult to find anywhere outside of the pale of a modern ritualist congregation, it is probable, than that which hung upon the lips of his eloquence, and for which he did in great measure the thinking. He was from the first recognized by them as something other than the picturesque character, acute observer, and powerful painter which he appeared to the dispassionate and disinterested—as, rather, a

prophet and a sage; and they illustrated an exception to the general rule in such cases, and did him great honor in his own country. The result was what was to be expected. Some of his pupils (indirectly the number of his pupils was larger than his conscious responsibility included) were greatly helped by him, and their almost reverential admiration of him has undoubtedly a just basis of gratitude. He awakened in them the genuine as contrasted with the conventional art impulse, freed their minds from traditionary commonplaces, and stimulated them strongly to real and serious work. Others did his instruction less credit, and disclosed their need of a different kind of teaching. Aristotle, said Plato, needed the bit, and Speusippus the spur, but Mr. Hunt apparently did not distinguish thus, as, indeed, being not distinctively a teacher, he was, of course, not called upon to do. Nevertheless, since his teaching was all spur, we may fairly charge it with a part of the superficiality which some of its recipients have displayed. If these were like Aristotle in needing restraint upon their ardor, they lacked his perception of the virtue that lies in the mean and the error involved in the excess of qualities, and before long rioted in an exuberance rightly to be called license rather than freedom.

To say this is not to affirm any special eccentricity of their work, though here and there its essential whimsicality was noticeable; but what we have in mind is the impatience of anything academic which it evinced. Mr. Hunt felt this defect in them very sensibly, we believe. He used to say, half-humorously, half-vexedly, that he couldn't pretend to do the things "these girls" tackled with cheery confidence, and pronounced them altogether too clever. "These girls" had spent a few months in Paris, and had there picked up tricks of technic with which they delighted themselves and their admirers, but for which he himself felt only impatience. It might have been replied to him that his own experience showed something analogous, and that before he had met Millet he had been as fond of Couture as any of them all, but nothing save his own modesty could have foreborne the rejoinder that what was mere experiment with him was likely to be fatal with a less robust genius. Yet the weight of what they heard from him tended irresistibly—and we do not think it can be denied—if not to confirm tricks of technic, at least to belittle severity of training and



THE PURITAN MAIDEN. (DOUGLAS VOLK.) OWNED BY THOMAS B. CLARK, ESQ.

exalt "originality." Some of "these girls," as we said, had the natural force to bear this, and carried within themselves the checks from good sense and seriousness which, doubtless, he relied upon them to apply. Others, whether they would of themselves have accomplished anything or not, certainly interpreted what they heard in a way disastrous to their prospects of any real success. Translated by them, Hunt's protest against formalism seemed a distressing jargon. Any one who reflects upon the years of study and practice upon which every painter of any importance has based the work that has made his reputation, upon

the apprenticeship which of necessity precedes even journey-work in every art, and in the art of painting in particular, must have marveled at finding put forth as distinctly held tenets that nothing but harm could come of the weariness of the flesh involved in much study; that "the soul" of nature was only obscured by attention to the dross of external forms; that the subtleties of perspective were *chevaux-de-frise* erected by hard and "correct" pedants between the painter and his expression, and poor substitutes for the unaided eye; that definition, explicitness, fidelity were the terms of antiquated error; that sug-

gestion and imagination, too long neglected, should assume their fitting place in the aim and effort of the painter; and so on. Bound up with this there was, of course, a perceptible amount of affectation, but for the most part it contained a fatal germ of sincerity. What measure of truth, or of half-truths rather, it comprised is obvious enough; but the ingenuous for-

advice and criticism, the result of being told by Mr. Hunt to "never mind" this and never mind that, but to express their own ideas, and paint the thing as they saw it, has been that they have acquired a facility of amusing themselves with "studies" and "impressions" that have never come to anything, at the price of frittering away a talent that might have been developed if it



PORTRAIT. (MARIA E. OAKLEY.)

mulation of these into the rudiments of a new grammar of art has its amusing, not to say pathetic, side. To put it baldly, the cant mysticism of which we have been speaking proceeds on the notion that a beginner in painting is a genius—like Hunt. Unhappily, however, as a New York painter once testified apropos of an analogous matter, genius "is such a rare thing that there's no use in talking about it." With not a few of those who had at various times the benefit of his

had been "taken in hand," instead of "humored."

This qualification once made, it is with nothing but satisfaction that one turns to some of the painters, whether pupils of Mr. Hunt in any sense or not, who have risen out of the crowd of aimless aspirants. For the purposes here in view still narrower limits suffice, and in taking Miss Elizabeth H. Bartol, Mrs. L. W. Whitman, and Miss Helen M. Knowlton as representatives of

the successful women-painters of Boston, no neglect of the several others whose work may deserve as much consideration is

to nature rather than to any representation of it; but it is quite as clear that she has original force and a kind of sweetness entirely indi-



PORTRAIT. (MRS. L. W. WHITMAN.) OWNED BY CHARLES G. WHITE, ESQ.

implied. Miss Bartol's work is not unfamiliar in New York. There are reminiscences of the manner of certain masters in her treatment, it may be, and evidence that she has been impressed by some of the idiosyncrasies of contemporary art with a keenness which it is, of course, better to owe

vidual, and it is not to be denied that she uses her brush in a way to which, wherever she got it, she has acquired a right. The "Portrait of a Boy," here engraved, shows as much. The reader will not fail to note how broadly and simply even its immaterial characteristics, such as the pensive interest of



PORTRAIT OF A BOY. (ELIZABETH M. BARTOL.) OWNED BY MRS. T. L. LOTHROP.

the face and the nice adjustment to this of the figure and its action, are expressed. And there is something very frank and cordial, and, at the same time, quiet and chaste, about everything she has exhibited here; and it is greatly in her favor that it is in her most characteristic work, apparently,—such as a tender and poetic, yet gravely treated, Gloucester landscape which we recall,—that she seems at her best. Mrs. Whitman's contribution to the exhibition of the Society of American Artists a year ago was the first picture she has shown here, if we remember rightly. It and the one we use as an illustration are not unlike, and in either the merits and, in some degree, the limitations of the painter may be seen. In the former, Mrs. Whitman's fondness for color, which stands her

in such good stead in her purely decorative work, is conspicuous. To say, then, that her fondness for it appeared more clearly than any natural felicity in employment of it, would be saying no more than the truth, perhaps. But it would have a depreciating sound, and the success is more evident than the short-comings of the portrait. But its very merits are so obvious and of such a kind that they seem to carry with them a witness that the painter has nothing more to learn, and will probably remain content with an accomplishment of which she has every reason to be proud. How to progress further along this line it would be difficult to suggest. Possibly the quality which we notice in Mrs. Whitman is analogous to that referred to by Mr. Hunt as blemishing the work of the young women



HEAD OF ITALIAN BOY. (HELEN M. KNOWLTON.)

whom he thought altogether too clever. The portrait does not betray by any means the self-satisfaction which it might perhaps justify, but it seems to indicate that the painter had her mind fixed too intently on richness of tone, firmness of drawing, and other elements of her picture, and that this is her natural inclination. After all, these are but elements, means of expression, and not what she had to paint—or should have had in order to endue the work with something more vital than cleverness. In just this respect it is interesting to contrast the accompanying portrait of the spruce and intelligent young gentleman, holding a striped staff, with Miss Bartol's portrait. The difference is apparent enough, and it is perfectly plain that the latter has a spiritual interest which the former is entirely without. This, however, might be set down with the caution of discretion to the difference in the models, and it would very likely be fanciful to say that the sitter suited the artist in either case; but an unmistakable, though less obvious, contrast consists in the imaginativeness which characterizes the one and is quite lacking in the other. A happy portraiture is to be seen in Mrs. Whitman's picture, but a photograph might show as

much. Nor does the arrangement of detail transcend the ability of many of the "artists" who use the camera; but what distinguishes the art we think of in connection with the palette is, after all, at bottom the unphotographic quality of imagination. This may be poetic, or feeble, or whimsical, or what not. Miss Bartol's is extremely poetic, it strikes us; but even if it were less so, or not poetic at all, its imaginative character would at once classify it as art possessing intrinsic interest of some sort, apart from the various external excellences which might or might not accompany this. The distinction is as old as art itself, of course—old enough, therefore, to be constantly lost sight of. Miss Knowlton's work, so far as we have enjoyed an opportunity of seeing it, is so unpretending, that to place it in the same category with Miss Bartol's would, perhaps, be to overweight it. And her reputation as a teacher of painting may have tended to obscure her recognition as a painter, if, indeed, her teaching has not absorbed her time and effort too exclusively to allow the forwarding of her own art as swiftly as otherwise would have been possible. She was Mr. Hunt's "lieutenant" for some years, and it was from her notes of his "Talks" that the latter were printed. This circumstance of itself testifies to an unusual capacity of apprehension, and doubtless to the supplement of her systematic training the general and rather fragmentary instruction of Mr. Hunt owes a large measure of the success it obtained. But, aside from the credit which her efforts of this kind deserve, and which it would be an omission to fail to record here, there is discoverable in her own painting not only the excellent equipment as to ways and means, and the intelligent appreciation of aim and end which are to be logically inferred, but a motive of much pensive grace, which the head here engraved may serve to illustrate. To carry this a little further would hardly be to risk obscuring the agreeable intention of it, one may say, and it has a look as if it might have been designed to witness some precept of the painter's master about "knowing when to stop"; nevertheless, the intention is clear and agreeable as it is, which is, of course, the main thing. Certain others of Miss Knowlton's most attractive works are in very much the same vein, which seems to us her best; but though the most evident trait of such of her landscapes as we have seen is a study-like reality, they are also not without a charm that cannot be



AT THE OPERA. (MARY S. CASSATT.) OWNED BY I. G. CASSATT, ESQ.

ascribed solely to felicitous choice of subject.

The portrait which Miss Mary S. Cassatt sent from Paris to the Second Exhibition of the Society of American Artists stimulates a lively regret that she should keep her countrymen in comparative ignorance of the work she is doing. If it be said that, judging from that canvas, and from the accompanying "At the Opera," this seems to lack charm, it is easy to see, on the other hand, that in force few, if any, among American women-artists are her rivals. There is an intelligent directness in her touch, and her entire attitude, beside which a good deal of the painting now abundantly admired seems amateur experimentation. Her work is a good example of the better sort of "impressionism," and the sureness with which, contrary to the fre-

quent notion of it, this proceeds; and perhaps it is especially successful in this respect because Miss Cassatt served an Academic apprenticeship, and "went over" to Degas and the rest of the school only after she had acquired her powers of expression. One cannot be all things at once, and especially if one determines to be definitely some particular thing; and so many people will temper their acknowledgment and appreciation of Miss Cassatt's success with the recognition of her neglect of, or incapacity for, the poetic and sentimental, not to say spiritual, side of painting. One even feels that to her adoption of a theory may be conveniently ascribed certain prosaic details of her "At the Opera," for example, which only avoid seeming like *gaucheries* because it is so evident that

they are deliberate, intelligent, and well executed.

The chance conjunction which concluding this paper with mention of Miss Maria R. Oakey brings about, suggests the fancy that these two painters would, if their qualities could be combined, so supplement each other as considerably to excel the work of either; and it is a notion that carries with it sufficient criticism of both artists. It ought not to be forgotten that for a long time Miss Oakey was, in spirit and intention, one of the very few who can be termed the pioneers of the movement in painting which only yesterday every one was calling "the new movement," but of which it has now become an effort of memory to recall the origins. Long before the return of the Argonauts in 1877, the prevailing character of Academy Exhibitions used to be accentuated by, among a few others, a canvas or two by Miss Oakey, in which, whatever its short-comings, the love of beauty agreeably predominated. The influence of, to come no nearer home, the more delicate of the Italian colorists was marked enough; certain "unworkmanlike" deficiencies were also apparent; and the latter are not yet wholly overcome, as may be seen from the

reproduction, herewith given, of perhaps the most dignified performance of an artist whose work is always serious. A still graver defect, since it infallibly conflicts with perfect simplicity of aim and endeavor, was a rather recondite and overanxious effort to avoid conventional forms and aspects of beauty. But this never wholly obscured the positive and direct love of tone and color and sentiment co-existent with it, and if Miss Oakey should continue to paint and avoid a perfunctory contentment with her accomplishment hitherto, varied by excursions into the lighter and less important departments of art, one must expect to see it disappear altogether. And, in any case, the circumstance that her choice of the unconventional at a time when American art was, for the most part, drenched in the commonplace, and before there seemed any danger from the vogue of affectation, must be interesting and worth chronicling in a review of such general scope as this.

[IN the first paper of this series, published in May, 1880, the author had something to say about Mr. J. S. Sargent. An engraving of a study by this accomplished young painter which appeared in the last exhibition of "The Society of American Artists" is given herewith. The finished picture had been shown at a previous "Society" exhibition.—ED. S. M.]

A SONG BEFORE GRIEF.

SORROW, my friend,
When shall you come again?
The wind is slow, and the bent willows send
Their silvery motions wearily down the plain.
The bird is dead
That sang this morning through the summer rain!

Sorrow, my friend,
I owe my soul to you.
And if my life with any glory end
Of tenderness for others, and the words are true,
Said, honoring, when I'm dead,—
Sorrow, to you, the mellow praise, the funeral wreath, are due.

And yet, my friend,
When love and joy are strong,
Your terrible visage from my sight I rend
With glances to blue heaven. Hovering along,
By mine your shadow led,—
"Away!" I shriek, "nor dare to work my new-sprung mercies wrong!"

Still, you are near;
Who can your care withstand?
When deep eternity shall look most clear,
Sending bright waves to kiss the trembling land,
My joy shall disappear,—
A flaming torch thrown to the golden sea by your pale hand.

THE SEA-HORSE.

NO CREATURE is so repulsive in appearance as an old male walrus, or morse (*rosmarus*); the head, large in itself, seems ridiculously small set upon the immense neck, and the ungainly body is all swollen and tremulous with the excessive deposit of flabby fat and blubber, distending the coarse, hairless, wrinkled hide into the shape and semblance of a wool-sack. No wonder that the eyes of the early Christian navigators opened wide in amazement as the sinister head of this brute amphibian rose unexpectedly from the cold green waters of the north, and then as suddenly disappeared beneath the

the one genus, and it in turn alone represents but two species. Curiously, too, while this animal is found in great numbers here and there within the waters of the Arctic Ocean, Baffin's Bay, and Behring Sea, no one has ever seen or even heard of the existence of a sea-horse in the equally frigid Antarctic seas and Southern circumpolar zone. The variation existing between the walrus of Spitzbergen and that of Behring Sea is a very sensible one, owing to the much greater size and almost hairless skin of the Alaskan adults; this difference may be due to the fact that our walrus has nothing to do



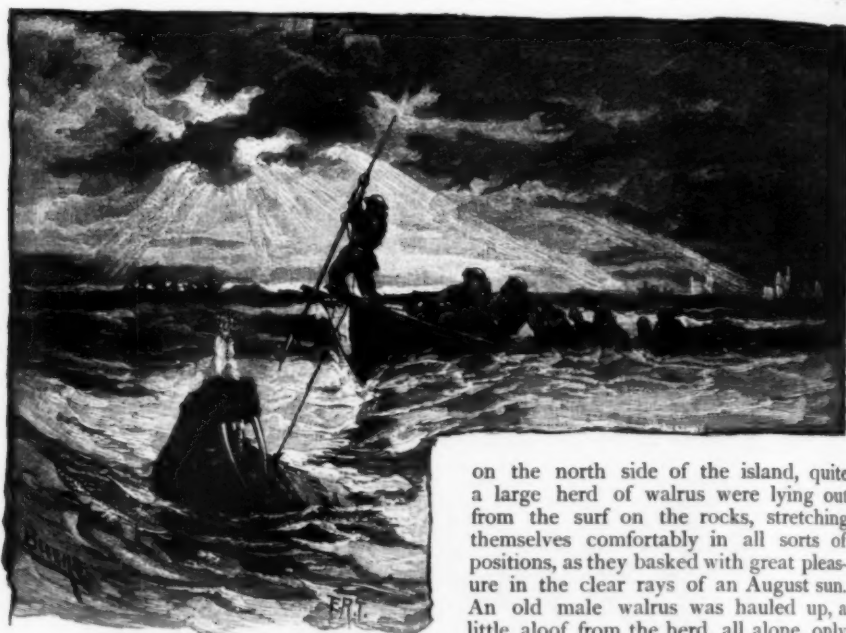
ESQUIMAUX HUNTERS CRUISING.

waves with its peculiar snort and hog-like grunt. However, soon after that, some hardy sailor put a harpoon into a "sea-horse," and its ivory teeth, and the oil found under its tough skin, at once stimulated a grand general hunting of this brute by all the seamen of northern Europe. It was a walrus-hunter who first beheld the frozen coasts of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, and it was a walrus-hunter also who first passed from Asia to this continent across the Straits of Behring.

Though doubt exists even now among scientific men as to the true character and appearance of the walrus, yet there is but

but to grow in comparative peace and seclusion, while the annual raids made upon the Spitzbergen branch of the family may tend to dwarf it by inculcating fearful anticipation.

From the peculiar, wicked-looking tusks that hang down over the chin from the massive upper jaw, one instinctively jumps to the conclusion that the walrus must be a terrible fighter—that these enormous dental weapons are used for tearing, cutting, and striking in conflict among themselves and with their enemies; as a matter of fact, the walrus is among the most peaceable and inoffensive of animals, and these savage-looking teeth are used almost exclusively in



ESQUIMAUX TAKING WALRUS.

the quiet service of prodding up and digging out clams and other shell-fish from their sand and mud beds in the shallow marine waters and estuaries of the north, and to grub the bulbous roots of the wild celery, and to tear juicy sea-weed fronds from their strong hold upon the rocky bottoms of rugged coasts and reefs. The walrus does not subsist upon any animal food or fish: he is a good vegetarian and has a decided taste for mollusks; he is far too clumsy as a swimmer to capture fish, and he seems to be too much oppressed with his own unwieldy bulk to fight either by land or sea, even in self-defense. Still, in some directions, awkward as he is on shore, he is capable of exerting immense muscular power and displaying unwonted agility. To give an illustration: the size and strength of a polar bear are well known, but the largest of its kind cannot knock down and drag out a full-grown walrus bull, while it could easily destroy and dispose of one of our heaviest oxen in that manner. An incident occurred under the eye of the writer, while surveying on St. Matthew's Island, in 1874, that very clearly presents the decidedly different natures of the two animals. At the base of a series of bold, high bluffs

on the north side of the island, quite a large herd of walrus were lying out from the surf on the rocks, stretching themselves comfortably in all sorts of positions, as they basked with great pleasure in the clear rays of an August sun. An old male walrus was hauled up, a little aloof from the herd, all alone, only a few hundred yards away, and enjoying himself, also, after the fashion of his kind when they come out for an air-bath. Lurking in the background, I observed a very large polar bear, as he took the scent of this old sea-horse, and watched him as he made a stealthy approach. Crouching and flattened to the ground, the bear rapidly came up to within a dozen yards of the dozing morse, when he sprang into a lumbering gallop, closed at once with him, and attempted, bear-like, to break in and crush his skull by dealing the astonished walrus a swift succession of thumping blows over the head with his heavy, powerful fore paws. The massive occipital of the walrus was, however, too thick to give way, even under the force of Bruin's immense feet; and, after the first shock of surprise, the clumsy amphibian righted himself, and, without striking back a single blow, turned and started for the water. The bear tried to head him off; but the strength of the walrus and the momentum of his bulky body, when started down grade to the surf, was more than his great white foe could overcome. So, instinctively realizing that his quarry was to escape, the infuriated bear leaped upon his broad, flabby back, buried his claws in the tough hide and his teeth in the neck of the

unhappy walrus, and actually hung on and rode down in this manner fifteen or twenty yards to the sea, where he quickly dismounted when the first wave combed over the flanks of his victim. This surf-bath, undoubtedly, cooled the bear's passion; but it did not destroy his interest, for he retreated, turned, squatted upon his haunches, and regarded the wake of the fleeing morse with great attention.

But when Bruin selects a young walrus, or a sick or feeble adult, then there is no

satisfactory; were it not for the subsistence furnished so largely by the flesh and oil of the morse, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the Esquimaux of North America, from Behring Straits clear around to Labrador, could manage to live. It is not to be inferred that walrus-meat is the sole diet of these simple people, for that is very wide of the truth; but there are several months of every year when the exigencies of the climate render it absolutely impossible for the hardest native to go out and procure

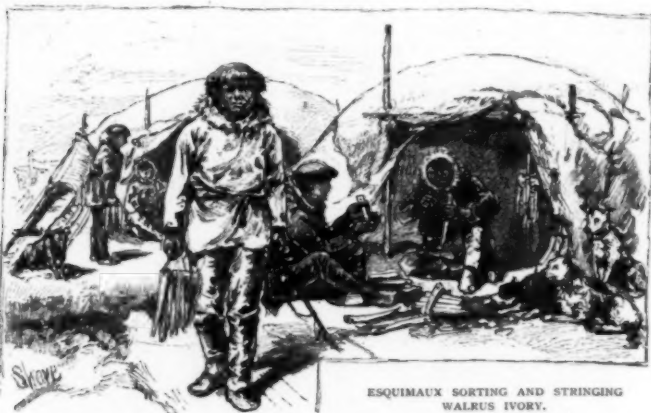


A ROUGH RIDER.

such failure; the skull is crushed by quick, repeated blows; then, when the stunned and quivering body of his prey lies extended, he fastens his ugly fangs upon the throat, tearing the hide and flesh until an artery is reached, when he settles down and fairly drinks out the life of the unfortunate walrus.

In looking at this uncouth animal, the most natural question at once arises—What earthly service can such an ungainly, stupid beast render? What, indeed, is the use of its existence? But the answer is swift and

food, and then the value of the *cache* of walrus-meat is appreciated, when for weeks and weeks it forms the beginning and the end of every meal. The walrus responds to as many demands of the Innuït as the camel of the Arab, or the cocoa-palm of the South Sea islander. Its flesh feeds him; its oil illuminates and warms his dark hut; its sinews make his bird-nets; its tough skin, skillfully stretched over the light wooden frame, constitutes his famous kayak, and the serviceable oomiak, or bidarra; its intestines



ESKIMAUX SORTING AND STRINGING
WALRUS IVORY.

are converted into water-proof clothing, while the soles to its flippers are transferred to his feet; and, finally, its ivory is a source of endless utility to him in domestic use and in trade and barter.

Walrus famines among the Esquimaux have been recorded in pathetic legends by almost all of the savage settlements in the Arctic. Even now, as I write (November, 1880), comes the authentic corroboration of the harsh rumor of the starvation of the inhabitants of St. Lawrence Island—those people who live just midway between the Old World and the New, in Alaskan waters. The winter of 1879–80 was one of exceptional rigor in the Arctic, though in this country it was unusually mild and open. The ice closed in solid around St. Lawrence Island—so firm and unshaken by the mighty powers of wind and tide that the walrus were driven far to the southward and eastward, out of reach of the unhappy inhabitants of that island, who, thus unexpectedly deprived of their mainstay and support, seem to have miserably starved to death, with the exception of one small village on the north shore. The residents of the Poonook, Poogovell-yak, and Kagallegak settlements perished, to a soul, from hunger—nearly three hundred men, women, and children. I was among these people in 1874, during the month of August, and remarked their manifold superiority over the savages of the north-west coast and the great plains. They seemed then to live, during nine months of the year, almost wholly upon the flesh and oil of the walrus. Clean-limbed, bright-eyed, and jovial, they profoundly impressed one

with their happy subsistence and reliance upon the walrus-herds of Behring Sea; and it was remarked then that these people had never been subjected to the temptation—and subsequent sorrow—of putting their trust in princes; hence their independence and good heart. But now it appears that it will not suffice, either, to put your trust in walrus.

Walrus naturally occupy a large place in the spiritual horizon of the Esquimaux; his whole idea of paradise is bound up in finding walrus by countless herds in the spirit land, which in itself, however, does not differ at all from the one he now lives on, except that there he will be uniformly successful in the chase, and always sure of meat to eat day in and day out. When the writer attempted to argue with one of these people that we could get along very well in the next world without these unsavory animals, the emphatic response was: "Without walrus there is no heaven!"

In view of the unremitting warfare waged upon the walrus-herds of northern Europe, it is most likely that the sandy shoals and muddy bars of Bristol Bay, Behring Sea, are now the chosen resort of the largest congregations of these animals. When the ice-pack closes in solid above the straits between Asia and America, then the great mass of the walrus, which have been spending the summer on the broken ice-floes, engaged principally in breeding, return to the open waters of Bristol Bay and Norton Sound, where they spend the winter, scattered in herds from a dozen or so in number up to bodies of thousands; living in perfect peace

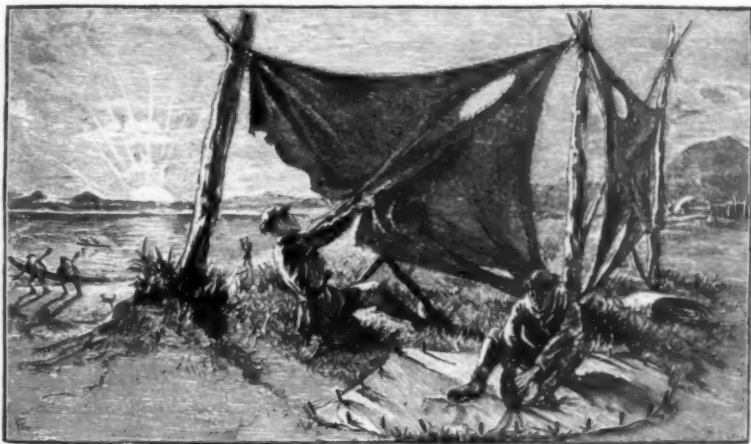
among themselves, and almost unmolested, though several districts are carefully hunted over by the Esquimaux of Nushagak for oil and ivory.

The shoal waters of this region and the eccentric tides have alone preserved these bands of *rosmarus* from extinction. Years ago, when the North Pacific was the rendezvous of the greatest whaling fleet that ever floated, vessels could not, nor can they now, approach nearer than sixty or even eighty miles of them.

The walrus is born upon the floating ice-fields of the Arctic Ocean, and during the whole of the summer remains there, carefully suckled and guarded by its mother, with whom it instinctively retires to the south as the packs begin to close over the

top of the square, flat head; the nostrils open directly above the muzzle, and are vertically oval and about an inch in diameter. Like the seal, the walrus, when traveling, swims entirely submerged, rising at prolonged intervals to breathe, when it "blows" with little jets of vapor and a noise not unlike a whale; on a cool, quiet day, the progress of these creatures as they swim may be traced by the succeeding tiny white columns of vapor thrown up. As the nostrils are scarcely raised above water, nothing is seen of the animal itself, unless it pauses in the act of swimming and rises up, head and shoulders, for a survey.

The chief glory of the *rosmarus*, however, must be embodied in its long white tusks, or canine teeth of the upper jaw, that



ESQUIMAUX DRESSING WALRUS-HIDES.

sea. Following the example of its elders, it soon begins to dig clams with its tiny tushes, to pull sea-grass and celery roots, and to tear up the tender sea-weed streamers, upon all of which it fairly thrives, until it reaches maturity in its eighth or ninth year, when it will measure twelve to thirteen feet in length from the nostrils to the root of its almost imperceptible tail, and possess a girth of twelve to fourteen feet around its blubber-loaded neck and shoulders. The immense accumulation of fat in the region of the neck and shoulders makes the head and posterior look small in proportion and attenuated. The singularly flattened head and massive, abrupt, square muzzle strongly resemble those of the African river-horse. The nostrils, eyes, and ear-spots are planted nearly on

are set firmly beneath the nostrils in deep, massive, bony sockets, which cause the distinguishing breadth and square cut front of the muzzle. These ivory teeth grow down, sometimes spreading a little as they descend; then again the tips of the tusks will nearly meet, varying in size from the six or seven inch tushes of youth to the average of two feet at maturity; the writer has seen examples over three feet in length, so large, indeed, that they might have belonged to a young mastodon. The usual weight of a good full-grown tusk is about eight pounds, but such teeth are rare: out of a herd of a hundred adult walrus, it will be very difficult to select an example which shall possess a perfect pair of tusks, because in rooting around for food they are almost

invariably broken off by their owners at the tips or even up as high as the jaw itself; when walrus ivory is perfectly white and free from cracks, it rates as high as the best elephant-teeth; but most of it has a yellow, porous core, and is badly cracked from the tips to the base.

The upper lips are thick and gristly, completely overhanging and shadowing the lower; they are set full of short, stout, grayish-white and horn-colored bristles, varying in length from a half to three and four inches; this mustache is decidedly the most sinister and peculiar in the whole animal kingdom.

A dull, wooden expression is given by the eyes of the walrus. These are small, and protrude from their sockets like those of a lobster; the iris and pupil form less than one-

the nostrils of the morse, and instantly the clumsy brute would snort in fright, and push, roll, and slide its huge bulk back into the sheltering sea. Most emphatically does the walrus aver that seeing is not believing, but smelling is!

After all, the crowning peculiarity of this creature comes with age. When an Alaskan *rosmarus* has wintered and summered for eighteen or twenty years in the chilly, desolate regions of its choice, it becomes bald, and, more than that, all of its hair, from head to tail, falls out, with the trifling exception of little sparse tufts here and there, rooted in the deep wrinkles and plications of its hide, giving a raw and naked appearance to the old veteran. The skin, bare of hair, is covered with a multitude of unwholesome, pustular-looking warts and pim-



A WALRUS BREEDING-GROUND, BERING STRAITS.

quarter of the exposed surface. The sclerotic bulges out from the lids, which are tinged a coffee-yellow and brown, with an occasional admixture of white in tiny spots. When the walrus is aroused, the eyes are rolled about in every direction,—forward, backward, up, down, and around,—while the head itself seldom turns, the animal only moving it, more or less stiffly, as it rears up. These odd, lobster-like optics, however, render their owners but little service out of water, and perhaps as little in. The natives have repeatedly amused the writer by going up gently to a walrus bull from the leeward, almost to within striking distance, causing that animal to make no other sign than a stupid stare and low grunts of curiosity; but did the man move a trifle to windward, so that the faintest whiff of his individuality reached

ples, deeply wrinkled and traversed with a coarse net-work of dark red venous lines, that show out in bold contrast through the thick, yellowish-brown cuticle, which in turn seems to be scaling off in places, as if from leprosy. A herd of these old stagers (they always keep together) strikes the eye of the observer in a most unpleasant manner.

This thick, tough hide of the walrus gives a strong superficial resemblance to the pachydermata; its weight alone, divested of blubber, is more than three hundred and fifty pounds! Naturally, its grain is very coarse, especially where it is three inches in depth, as it is found to be over the shoulders and around the neck, and nowhere is the skin of an adult less than half an inch in thickness; when young, however, it is thoroughly covered with short, moderately fine



WALRUS-HERDS ON THE CLAM SHOALS AT BRISTOL BAY.

brown hair, growing coarser, thinner, and finally falling out with age.

In landing and crawling over low, rocky beaches, shelves, and boulders, or in dragging themselves out on sand-bars, the walrus is as ungainly and as indolent as the sloth; they crowd up from the water in slow, labored movements, accompanied by low, swine-like grunts and then by a stifled bellowing, like that of oxen. The first walrus out from the water no sooner gets composed upon the ground to bask and sleep than the second one comes along, prodding and poking with its blunted tusks, demanding room, and causing the first to change its position a little farther on and up from the surf; then the second is in turn treated similarly by the third arrival, and so on; in this way, a piece of beach or shingle will be packed in the course of a day or two with hundreds and thousands as thickly as they can lie, their heads or posteriors being frequently pillowed upon the bodies of one another; and throughout the whole congregation there is nothing like ill-humor evinced. As they pass all the time when on land in sluggish basking or deep sleep, they seem to have an instinctive appreciation of the necessity of keeping watch, and guarding themselves from attack, and this is done satisfactorily by resorting to a somewhat singular though effective method; whenever a dozing herd of walrus is approached, there are always one or two stirring with their heads high up, snorting and grunting; these remain on duty only a very brief period,

usually a few minutes, when they lie down to sleep, but before doing so, they strike and poke the drowsy forms of their nearest companions with their tusks, causing them to rouse up suddenly; these stand on the alert in turn for a few minutes also, again pass the blow to the next, and resume their pleasant siesta: and thus the signal of danger is incessantly transmitted throughout the whole herd; this disturbance, evidently preconcerted among themselves, has the effect of always keeping some four or five of their number more vigilant than their drowsy fellows.

In moving on land, the walrus has no power in its hind limbs, which are always dragged and hitched up in the rear as the animal slowly and tediously progresses by a succession of short, trembling steps on the stubby fore-flippers. If in good condition and undisturbed, the herds will remain out of the water, in the summer season, and fast in great apparent comfort for a month or six weeks at a time. The *ros-marus* is monogamous, and the difference between the sexes in size, color, and shape is inconsiderable, save in respect to the teeth; the female is never found to possess as long or as heavy tusks as the male, but her ivory is generally harder and whiter. The walrus mother is devoted to her offspring, caring for and nursing it nearly a year, but her action in protecting it, as well as herself, is always passive. The writer finds it exceedingly difficult to reconcile the stories so frequently told of the

attacks made by sea-horses upon boats and their crews, with the timid and rapid dispersion which always attended the appearance of his boat among a swimming herd. Under no provocation whatever could either males or females be persuaded to show fight.

Occasionally, if you are coasting in Behring Sea, running along before a light breeze, your vessel will silently glide upon a small band of walrus sound asleep in the water; and, unless the sail flaps or the keel strikes a sleeper's form, you will pass on and leave them entirely unconscious of their dreaded visitor. They sleep grotesquely enough at sea, just like so many water-logged sticks, one end down and the other up. Nothing but the muzzle, with a few inches of the gleaming white tusks, appears to mark the position of a sleeping morse; its huge body rests vertically extended to a depth of twelve or thirteen feet below the surface of the rippling wavelets. You arouse a sleeper, and, with one short snort of surprise, it instantly tips itself back into a horizontal position and swims off, steering with its hind flippers; if not badly frightened it will re-appear, head and shoulders, after a

lapse of ten or fifteen minutes, to resurvey and grunt its amazement; but if thoroughly alarmed, it disappears entirely.

Much amusing speculation has been indulged in by various writers as to what particular animal gave rise in olden time to the weird idea of the merman and mermaid: some authorities, and one of them encyclopedic, declare it is the "human expression" of the *rosmarus*! Evidently that man has never seen the beast, for no matter how harshly he may feel toward mankind, he never for a moment would make this charge, could he only see his type; however, several species of the common hair seals (*Phoca vitulina*) and the dugong, as they rise from the water, have a decided suggestion in their eyes of the famous girl-fish, and these are probably the source of the suggestion. No amount of imagination can invest the uncouth head of the sea-horse with this pleasant fancy, for when the gristled muzzle of a walrus rises above the sea an observer cannot see the creature's eyes; those small, skin-colored organs are wholly undistinguishable at the distance one is compelled to keep by reason of the excessive timidity of the snorting pachyderm.



ARCTIC FOG-HORNS.



Philadelphia urchin has a strange affection for his uncle, by the way: if you threaten him, it is always his uncle who is a policeman and will avenge him, his uncle who owns the tightest gunning-skiff in the Ma'sh, his uncle who shot a fabulous number of reed-birds last year. He will tell you how his uncle stopped over night at this inn, the Old Point House, and, being attacked by some vile Jerseymen or Hessians, frightened them off with an account-book which they took for a horse-pistol; how his uncle saw the headless horseman who used to ride down into the Ma'sh from the old coach-factory, which, tradition has it,—no doubt untruthfully,—was the house in which part of the festivities attending the famous Meschianza

EVERY city holds out-of-the-way places unknown to the mere sojourner within its gates, and full of local oddities and delights which the stranger, however experienced, can never share with the citizen. To the casual visitor in Philadelphia the cabalistic word "The Neck," and the piquant phrase "Down in the Ma'sh," convey no meaning. To the native Philadelphian who can recall days when the lore of "Watson's Annals" was oral tradition, not vulgar written words, the Neck contains unspeakable associations. "The Old Point House," a half-forgotten structure on the Delaware, figures in many stories still told by the small boy as he fishes from the dilapidated wharf near its site. The

were held. The Old Point House was in the Neck, Eleven-Gun Battery is in the Neck, the Ma'sh is part of the Neck, and Martinsville, or Frogtown, is in the Neck.

Fashionable Philadelphians do not affect the Neck as a promenade. It is unknown to the "new people" that dwell in West Philadelphia, and to the rising generation of those quarters in which the aristocratic bicycle and other usurping innovations are common; but to the boy who lives in the part of the city once known as Southwark, it is a well-spring of joy and dirt. It is celebrated for its cabbages, its pigs, its dogs, its dikes, its reed-birds, its inhabitants, and, above all, for its smells. Under the last head it is related that an exiled inhabitant of

Cologne, dying of homesickness,—who had been carried to Hunter's Point, opposite New York City, in the vain hope that there some reviving reminiscence of his beloved town might strike his nostrils,—was immediately restored as the odors from the Neck greeted his bereft olfactories. He recognized his cherished perfumes, accompanied by several new ones.

Time and a ruthless municipal government have taken from the Neck much of its romance. In the days of the old fire department, the youthful Philadelphian who could "bag it,"—*i. e.*, play truant on a school-day,—or break away from his mother's apron-string on the blissful Saturday, might have had all the emotions of a dime-novel hero crowded into the space of an afternoon. Having concealed his penknife, his slate-pencils, his jackstones and marbles in his boots, his "soaker" (a round disk of leather attached to a string, which the Philadelphia boy soaked and used for pulling up bricks from the sidewalks) up his sleeve, his sling-shot and a choice collection of pebbles in his hat, and miscellaneous articles in his mouth, he started forth stealthily to kill frogs, to hunt rats in the banks, or to meet his foes. If he was a member of the Shiffler Hose Company, the members of

that company who met him would amiably refrain from "tackling" him, and his penknife and other impedimenta might remain in his possession; but woe to him were he to meet a Weccacoe, a Hibernia, or a Fairmount boy! and woe! woe! if a "Schuylkill Ranger" or a "Killer" were to take him in hand!

But we have changed all that. Romance has fled; adventure is no more. The boy may wade up to his middle in stagnant ponds on which the iridescent coal-oil floats; he may hunt for frogs, bottle tadpoles, long for the solitary mud-hen, dive from Reed-street wharf when the policeman is away, and cling to the chains of vessels; he may load himself with the marsh-marigold or the malarious buttercup, in the futile hope of propitiating an anxious mother, to whom the Neck is a word of fear; he may receive the sprinkling shot of the city sportsman, he may pick up a stray reed-bird, he may even catch an eel—but he can hardly realize the excitement of those perilous days. The war-cry of "Yea! yea! yea!" no longer resounds over the flats. The excitement of the stone-fight is only a memory. The stones wielded by the Moyamensing boys or the Shiffler champions lie beneath new soil. And the enervated Philadelphia boy,



"BELL SNICKLIN'."



RAIL-SHOOTING.

who knows not the "soaker," fears the fray, and never thinks of breaking a window or "tackling" an enemy for fun,—knows nothing of the ruder days that went before.

The Neck stretches below the city proper. Broad street, passing the palaces of private citizens toward the north, skirts the Union League Club House farther down, flows into the form of a drive,—called by the ambitious a "boulevard,"—bordered by delicate and nondescript trees, sweeps proudly against the farms of the truckmen, and finally loses itself in League Island, the site of the Navy Yard. On either side of it, the moment it reaches the truck-farms, stretches the Neck. To the east, along the Delaware, is the Ma'sh. The land is low, and high dikes, or banks, prevent the aggressions of the Delaware. These banks are fringed with wide spaces of bending reeds—tender in color in the spring (before their beards come) as young spring wheat, perhaps more brightly emerald, but growing yellower as the time draws near for that bird of which all true Philadelphians think and speak with reverence—the bobolink of the New England summer—the rice-bird of the later season in North Carolina, the reed-bird of the Ma'sh.

The sun which gilds the white shutters

of red-bricked Philadelphia with a peculiarly dazzling luster, seen from the city itself, is a clean and respectable sun; but when one stands in the Neck, the mists that arise from the river and the Ma'sh give it a weird and uncanny look. The dikes, which seemed, in the faint gleams of dawn, like castled mounds, or deserted breastworks that had been used by giants, change from weirdness into the ugliness of reality; and the cart, which might three minutes before have been the chariot of the Magog of the city, loses the proportions morning mists give it, and your senses tell you that it conveys to the Neckers that substance gathered in the night which they would not give up for the most approved phosphates. The whole of the narrowing lowland at the southern end of the peninsula on which Philadelphia stands is called the Neck. The majestic Delaware makes a sudden sweep toward the more gentle Schuylkill, and suddenly carries her down to the sea.

There is a fine distinction between the Necker and the Ma'sher. The Necker does not live in the Ma'sh—that is, along the brinks of dikes. He is generally a truckman, while the Ma'sher, living along the banks, often earns his living in other

ways. Both the Necker and the Ma'sher are children of the soil. Though the Ma'sher may show by his appearance that he is either Irish or Dutch, the real Necker is, as a rule, of the Neck Necky. Thoughtless Philadelphians often confound pork-butchers, a large and respectable class of persons, with Neckers. This is a vulgar error. The Necker is long, lank, yellow, nasal-toned, if he be genuine; a pork-butcher may be anything. Pork-butchers do not inhabit the Neck. They are *bourgeois*; Neckers raise the pigs which they

shore, when General Howe danced and Major André painted. Oil-refineries are not unknown, and in many places whole plantations of the primeval Jamestown-weed have been destroyed by the loads of refuse from the soap-factories that have been cast upon them. But even the evidences of encroaching civilization assume a picturesque aspect in this mural yet rural territory. The spatter-dock may disdain to show its spiky leaves in the rainbow-hued pools that surround the oil-refineries, but the scrub-willow grows in clumps and the James-



OIL-REFINERY.

slaughter, and, though Neck blood *may* run in the veins of a pork-butcher, yet it requires much more than that to make him a Ma'sher; he is only a middleman. Though many foreigners inhabit the Neck,—principally Irish,—the real Necker is supposed to have Revolutionary blood in his veins; and the word Hessian is often used as a term of reproach,—to express the idea of rogue, as the Necker uses the word "Ledger" to express the general idea of newspaper.

The Neck shows many signs of modern improvement since that mythical coachman or horseman first rode along its marshy

town-weed, crushed to earth, raises its ribbed white bugle among heaps of rubbish, though it cannot follow the blue flag into the half-dry ditches by the road-side. An occasional strawberry-leaf shows itself in the fields allotted to grazing, but, though hundreds of boys have engaged in the search, not a solitary strawberry is known to have been found. No wild rose blooms in this desolate expanse; on the greener of the banks purple and white scentless violets grow in the spring, and these the city children eagerly gather and transplant. In the early summer, huge square bare

places show in the fields—the traces of those enterprising boys and men who load their wheelbarrows with sods, that Philadelphia back yards may be made green with the clover-mixed grass of the Neck.

But the Neck is wide; the Ma'sh—let no purist call it the Marsh—is narrower, and more worthy of study. Green meadows stretch along the Delaware, with here and there the relief of cows and horses grazing on this land, which was Ma'sh in the spring

table calico sun-bonnet and wearing a huge apron of the same material of a purple tint, hints that it is going to rain. Her Dutch accents show that she is only a Necker by adoption. Stopping and pretending to give all your faculties to the consideration of the weather, you look into her house. The whitewash dazzles you. A scarlet geranium in bloom on the window-sill is like a trumpet-blast in all this silence of white; a neat rag-carpet covers the floor;



OUTDOOR TENANTS.

rains and which will be Ma'sh again in the winter thaws. A trucker's shanty, white-washed, and with sashes filled with glass to force lettuce and the early radish, stands in the center of a rudely fenced patch of ground. Rows of vegetables, straight as the proverbial furrow can make them, cross the dark, moist soil. The pigs have a straw-thatched residence adjacent to the brilliant white house of their master. Their mistress, a burly woman ornamented with the inevi-

table dresser contains a combination of dull-yellow crockery with the honored large-patterned blue-and-white. A chromo, with a tyrannical tea-store card pasted in one corner, delineating little Samuel awakening out of a pink *robe de chambre*, faces another in which two oyster-like infants are sweetly sleeping. A substantial table covered with oil-cloth, and a bird-cage containing a green-tinted canary and two somber reed-birds, make up a homely interior.

Passing farther on, you come to a smaller shanty, whitewashed excessively. A plump little pig, who has staid at home while all his brethren have gone to market, eyes contemplatively the front yard, which consists of a pool of stagnant water. Two children are rolling over each other on the top step, and their mother, a comely Irish woman, sets down a plate of steaming potatoes, hastily hitches up her back hair with

it is composite and elaborate—in fact, if the word chaste may be used in connection with whitewash, it is chaste. Many of the Frogtown houses are made up of odds and ends picked up here, there, everywhere—they are patchwork structures, some dark, weather-beaten, others immaculate. The houses lie in two rows. Bones, bits of broken glass, and *roba* of all kinds, strew the ground. The houses front on the main



A PUSHER.

one hand, slaps a child with the other, sternly commands it "not to be botherin' the pig," and, in answer to our question, gives us directions about getting to the Point Breeze Gas Works.

Southward lies "the loveliest village of the plain"—Martinsville. Martinsville has been confounded by careless geographers with another settlement—Eleven-Gun Battery; it is familiarly known as Frogtown. The structures that make up this village are in the best style of the architecture in vogue in the Ma'sh. Without superfluous ornament,

street. Stagnant water is everywhere visible; each house seems to have its own pond. Ducks, pigs, children, and the silent frog are happy in the abundant moisture. Dogs abound. They crowd the street; they sit on the steps; they have a look as if they enjoyed the right of suffrage in this village, and they receive you quietly and gravely, as becomes burghers who have the privilege of offering the freedom of the city to him who pleases them. The rear entrances to some of the habitations in Martinsville show that the citizens, like

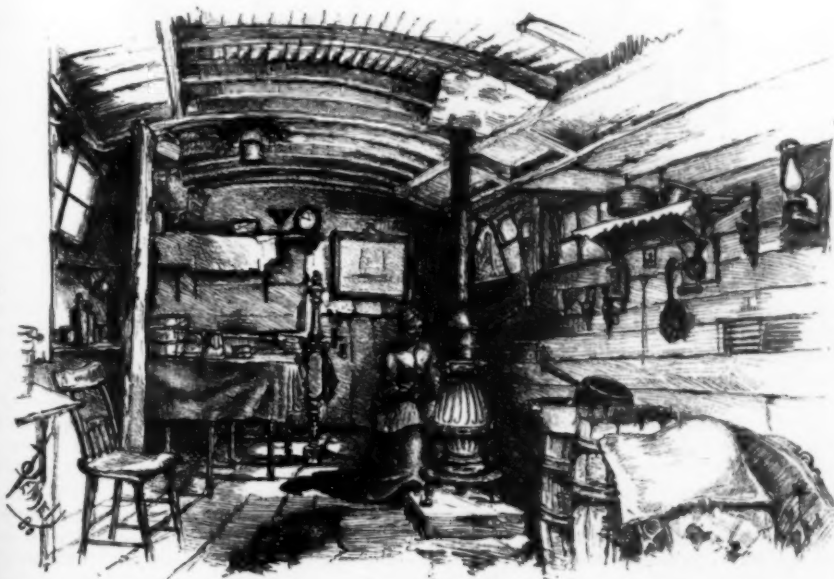


A TRUCKER'S FARM-YARD.

those of the metropolis, have more important things to look after than sanitary improvements. A specimen back yard shows oozy green mire dotted with oyster-shells, bottles, a broken ladder, old bits of timber, and parts of vehicles belonging to an older civilization; a rickety stable and a

pig-pen are of the same style of architecture as the house.

A strain of music strikes the ear. It comes from a dwelling that possesses an unusually large lawn of green, velvety ooze. You observe now that the disposition of the oyster-shells and broken bottles on this

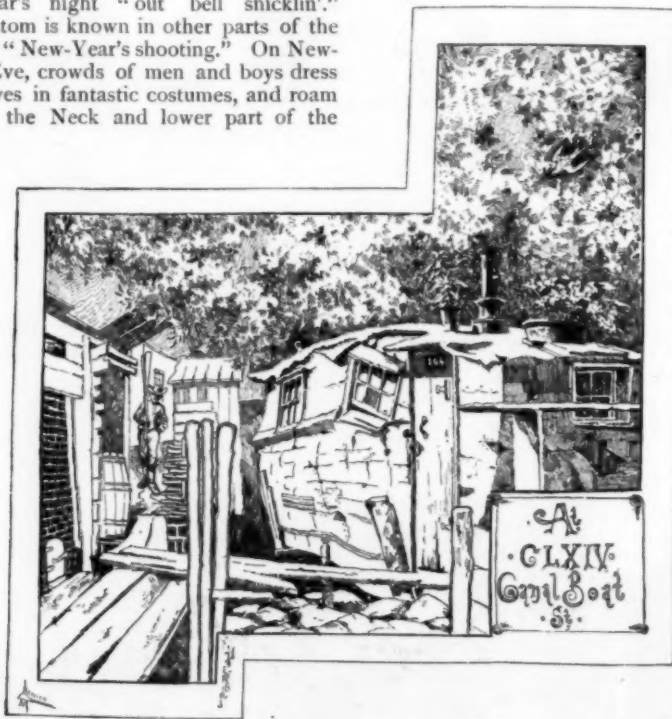


IN THE OLD CABIN HOME.

lawn betrays that the owner is more cultivated than the average citizen. A tomato-can placed exactly in the center, and evidently not cast there by a rude or careless hand, in a manner prepares you to believe that the pursuit of the fine-arts is not unknown within this humble cot. The owner, laboring to crush the notes of the "Danube Waltz" from an accordeon, comes forth. He is either Dutch or German—"Yarman," he says at last. He explains that the accordeon is not what it was; he broke it last New-Year's night "out bell snicklin'." This custom is known in other parts of the Neck as "New-Year's shooting." On New-Year's Eve, crowds of men and boys dress themselves in fantastic costumes, and roam through the Neck and lower part of the

been found to be insuperable, and some inhabitants have managed, by industry and frugality, to acquire large and valuable truck-farms. Excess of moisture is the greatest enemy to the trucker. In the time of drought which ruins other farmers in less moist localities, he is happy; his esculents bring double prices. It is only in the time of floods that he is in grief.

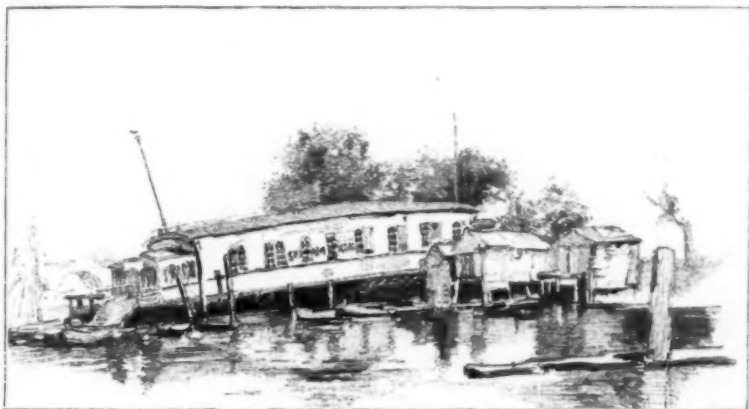
Along the river, the fields of bearded reeds



city all night. This custom, doubtless a remnant of the old English Christmas "mumming," grows year by year in Philadelphia, and the mummers, becoming bolder, penetrate as far north as Chestnut street. This custom, attributed in New York to the Dutch, is not unknown in Brooklyn, where troops of fantasticals parade on Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, and New-Year's.

Truck-farming in the Neck is not an unprofitable business. The market is near, and the objection which the fastidious make to the manure used in the Neck has not

wave to and fro; a puff of smoke floating above them at intervals, and the report of a gun, are signs that the sportsmen are out. In a corner of the swamp there is a picturesque cluster of novel houses—"Rudder Granges." It is a hamlet of canal-boats; beyond them lie the tiny boat-houses in which the city sportsmen keep their skiffs and sometimes spend most of the summer and autumn. The tide is low, and it is easy to examine this *bizarre* hamlet. A row of canal-boats rises from the swamp. The one nearest to us has, like most of the others, a second story added to the boat. A rude balcony is at either end; one of



STILL USEFUL.

these swamp residences is distinguished by a clinging vine, and you almost expect to see Pomona come forth in a love-lorn reverie, with a weekly paper in her hand, to wait for high tide until she can step from the balcony into her lover's "scow." Old Sis's store is the most important feature of this hamlet. It is phenomenally neat. The sign informs the public that cider and cakes may be had within, but the exhibits show fossilized sour-balls, mint-stick twisted in an ancient pattern, and chunks of the horse-

shaped gingerbread of the last generation, seemingly petrified. Jetsam and flotsam collected from the great river lie around in every direction—odds and ends brought in by the boats, which, more than once, have also brought in a corpse floating out from the crowded city, in which there seemed to be no room for it.

Out of doors, boats are everywhere—and, like everything else in the Ma'sh, amphibious. The flat-bottomed skiff is predominant. A white sail flutters against the sky, and the



LOW TIDE.

steamer to Wilmington passes, sending a crowd of mimic breakers up among the reeds. A canal-boat, lying against the bank, but still useful, covered with pitch, serves as a dwelling for several people. The proprietor, a pleasant-looking young Dutchman, who seems to have some connection with the work-sheds and dog-kennels on the bank, nods kindly. He is well satisfied with his house; it is weather-proof and he pays no rent. His wife and his grandmother live with him. To enter, it is necessary to stoop. The one room serves for all purposes. An old-fashioned "four-poster" bed, a stove, a quantity of cooking utensils in picturesque confusion, and a great chest, over which hangs a pair of horns, are the chief furniture of this interior. Nearer the river, around the row of boat-houses, lounge a few boatmen and fishers, getting ready rigging or oars, and patching boats for the coming campaign against the poetical bobolink, who, become a glutton, is fattening in the reeds.

In summer no gunner haunts the Neck; in the spring and winter a few wild fowl and snipe are sometimes bagged. But in the fall—on the first of September—sportsmen, boatmen, and "pushers," who propel the flat-bottomed skiffs through the reeds, swarm into the Neck. Anybody who can beg, borrow, or steal a fowling-piece sallies forth, and many are the pepperings of shot that worthy citizens receive from their unskillful brethren in search of the coveted reed-bird, whose rich, juicy flavor resembles that of the ortolan, so

famous in Europe. Toward sunset the reed-birds congregate in large flocks, and then the slaughter is great, and the noise is like that heard on any unusually jubilant Fourth of July. Rail-birds are also objects of pursuit in the Ma'sh; but rail-shooting can be enjoyed only at high tide, as the boat must be pushed over the reeds. Rail do not fly until danger is very near, and the pusher beats for the game with his pole until it rises. The rail-bird, when wounded, clings to the reeds, with his bill above water, and tries to breathe until he gets a chance to escape. A few plover are shot at times, but they are wild and scarce, and even the Ma'sher seldom boasts of having bagged many of this species.

The Old Point House, with the solitary angler on its pier, catches a touch of roseate light from the setting sun. A sudden chill has come over the land,

"Where all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty."

The white sails in the river, the shanties, the whole Ma'sh—even the puff of smoke from a gun in the reeds—are glorified. The windows of the factory in the distance glow like fiery eyes. Whistle after whistle sounds from the distant "city of homes." It is six o'clock, and weary feet tramp homeward from their work in the Neck, and night, misty, chill, and silent, except for the melancholy chorus of the frogs, settles over the reed-fringed Ma'sh.



THE PEOPLE'S PROBLEM.—I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN the Preamble to the Constitution of the State of Massachusetts, framed in the year 1780, are these words:

"The end of the institution, maintenance, and administration of government is to secure the existence of the body politic, to protect it, and to furnish the individuals who compose it with the power of enjoying in safety and tranquillity their natural rights, and the blessings of life: *and whenever these great objects are not obtained, the people have a right to alter the government, and to take measures necessary for their safety, prosperity, and happiness.*"

The time has come for the people to exercise this "right to alter the government." We have, no doubt, accomplished under our present political system great results. We have become a very prosperous people. We have established it as a fact, that, so long as human nature remains substantially what it now is, free speech, a free press, a free vote for every man, and equal rights for all men before the law, are the only safe and sure foundations for a government.

But we have just seen a most singular spectacle. The people of the largest and richest city in the country have made a most earnest effort to be allowed to clean their own streets with their own money, and to secure their own lives against the dangers of pestilence,—and the effort has failed. The reason why it has failed is that the people's own officials, the very men who should have done the work, have made a powerful combination to hinder the work from being done. It has been a battle, between the people on the one side and the men who should be their honest servants on the other side,—and the servants have won the battle. Singularly, too, in this matter, which has been on the part of the citizens nothing but an effort to save life, we have seen our public officials, of the National, State, and City governments, all combined together to resist this effort of the people of one city.

We have substantially the same state of things in nearly every large center of wealth and population in the country,—public officials are banded together to draw money from the public treasury instead of doing well the public work. We have the same condition of things in our State legislatures. The people's work is not well done. The people's offices are not used for the people's purposes. And at the national capital, where

we ought to have a body of public servants watching over the nation's welfare, the people's representatives are wasting their time in a mere struggle for place. Great national questions need to be wisely handled by the men who control our national affairs. But the men who are highest in the nation's service have brought the business of the people of the United States to a stand-still, while they wrangle over the appointment of door-keepers and revenue officials.

The people are angry. They do well to be angry; but they are angry at the wrong thing. They are angry at certain men; they should be angry at the system, which has made the men what they are.

Our political machinery has a radical, fundamental fault. The material which we use in our public service is the same that we use in all private industrial enterprises,—men—human nature. In private life the material serves its uses most nobly. Yet in our public affairs we have become so accustomed to downright robbery at the hands of men holding public place, that the whole community gives a sigh of relief, when Congress or a State legislature adjourns, at the thought that their power for evil is for a time ended. Yet most of these men who fill our public offices are, in private life, honest men.

But to say that there is some fault in our political machinery avails nothing. We must go further than that, and find precisely and accurately what the fault is. To find out what the precise fault is, if we stop there, will avail little. We must find what is the remedy. And even to find the precise remedy is not enough. We must go further, and convince men that the remedy can be applied,—must show *how* it can be applied.

This, then, is the problem which the people of the United States have to solve—it is to find:

- (1) The precise fault in our political machinery.
- (2) The precise remedy for the fault.
- (3) The precise manner of applying the remedy.

The present series of papers is the contribution of one individual among the people to the effort of the people to solve this problem. No one man can ever hope to solve it alone. But, each giving in his

own thought, in due time the combined wisdom of the whole people will work out a complete result, as it has often done before.

THE GROWTH OF THE ELECTION MACHINE.

THE matter first in order is to find what is the precise fault in our political machinery. And the plan of this branch of the inquiry—as to the precise fault in our present political machinery—is to ascertain:

(1) The main purpose of the people in framing, one hundred years ago, our present system of government.

(2) The main idea in the people's mind which led them to form that purpose.

(3) The main features of the system as they have developed.

(4) The result which the system, as developed, has actually given.

(5) The main reasons why the system has given that result; and then

(6) The nature and sufficiency of the main remedies proposed.

I. The main purpose of the people in framing, one hundred years ago, our present system of government, was to have a people's government, in other words, that

(1) The people themselves, by turns, should do the public work.

(2) Public officers, the chief ones, should be chosen by the people.

(3) Public officers should represent the people's will.

(4) Public officers should be responsible to the people.

(5) Power should be kept in the hands of the people themselves—should not be centralized in the hands of the people's officials.

II. The main idea in the people's mind, which led them to form that purpose, was that public officials could not be trusted.

The political history of the English people, down to that time, and of the colonists, had been in the main a struggle of the people against the king for the liberties of the subject or citizen. To their mind, government was, in a measure, a contest, between the people and their rulers, for freedom. And, in their minds, the main point to be secured by a written constitution, was liberty. A constitution was, above all things, a bill of rights.

III. The main features of the system, as they have developed, were—in National, State, and local governments alike—

(1) Elections were to be held by direct vote of the people.

(2) Elective officers were to be very many.

(3) Terms of office were to be fixed and short.

(4) No power was to be vested wholly in the hands of any one man or body of men. Especially the chief executive was not to have the power of appointing and removing his subordinates.

IV. As a result, the system has given us, not a people's government, but the tyranny of an election machine.

(1) It has turned the Government into an election machine.

The new conditions under which we now live have developed faults in our political machinery which were not foreseen. When this National Government was framed, no one knew what the direct vote of the people was to become. No one thought how many these elective offices were to be, what a mass of this election work would have to be done, or how large a number of public officials we were to have. We are now fifty millions of people; our public officials number probably, three hundred thousand men. The work of holding these frequent elections has become something enormous. These new facts have developed new results. How and why the results have come, it will be necessary to examine.

Election districts have become very large. The Mayor of the city of New York is now chosen by the direct vote of about two hundred thousand electors, the Governor of the State of New York by a vote of about one million, and the President of the United States by a direct vote (for the electoral college is only a formal thing) of about ten millions.

The only elections with which the framers of our constitutions were familiar were the elections by the town-meetings, where the voters of one small town, all of them neighbors known to one another, met in one place, and acted as one body. The choosing a chief executive by the votes of ten million electors was a thing not then known.

Elective offices have become very many. Elections in the time of our ancestors were confined to the choice of two or three town officials, with one or two representatives to the colonial legislatures. At a general election in the State of New York at the present day, each citizen may cast his vote for the following officials: a Governor, Judges of the Court of Appeals, Justices of the Supreme Court, Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor,

District Attorneys, County Judges, State Senators, Members of Assembly, Sheriffs, County Clerks, Coroners, Representatives to Congress, thirty-five Presidential Electors and, in addition, for the many city and town officials, who are made elective.

Elections, too, of all these officials are very frequent. Many of them are reelected each year. Few terms are longer than three years.

This result then follows: Assuming that every single man in the whole country, office-holder and private citizen, is moved only by an honest wish to serve the common interests of the whole people, it is necessary, from the great size of the election districts, the great number of voters, and the great number of officers to be voted for, that there should be combination as to candidates before the election, in order that there should be any possibility of a choice at the election. These combinations must be national, for elections are national. These combinations must have their branches, and agents, and members in every State, city, and town. This involves a very large membership. They must then have heads, organization, and discipline, or they will have nothing but hopeless confusion.

The next result which follows is this: The work which these organizations have to do is so vast, that the ordinary citizens who have to follow their ordinary daily callings cannot possibly take the time to do it. Here are nominations for thousands of offices to be made, through all parts of the country; millions of ballots are to be printed; these ballots must be in the hands of trusted agents at every voting-place in every State, and, to pay for all this work, money must be found. The work certainly falls into the hands of professionals, who give to it their whole time and thought. It cannot be otherwise. There may be, from time to time, new sets of professionals, but one or another set of professionals will always do this work, so long as there is so great a mass of it to be done. Some men have an idea that one or two evenings in a year spent in caucus primary meetings will set right all the affairs of this National Government. There could be no greater delusion. The work of these election organizations is all done long before the primaries meet. It must be so. Every large organized body is controlled by the men at the head, and those men at the head do their work before the primary meetings are held. The men who attend the primary meetings

merely witness the very end of the last scene of the last act of the play, when the performers come forward hand in hand and make their combined parting salutations to the audience. The men who do and control the work of these election organizations give to it more than two or three hours in one or two evenings in each year. They give to it substantially their whole time,—as the men must do, who are to do so great a work, and do it so well.

We have, next, this vital point: The fact that our highest officials, who are elected, hold their places only for a fixed term of years compels all our officials, the lowest and highest, alike and together, to become the members, and do the work, of these election organizations. Naturally, the men who control the election organizations take for themselves the chief offices—the offices which control the appointment of subordinates. The chief officials at the end of their term have another election to carry, and they know that they will not be able to carry it, or even get a nomination, without the support of the election organization. They cannot get the support of the men who do the election work, unless they pay for the work with appointments to office. On the other hand, the holders of the subordinate offices know that their superiors are compelled to use these subordinate offices to pay the men who do election work. The subordinates are thus driven to do that work in order to save their places. Both sets of officials, then, the lowest who are not elected as well as the highest who are, are compelled by this one powerful common interest, which presses on every man, to do the work on which they all depend for their future,—to do election work instead of the people's work, and to use the people's offices and the people's power for the benefit of the election organization instead of the people. But it is *the pressure on the men at the head* which makes the effect on the men below, and on the whole body. We may say that this is not a proper way of using the people's offices. That is very true. The men who so use the offices know that as well as we do. And they would be glad to use the offices for the natural purpose, to have honest work done in an honest way, if the system would only let them do so. It is not their wish to endanger life and health. They are compelled to do it by a pressure that they cannot resist. We private citizens, in our efforts to do right, have commonly

to deal with the temptations of only one individual; and a reasonable number of men get on passably well under that burden. But each man in our public service, in his every effort to do what is right, is subjected to the combined pressure of the combined interest of the whole army of office-holders,—and it is too much.

While, too, our public officials are at all times under this great pressure which makes them do election work, the main body of the citizens are comparatively under no pressure at all which will lead them to do that work. The ordinary citizen is only indirectly and remotely affected by the results of elections. With our public officers it is a question of bread. And the men who secure the grand prizes in politics and achieve the great political reputations do it by election work. Where can we point in our whole present list of public men to more than one or two who have done any great service to the people, or who have, from such service, gained any reputation? Men will do the work which pays them best. Human nature is, for the present, thus constituted.

Another element is now gaining great importance. This election work costs large sums of money. The carrying of elections is coming to be a question of the longest purse. It is now fast becoming an impossible thing for any man to get a nomination for public office who cannot command, in his favor, the payment of large sums of money. It is stated, among well-informed men, and is generally believed to be true, that it now costs at least fifteen thousand dollars for a nomination to a seat on the bench in either of the highest courts in the city of New York. For a long time it has been well understood that money, to some amount, is a necessary thing for what are called the "legitimate expenses" of a political campaign. But where, in these days, is the limit, either in kind or amount, to "legitimate expenses"? There is no doubt that, at this day, nominations to public office are often bought outright, and paid for in money. And what difference is there in the result to the people, whether the article sold is an election, or a nomination which insures an election?

The position, then, is this: On the one hand, the election work is so vast and so continuous, it requires the use of so many men, the management of such large organizations, and the expenditure of such large sums of money, that ordinary citizens cannot do

it. On the other hand, the pressure upon our public officials is so great that they must do it. The result is, they do do it. And they can do little else. These men who should be doing our public work are always doing election work. Our daily political life is one long, never-ending series of elections, of pound-keepers and presidents,—election work by day, and election work by night,—one year and the next year. We turn our government into an election machine. The work of the election machine *is done*, always quickly and well. The work of the people—that is *to be done*—when the election work is finished.

That is, however, only the beginning,—only the first-fruits of the system. We must trace the other results.

(2) This election machine virtually disfranchises the people,—destroys the free choice by the people of their public officers.

We are looking now at what is—not at theories of what should be.

I do not mean that the citizen, on the day of election, has not a choice between two sets of printed ballots, or that he is forced to vote one of them rather than the other by a bayonet or a policeman's club. But the purpose of an election is to have citizens use their judgments as to men, and not merely make a choice between two paper lists. And the point which I shall here try to establish is, that under our present system, the people do not and cannot use their judgment as to men. The people become a mere attachment of the election machine, and register its decrees.

The details of the growth, of the development, are these:

In the first place, the system makes it necessary for the individual voter, and for each small district, to act with some national organization. When the day of election comes, the single voter finds his one voice of no value—he cannot be heard. He must combine with other men. A large number of men in only one town are of no value. They must combine with other men in other towns. A large number of men in a single State (in a national election) are of no value. They must combine with other men in other States. And these combinations must be made long before the election comes. Unless the voter wishes to throw his vote away, he must vote with some national organization, and in the end the national organization, however it may begin, will certainly fall into the hands of professionals. The process of election cen-

tralizes: the individual voter and the single district become nothing; the national organization becomes everything.

These national organizations, however they may begin, in course of time become two. Some of the peoples on the European continent have not yet enjoyed the perfect fruit of the perfect system. But to have more than two such organizations defeats the purpose of having any. *We* have only two. That is the form of our growth.

The vote of the individual, in course of time, becomes merely a vote *against* one of these two organizations.

Usually, as far as concerns the real work which our officers are to do,—the work of cleaning streets, building aqueducts and sewers, regulating canals and railroads, managing the post-office and our national police, the army and navy,—the men of one organization are really no worse than those of the other. But the voter cannot bring himself to think so. As to either set of men, he really knows little or nothing. But when election-day comes, everything is massed. The voter forgets the matter of men. It is not then, to his mind, a question whether this man or that man will better clean the streets, or manage the army and post-office, but it is the matter of handing over the control of the whole government, National, State, and local combined, to the other organization. And this result seems to him a great danger, in comparison with which individual men are not to be weighed. He then votes, not on men, but on organizations, and not so much for his own organization, as against the other one. For I venture to say that there is not an intelligent Democrat in the country who is not thoroughly disgusted with the acts, for the last ten years, of the professional politicians of his own organization, nor is there an intelligent Republican who is not equally disgusted with the acts of the professionals of his organization. The honest, clear-minded men of both organizations (and those men are the large majority of both) are entirely of one mind,—that the professional politicians on both sides do as badly as men can; but the voters on each side fear the machine men on the other side a little more than they do their own.

These two organizations have, at last, through the operation of natural laws, become only the two parts of one machinery. The gradual adaptation of these election organizations to their work, in accordance with the regular processes of growth, under which organs vary to serve the needs of the

individual organism, and individual organisms vary to serve the needs of all nature, has gradually made these election organizations fitted to their ends, and has made them lose all the connection they ever had with real public measures. They began with being combinations of citizens, based on real differences of opinion, as to matters which at the time deeply interested the people. They have at last ceased to be anything more than mere machineries to struggle for plunder. The men who do the voting still have their differences of opinion on different matters. The men who do the acting, who divide the offices, take any set of opinions (as organizations) which will serve their purpose. They are compelled to do so. It is not their wish, but they must fit their wares to their market. They are under the necessity of carrying elections. They make their principles, or rather their platforms, to fit this necessity. No doubt there are many men of honest intentions in the nominating conventions of the day. But it is well understood how platforms are made, by the mere stringing together of a few "sounding and glittering generalities" which every one agrees to, and by striking out everything bearing on matters of real practical interest which may make any danger of losing votes. We talk of the declarations of principles in platforms, and of platforms being good or bad—how much longer are we to amuse ourselves with this nonsense? The men on either side will give us any platform we wish. These two great organizations of this present day profess to make much of the difference between centralization and decentralization. Each organization alike is in favor of centralization of power in its own hands, and of decentralization of power in the hands of the other,—and that is all the difference between them. Their "platforms" are mere words. These two sets of professional election-managers, who pretend to have these great differences over great questions, are playing two parts in a farce. Either one of them will trade with the other for half of the people's offices, when they cannot have the whole. It is perfectly well understood that, in the city of New York, the same set of men under two names manage both political organizations. The same men attend the primary meetings of both, nominate the candidates, draw the platforms, print the ballots, distribute them, and, what is more to the purpose, do the counting. Well-informed men have no doubt that the last elections,

for Governor of the State of New York, and for President of the United States, have been, in the city of New York, managed on a distinct agreement, as to casting and counting ballots, made between the political managers in the State of New York, who wear two sets of names. Few intelligent men have a doubt that bargains of the same kind are made at every election between the two sets of professionals at Washington. The very essence of their creed, according to their own saying, is that there will be great danger to the country if men of what is called the opposing organization shall fill any of the public offices. In Washington and Albany and New York, and everywhere else through the country, these men have always made bargains with each other to divide the public offices when either one set could not have the whole. It is their trade. The whole thing is a sham, a game between two sets of gamblers, with the people for the victim. I do not mean that there are not many honest men who are prominent in each of these organizations, who have no idea of deceiving themselves or any one else. But this is the working of the machinery,—this is the certain result, assuming the best of intentions to exist on all hands.

The process of election has become a mere form. It has been superseded by that of nomination, the process of nomination has fallen into the hands of the professional election workers, the professional election workers have fallen under the control of their leaders, and the leaders trade and bargain over the people's offices, and keep up the form of two "parties" (as they are called), to catch our votes. We do not *elect* our officers. They are appointed for us by the managers of the machine. We talk of two "parties." There is only one party, of two parts. It is time to name names. What difference does it make to us whether our public officials are appointed for us by Mr. Roscoe Conkling, or by Mr. John Kelly, or by the two acting in concert, or by their successors? We are disfranchised, none the less so that we are allowed to walk decorously to the polls, and there please ourselves with the choice between two sets of printed papers, prepared by the same men, but with different sets of names on them, with the eagle at the top printed it may be from different dies. Are we to call this kind of performance "popular election"? Mr. John Kelly and some of his coadjutors in another "hall," a short time

since, drew lots publicly, in our very eyes, for the appointment of our representatives to Congress. The business of the great election-mill goes on from year to year. The names of the members of the firm at times change, new partners are admitted; there is at times a different distribution made of the interests in the business. At times, the upper and the nether millstones change places.

(3) This election machine makes slaves of our public officials.

The set of men now in public place are in private life generally men of honest dealings. By far the greater number of them would really wish to give the people good work, if they were free to do so. Does any one doubt that the present President of the United States—a man of great ability, a man of great ambition, with the eyes of the world on him, and with the possibility of making a great name for himself if he should serve the people well—wishes to give the people the best work he knows how to give? But what can he do? He cannot make his own choice of one of his own subordinates. It is, indeed, the custom to confirm the cabinet officers whom he selects; but there his power ceases, and that power under the present system of affairs is really nothing.

That, however, is not all. The moment a president is elected, the men who have elected him clamor for their pay. If he were free to act his own will, his simple despair at being unable to satisfy all the claimants, and his weariness at their importunity, would drive him, if he were human, to refuse to make a single removal from office, unless for cause, in the ordinary course of administration. But he knows that not only does he owe his past election to the members of the election organization, but that they are the men who can give him the next one. At least, he cannot get the next election without them. He may, indeed, lose it with them. Moreover, every official with whom he has to deal, nearly every man with whom he comes in contact, depends in the same way on the election machine for his future. Every man around him besets him with all kinds of influences and all kinds of arguments, to use all the powers of his office for the purposes of the election machine. The whole power of this vast organization is concentrated against him. And it is the same with every official in the service. The combined force of the whole organization is brought to bear on

each official to compel him to use the powers of his office for the common needs. And if a man has at times the courage to refuse so to use his office, sooner or later he will lose his place.

Our public officials, in short, are a set of slaves. The greatest slave among them is the man in the highest place. No public officer can follow his own will or his own judgment in his official action. Give every man his due. I have no great admiration for the men who are now charged with the duty of cleaning the streets of New York. But they are driven, by the system under which they live, to do precisely what they have done,—to make as many places as can be made, and spend as much money as can be spent, for the benefit of the people's masters instead of the people. They are the creatures of the system. We all know that there are two or three men—the Governor of the State of New York, the United States Senators from New York, and the Vice-President of the United States—who could, by a word honestly spoken, give to the city of New York clean streets, and save hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lives. The word is not spoken. These gentlemen would be glad, if they could, to give us clean streets and save life. But what shall they do? The election work cannot be had, unless it is paid for.

(4) The system centralizes power in the hands of an oligarchy.

Centralization of power was the great dread of our ancestors, though the phrase was one which they did not then use. That, especially, they meant to avoid. The machinery which they framed has given us centralized power in its most centralized form. The Czar of Russia is learning that he must submit his will to the will of his people. But what do the managers of the election machine care for the will of the people? Such large bodies as these national election organizations must have heads. It is the working of nature's laws. And the heads of the national election machine substantially control the appointment and removal—and therefore the action—of every official in the land, through the National, State, and local governments. It is a great power.

(5) The system destroys the responsibility of public servants.

The phrase, responsibility of public servants, means, if it is to have any meaning, responsibility for their official work, and it should mean that an official who fails to do

well his official work can be removed from his office, and removed at once. This is the only kind of responsibility worth having, and this we do not have. The system does not secure, nor tend to secure, individual responsibility for individual action. When the day of election comes, individual action of single men is forgotten. Then it becomes a question (so we think) of "parties" and "principles"; then every voter is filled with the fear lest the control of the whole government may fall into the hands of the opposing branch of professionals. Even if elections were entirely free, if they were not controlled and managed by the election machine, good candidates are weighed down with the unpopularity of other men, and bad candidates are helped by the good deeds of other men. Individuals do not stand on their own merits. There are many other points which cannot be urged in a paper of this compass. But the fundamental difficulty is that the only kind of responsibility which is enforced under our present system is responsibility for service to the election organization, not for service to the people.

(6) The system destroys the efficiency of our public service.

I do not mean that no good work is done by our present government officials. There are, as we all know, many old and well-trained public servants who do good work. They do it for the reason that they are old and well-trained servants. They keep their places, when they keep them, because the men who hold the positions at the head find that the work of the departments cannot possibly be done without keeping in office some of these men of experience. Else the public business would come to a stand-still.

But it is the tendencies of the system with which we have to deal.

The system *tends* to drive all the best men out of the public service. It would be for the individual interest of each head of a department or office to choose the most efficient men that he could find, to do the work of the office under him. For he would be the man who would get the reputation for it. And if there were no external pressure on him, if he were independent, his own individual interest would make him take that course. If he were to try to make his appointments from motives of favoritism or corruption, he would certainly concentrate on his head all the odium which should arise from the short-comings of his whole de-

partment. Centralization of odium is, however, a remedy which we do not have. There is pressing on him the power which controls his future, and which he dares not disobey. It is the desire for reputation or popularity which brings into our public service many of the men who get there,—and it is not a bad reputation that they wish. Secure to them good reputation and good wages for good work, would they not do their work as well as they could? As it is, they give up the reputation. Gradually the result is, the men who give their time only to the faithful discharge of their duty are weeded out of the service, and the men who do the election work are brought in, and kept in. It is the law of nature, the survival of the fittest—for the special work to be done.

Moreover, the system tends to keep out the honest working-men who wish to enter the service, and who would be taken into it under a normal, natural condition of things. Men who have honest work of their own to do, which pays them honest wages, will not, as a rule, go into a service which is full of uncertainties. They cannot afford to give up one year or two years of their time, and sacrifice their private interests, without having the same certainty which they have in private life, that of permanent employment, if they do their work well. The tendency of our present system is to draw into the public service only adventurers, men who have not been able to command success elsewhere. And it must be admitted that election work, a very large part of it (and the work is such as the system necessarily makes it), is not work which any man who has a decent self-respect will consent to do.

The system, too, makes it impossible that the men who remain in the service should do the best work they are able to do. And the main difficulty here is in our having the term system for the men at the head of the service. No one has *time* to learn his work. There is no difference, on this point, between the work in the public service and work in private life. They both require time, to learn how to do them, and the men at the head surely do not need less time than the men at the foot of the service. Where is it that skill and experience are needed the most? Of all wonderful ideas, the most wonderful is that held by some friends of civil-service reform who urge that the subordinates in our public service must have experience, but the men at the top of the service can get on without it. What is there so miracu-

lous about street-cleaning, aqueducts, post-offices, and treasury operations, which calls for training in subordinates only, and needs brains only at the foot of the organization? And it is impossible for any men to get experience at their work who are going in and out of office once in two or three years. But even this is not the main evil. The main evil is that, while the men are in office, they must give their time and thought to election work.

Aside, however, from the question of training individuals, the system makes it impossible for the public service to become an efficient working organization. Here especially it is that we need *time*. And here especially is it necessary that the men at the head should not be continually changing, and should not be the slaves of the election organization. Every service depends for its efficiency on the men at the top. They are the men who are to organize, if there is to be any organization. They are the men who are to enforce responsibility, if responsibility is to be enforced. They are the only men who can have any accurate knowledge as to the fitness and industry of subordinates. Throughout the service, but with the heads of the service more than anywhere else, men must have *time*, to find their places, to learn their work, to do their work, and to become adjusted one to another in a smoothly working organization.

In short, the system tends to drive the best men who are in the service out of it, to keep the best men who are out of the service from coming in, to hinder the men in the service from doing their best work, and to hinder the men in the service from becoming an efficient organization. Can more than that be said against any system?

(7) The system corrupts the public service.

It was at first both the principle and the practice to appoint and remove public officers simply for the reason that they were fit or unfit to do their special work. The system went on well enough until the election work became so enormous and paid so well. But now the working of our system of elections and appointments has become nothing but a buying and selling of offices. It is not that the men who control the election organizations wish to make this their trade. But they cannot help it. Make all the statutes and civil-service rules that we may, a way will always be found to evade them, so long as the men who have the appointing power are the slaves of the election organization. They must appoint at

the command of the election managers, or their political career is ended.

The next step in corruption often and surely follows. Men who once form the habit of selling appointments, official action of one kind, soon learn to sell official action of all kinds. And men who sell places and official action for place will learn to sell them for money. But it is not the manner of payment that concerns the people. Of what difference is it to the people, when official action is sold, whether payment is made in money, or some other thing of value?

(8) The system gives the control of the public service to the great money powers.

There is always a set of rich and powerful interests in the land that can be helped or injured by the official action of our public officers. There are the iron and coal interests, the railroads, the telegraphs, the oil monopoly, and many others which need not be mentioned. In former years, our legislators were men in whose hands property of all kinds, the interests of the rich and poor alike, were safe. It is not so now. The election machine has driven our best men out of the public service, and has lowered the standards of many of the men who are left in the service, until property is not safe from their attacks. The men who manage the election organizations, and who are thereby enabled to control the action of our public officials, are compelled to use large amounts of money. The result is that the professional politicians have become (with, of course, many honorable exceptions of men who resist temptation, and are true to their own sense of right and justice) an army of marauders. They plunder every rich enterprise which comes within their reach. They are the feudal barons of this country and this age, with new methods. The bludgeon of the law has taken the place of the spear and battle-ax. It is a weapon much more deadly to the victim, and much safer to the thief who uses it. The great corporations, like the wealthy Hebrew merchants of the Middle Ages, are compelled, in self-protection, to pay tribute to these brigands, under what we call a free government. It is a very costly investment to the corporations. No one gets any solid good from it. No honest citizen is a gainer, nor is the free-lance, who gets the plunder. If he could only be put in the way of earning honest wages by an honest service of any kind, all parties would be greatly benefited. However, so it is, that the rich corporations find it necessary to pay ransom

money to the managers of the election machine, and they do so regularly, to the men on both sides. These rich corporations are now the powers who control the machinery of this Government, National, State, and local, as to measures which affect any interests of theirs, and they are enabled to do so by keeping regularly in their pay the men who control the election machine, both parts of it. It makes to them no difference which part of the machine happens for the time to be in office, as the term is. They pay both sides, at the same time. It is all one concern. What is the reason that nothing is done about the tariff in Congress? The old professional political hacks on both sides, the men who control the election machinery, are in the pay of the iron and coal interests. In the State of New York, it is the railroad and canal and oil interests that control our legislation. The principles have been laid down for us, in the testimony given under oath before a committee of the Assembly of the State of New York, by one of the leading railroad men in the country. He says, as to his regular method of operations: "We had to look after four States—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; and have helped men in all of them; *it was the custom*, when men received nominations, to come to me for contributions; and I made them, and considered them good paying investments for the company. In a Republican district I was a strong Republican; in a Democratic district I was Democratic; in doubtful districts I was doubtful; *in politics I was an Erie Railroad man every time.*" And his successors are so still.

(9) This election machine defies the people's will.

It is true that our public servants, for many years, until the growing mass of election work in time developed this election machinery, did represent public opinion. They were, in substance, chosen by the people, and they respected the people's wishes. There were, from time to time, many instances when public officials did acts which public opinion did not approve. But, so far as I am aware, the year 1870 was the first time in our history when the men who were, in form, elected by the people, to be the people's servants, said, in so many words, that they would use the people's power and the people's treasury according to their own will. The result was not doubtful. That one set of men went down before the people's wrath. The

figure-heads and leaders of the machine had to be changed. Ten years later, another set of men, emboldened by their repeated successes, took the same position, with the same result. Men may change, but the methods remain. Can we say that there is any limit to the boldness of these men, and where shall we place the limit of their power?

(10) In such a state of things a healthy national life and growth is an impossible thing. These periodical convulsions of the whole national fabric (which we call elections) waste the people's money, derange the people's industries, divide the people's strength, waste the people's time in fruitless strife over dead issues of the past, and corrupt the people's conscience.

The cost to the people of operating this election machinery is something enormous. The cost of general parliamentary elections in England, as shown by official reports, would seem to be not far from one pound sterling to the vote. In many instances it is much more. That figure does not cover all the real cost, only the acknowledged cost. When we take into view the great number of offices here to be voted for, the vast extent of country over which this election work is to be done, the number of ballots to be printed, the meetings to be held, the processions, the banners, the bands of music, I cannot see how the expense of a general election in a Presidential year can possibly be less than five dollars a vote, laying out of consideration any items which would be called improper. At the last election, over nine million votes were cast. That would make an expenditure of forty-five millions of dollars. In some form the people pay all this. When, then, we consider the injury to the people's interests from the neglect that the public work suffers, no one can estimate the money loss to the public which results from this never-ending series of elections. If there were any sufficient or satisfactory result, we could endure it. But to pay forty-five million dollars for a change from Mr. John Kelly to Mr. Roscoe Conkling is an unwise expenditure.

Each one of these great national excitements, which we call a presidential election, makes a serious disturbance of the nation's industries. No one can tell what will be the result to commerce and manufactures from a change in the men who are at the head of our national affairs. It is not that the new men will really have bad intentions,

or that they have any new set of measures which they propose to carry into effect. But they are almost invariably ignorant of the nation's affairs. Even if their purposes be the best, a new administration, from mere ignorance of the laws of money and trade, may adopt measures which will make a money loss of many millions of dollars, and throw out of employment many thousands of poor men. We know, indeed, that the people will survive these troubles; the Government will go on in spite of them; but the injury is there, and cannot be avoided. The fear of it alone is enough to cause for a time a stagnation in all business enterprises.

These contests between the two parts of the election machine do, moreover, an injury which cannot be weighed, in dividing the people's strength in times of danger. In the war of the rebellion we had practically half the Northern people arrayed in active opposition to the Government. In the war of 1812, we had the same thing. In the history of the last few years in England, nearly one-half the House of Commons and of the English people has been actively engaged in embarrassing the operations of the Government at a time when a people should be united. At this present time, the people of the United States, North and South, sincerely wish for peace and rest, for simply an opportunity to work. But once in four years—in fact, all the time—the men of the election machine, for their own purposes, stir up all the angry feelings of the past, and leave untouched all the measures of the future. The people have no sound interest in these contests. They have at last learned that no changes in policy result from them; that the most they are to look for at a presidential election is a period of anxious suspense, followed perhaps by a great loss from the ignorance of a set of new and inexperienced officials, and at the end a feeling of temporary relief that the loss is no greater than it is, and that they may have for the rest of the new four years a state of comparative quiet.

The system destroys a healthy interest in public affairs. We hear much said as to the lack of interest in public affairs on the part of the business men and the educated men. On the face of things, there is a lack of interest, but it is the result of the present unnatural condition of affairs. Men have become discouraged; they have in a degree lost their interest in elections for the reason that they know that they can accomplish nothing. It is the indifference of despair. There is really

enough of true public spirit. The business men are willing to give their time and money freely, if any good will come of it, but not otherwise. Once in ten years they rouse themselves for a revolution against some one set of men, when the tyranny of the election machine becomes unendurable. But the men of business cannot be leading a new revolution every day. It has been at times a current idea that we must have periodical national elections in order to keep alive the popular interest in public affairs. That is much as if a physician should recommend a patient to contract a severe case of intermittent fever by way of improving the circulation of his blood. These struggles for place between the two sets of office-seekers, do not tend, as far as I can learn, to the elucidation of any of the great problems of political science.

It corrupts the public conscience. There can hardly be a greater influence for evil than to have widely spread among a people the belief that the official action of public officers is bought and sold. That belief is now widely spread among us, and there are facts enough on which to base the belief. Few measures in our legislatures, National, State, or local, are now honestly considered on their merits. The combined influence of our whole government is largely thrown against honest dealing, and in favor of bribery and corruption. And no one can estimate the evil that comes from that state of things. It was not so before the growth of the election machine. It comes from the fact that our public officers are not free; they cannot follow the dictates of their own consciences, and their own ideas of what would be for their own individual interests.

So long ago as in 1714, it was said in the British House of Commons, in the debate on the bill for lengthening the term of Parliaments from three years to seven, by Mr. Richard Hampden:

"The reasons why I am now for the bill are: To dispose the people to follow their callings and to be industrious, by taking from them, for a time, the opportunity of distracting one another by elections; to prevent such who have the will from the power of giving any new disturbance to the Government; to prevent another rebellion, there being just as much reason to expect one this year as there was the last; to check that evil spirit in those who have sworn to the King and rose in arms against him, or abetted such who have; to discountenance that spirit which lately did so far prevail in this nation as to approve of a most ignominious conclusion of a successful war by a ruinous peace; to render fruitless any concerted project of the Regent or any other foreign princes to disturb this nation at a

time when elections, or the approach of them, have raised a ferment in the minds of the people; and to procure the clergy an interval from being politicians that they may be the better able to take care of their flocks in the manner the Scripture has prescribed."

The argument here has brought us to this result.

The purpose in framing our system had been to create a people's government. It was the purpose, that the people themselves should by turns do the public work, that the people should elect their chief public officers, that they should control all their officers, that public officers should represent the will of the people, should be responsible to the people, that power should be kept in the hands of the people, and not be centralized in the hands of public officials.

That purpose has failed. The system has developed into an election machine. This election machine has disfranchised the people, has enslaved their servants, has centralized power in the hands of an oligarchy, has destroyed the responsibility of our public servants, destroys the efficiency of the public service, corrupts the public service, sells the control of the public service to the great monopolies, defies the people's will, and makes the people's healthy life and growth an impossible thing. We have, not a people's government, but the tyranny of an election machine.

It is a most singular system of slavery. We, the people, have forged our own chains, have put them on, we keep them in repair, and we renew them. Every other oppressed race on the face of the earth hold in their own hands the right of revolution. That right we put in the hands of our masters. The cycle of revolution with us seems to be about ten years. We rebel with our tongues, submitting ourselves strictly to the letter of the law, as do the men who rob us. And the revolution, as its best result, gives us only a change of tyrants. The system is a slavery that is indeed severe for the slaves. But no men would be so blessed by its end as the masters.

V. But what is the reason of the result?

The reason why the system has failed is that it is framed, in some of its most important features, in defiance of the laws of political mechanics, and of human nature.

It is framed in defiance of the laws of political mechanics, chiefly in these respects:

(1) It uses the process of election for a wrong purpose. It uses that process for the purpose of enforcing responsibility, of putting men out of office. The true use is the selecting men, the putting them in office.

The system overworks that process. Annual elections make a perennial election machine. It is as if we were to build a locomotive, and have it all driving-wheels and no brakes.

(2) It uses the process of election in a wrong form. It is an attempt to have the people vote, at one time, in large districts, where they cannot meet together, talk together, and act together.

(3) As the consequence of these two points, it centralizes power, by centralizing and perverting the process of election.

(4) It destroys responsibility, by dividing it. It divides responsibility, by dividing single powers among different men, instead of centralizing each different power in a different center.

(5) It provides no sufficient means of enforcing responsibility. It makes everything of the process of putting men in office, and forgets the process of putting them out. It is based on the fundamental error that public offices are property, which a man is to hold for so many years, and of which he is not to be deprived unless he is convicted of a crime, on a trial. Public offices are trusts, from which men should be removed as soon as they fail to fulfill them.

(6) The system is an attempt to have the people govern, with their own hands. We have not the time. The work is too great. We have each our special work. The system of having the people themselves do their public work served their needs one hundred years ago, when the work was small. But we have outgrown the system.

Moreover, the system is framed in defiance of the laws of human nature.

It is fit only for Utopia, for some dream-land, where beings are all unselfish, where they pay no regard to their selfish interests. If we make three hundred thousand office-holders depend for their advancement on doing something other than their duty, they will do that thing other than their duty.

VI. It remains, then, to consider shortly the nature and the sufficiency of the main remedies usually proposed.

They are, in the main, two. One is to give to heads of executive departments seats in the legislature. The other is to have a system of competitive examinations in different branches of knowledge, as a test for admission and promotion in the lower grades of the service.

As to the first of these two measures, the reasons against it are these: 1st. If the head of a department is to be a real head,

he will have neither time nor strength to sit in a legislature. He cannot do the two things. Sir Robert Peel said this many years ago. 2d. The main reason urged for the proposed measure is that the heads of departments should be compelled to defend their measures in debate. But suppose they should not be men skilled in debate. It puts them to a false test. We want at the heads of departments men of administrative capacity, not orators. 3d. It is said that the measure is desirable, in order that the heads of departments may be able to give information on the floor of the House as to the affairs of their departments, when it is asked. But all men of experience know that information as to matters of administration, if it is to have real value, must be given in detailed printed reports, which can be examined and digested. 4th. The main and final reason against this measure is that it does not touch the roots of the disease. The disease is, that the men at the head of the Government, on whom the working of the whole machinery depends, are the slaves of this election machine, and are compelled to use the powers of their offices in its service. And how is it proposed, by this measure of having cabinet ministers make speeches in the legislature, to deal with that disease?

The other of the two measures is, the having competitive examinations in geography, and history, and grammar, for admission and promotion in the lower grades of the service. To which the comment is, that we must begin at the source of the stream, and not at its mouth. We might as well make the attempt to cleanse the Mississippi River by building a system of weirs at the South-west Pass.

Let us see, then, where the whole argument, thus far, has brought us.

This first experiment in the history of the world, on a grand scale, to establish a people's government, on the fundamental idea of distrust of men, has given us as its result the tyranny of an election machine. The spectacle, looking only at the present condition of affairs, is one that might almost appall the friends of free government.

Is there any remedy? And can it be found? There is no doubt as to the answer to these questions. The people made this Government, and will yet find a remedy for its faults. But the remedy is not to be found by standing still, or by saying that nothing can be done.

In the next paper an attempt will be made to give the outline of a remedy.

BEWARE.

WORLD, I have looked upon thy face once more,
 Thy smiling face, as innocently fair
 As cruel Circe's, when she wrought her snare
 With shining thread and widely open door;
 What time the sea, with sunshine dimpled o'er,—
 As though no wreck had ever drifted there,
 Nor wave nor cave resounded with despair,—
 Was softly chiming round the fateful shore.
 And thou, Enchantress, thou, as false and sweet,
 As prone to lure the footsteps homeward bent,
 Hast well-nigh lulled my foolish heart to sleep;
 So dear to sense thy graceful, gay deceit,
 Thy gentle ease and tender blandishment:
 Avaunt! forewarned, I wake and vigil keep.

MONT BLANC.

How oft in childhood I could shut my eyes
 And fancy they were dazzled by thy light,
 As I went up and up the glittering height,
 Piercing the azure of those far-off skies,—
 Or I could watch the misty rainbows rise,
 Their rose-tints fading from thy summit bright,
 Till all the wondrous whiteness smote my sight,
 And I fell prone, transfixed with dumb surprise:
 Now thou art awful to me in my dreams,—
 A soul unmated, on a silent throne,—
 But when I think of this fair, smiling flower,
 At home amidst thy snowy rifts and seams,
 Thou dost not seem so utterly alone,
 It links with life thy changeless realm of power.

DR. DÖLLINGER

AND THE OLD CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

THE refusal of this illustrious Munich theologian to be bound by the decrees of the Vatican Council, or to submit to the system of church government embodied in them, constitutes the most remarkable defection from the Roman Church which has occurred in our day. It was not the revolt of a young or undistinguished man, who might crave the notoriety to be gained by a public conflict with the hierarchy to which he had been subject. It was not the result of personal grievances, acting upon a sensitive or resentful spirit. Nor was it a sudden outburst of disaffection, which might, perhaps, be soothed or be frightened into submission.

Döllinger was a man of seventy. His birth (on February 28, 1799) preceded the beginning of the century which was now drawing to a close. He had been a life-long defender of the Roman Catholic system, under which in his youth he had been trained. Numerous pupils whom he had taught, belonging to several generations, filled the office of the priesthood in Bavaria and other lands; some of them were prelates in the German Catholic Church. His commanding abilities, and unsurpassed learning in the department of ecclesiastical history, church polity, and in theology generally, were acknowledged on all sides. If any candid and well-informed Roman Catholic scholar

had been asked, prior to the debates which immediately preceded the Vatican Council, who was the leading theologian of his communion on the continent of Europe, he would most likely have given the name of Döllinger. This would have been the unanimous verdict of Protestant scholars. Only one of the Roman Catholic theologians, whose reputation extended beyond the limits of their own church, could be said to stand on a level with him. John Henry Newman has no equal in a fascinating subtlety of intellect and a magical charm of style. A speculative vein, kept within due limits, colors all his writings, and enables him to impart an ideal quality to the system of faith of which he is so engaging an expounder. In patristic learning, at least in Greek theology, Newman does not fall behind Döllinger. But Döllinger's erudition in church history is of vast compass. He has brought to his studies the indefatigable spirit of research which is characteristic of the German historical school. The entire mediæval system of church doctrine and institutions is familiar to him. The extensive range which his studies have taken is illustrated in his work, "*Judenthum und Heidenthum*,"—translated under the title of "*The Jew and the Gentile*,"—in which is presented a full, yet concise, description of ancient religion, philosophy, moral and social habits. It was intended as a vestibule to a larger structure—an introduction to a full history of Christianity and the Church. But Döllinger has been too busy a man—or, rather, his hands have been too full of diverse employments, relating as well to politics and ecclesiastical affairs as to theological science—to permit the completion of the large tasks which he has set for himself. He finished but two volumes of his "*Handbuch der Kirchengeschichte*," a work projected on an extensive scale. Another work, the "*Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte*," likewise remains incomplete. The English reader will, perhaps, derive the best conception of his qualities as a historian, and of the type of Catholicism which he espoused during the main part of his life, and which he has by no means abandoned, from his "*First Age of Christianity*," which is accessible in a good translation. Döllinger differs from Newman in having been specially interested, throughout his career, in the relations of church and state, and in all the problems which fall under the consideration of an ecclesiastical statesman. Far from being a recluse, or a mere scholar, he

has been largely concerned in the management of ecclesiastical affairs in Bavaria, and has stood, at various times, in close connection with the government of that kingdom. His genius is practical. It is this combination of ample and accurate learning, with a talent for affairs, a clear-headed, resolute administrative power, which has given to Döllinger his peculiar influence. He may be contrasted with another highly gifted man, his early friend and associate, Möhler, the author of a famous polemical book called, in the English translation, "*Symbolism*,"—"*Symbolics*," it should be,—a work which awakened a great deal of controversy and produced an extraordinary impression. Möhler had more of the distinctive characteristics of Newman. He had a keenness of intellect, a delicacy of discrimination, a spiritual temper, united with a vast range of acquisition, especially in patristic theology. He understood the Evangelical, or Protestant, movement far better—it might be said that he sympathized with important elements in it far more—than had ever been true before of champions of the Roman Catholic faith. In the hands of such men as Möhler and Döllinger, the great debate was taken up to a higher plane. Möhler made concessions which created anxiety among the adherents of the stricter school in his own church, whose confidence he never fully enjoyed, notwithstanding the personal esteem, or even pride, with which they may have often regarded him. It is plain that these eminent Catholic theologians of the German school have experienced an influence—in fact, an invincible influence—from Protestant Germany, from its great leaders, past and present, and from the scientific, religious, and literary activity which, even when it is not the direct or indirect result of the Reformation, has caught something of its spirit. The demand for more accurate and conscientious scholarship, the disposition to engage in the living controversies of the day, relating to the philosophy of religion and the origin of Christianity, the unwillingness to regard Thomas Aquinas as having exhausted the possibilities of theological science—these and kindred tendencies are marked in the German school, in contrast with what has been usual within the bounds of the Roman obedience. No one conversant with that school could avoid seeing that there was a threatened rupture with mediævalism. Those who have read Dr. Newman's "*Essay on Development*," and his later writings, know

on how different grounds he bases the legitimacy of the claims of the Roman Church from those on which they had been maintained in former days and in other circles. He does not contend that "Romanism" and the papacy existed in full bloom in the first centuries of the church. He does not argue that the Roman Catholic system is found in the New Testament or in the Apostolic age, all "cut and dried." It is there only in the germs; as it appears later, it is a development. This mode of defense involves the advantage of not being obliged to assert as facts what historical study has refuted and exploded. Whether there are not compensating dangers and disadvantages in this new line of defense may fairly be questioned. It is on the same general conception of a providential, supernaturally guided growth, or evolution, that Möhler, Döllinger, Hefele, and other teachers of the German school have proceeded in their attempts to vindicate their church against the attacks of Protestant historical critics.

The progress of Ultramontanism could not fail to develop, in the more moderate and liberal school of theologians which had arisen in Germany, an increasing opposition. Professor Friedrich, a theological ally of Döllinger, in his "History of the Vatican Council," of which the first volume appeared in 1877, has delineated the anti-Gallican movement which arose in France under the auspices of Count de Maistre, and such leaders as Lamennais, and of a corresponding movement for the promotion of papal authority, which spread more and more in Germany. He has described, also, from the point of view of a strenuous adversary, the ascendancy obtained by the Jesuit order in the councils of Pius IX. In 1846-48, Döllinger published a copious work, in three volumes, on the Reformation, in which the most vulnerable aspects of early Protestantism, as regards the personal action of its leaders, their doctrinal utterances, and the consequences of the changes effected by them, are effectively exhibited, in connection with extended citations from their writings. This, he has since said, was "a one-sided work." It proved, however, if proof were required, that he was not ignorant, as too many polemics in his church have been, of the writings of the men whom they have made it their business to decry. As the designs of the Ultramontanists became more manifest, Döllinger assumed a more definite attitude

of opposition. In 1861, he drew suspicion upon himself by publicly avowing that the secular kingdom of the popes in Italy is not necessary to the discharge of their spiritual function—a point of doctrine in respect to which the curialists, at that time, were in the highest degree sensitive. In a course of lectures at Munich, in 1872, he took occasion to speak of the great qualities of Luther in terms rarely, if ever, heard before from the lips of a Roman Catholic theologian. He spoke of Luther's "overpowering greatness of mind and marvelous many-sidedness," which caused him to know the German people, and to be known of them, better than any other man ever was. "Heart and mind of the Germans were in his hand like the lyre in the hand of the musician. Moreover, he has given to his people more than any other man in Christian ages has ever given to a people: language, manual for popular instruction, Bible, hymns of praise." He eulogized Luther's eloquence, by the side of which (he said) all that opponents could say was "tame and feeble." Even the Germans who abhorred him as a heretic must perform "discourse with his words, think with his thoughts." The dogmatic decree of the Immaculate Conception had been sufficiently obnoxious to the school of Döllinger; but, as the time for the meeting of the Vatican Council approached, they raised their voices in emphatic denunciation of the plan which had been marked out for that body by the reigning faction. In conjunction, it is supposed, with Professor Huber, he published a series of articles in the "Augsburg Gazette," which were collected into a volume under the pseudonym "Janus," and quickly translated into foreign languages. This work could have been composed by no one who had not made the most thorough studies in ecclesiastical history. It does not content itself with resisting the proposed dogma of papal infallibility. It is an indictment of the papacy, as having gradually converted the primacy of the Bishop of Rome, by usurpation, and largely by the aid of forged ecclesiastical documents, into a stupendous autocracy, inconsistent with the rights of other bishops, the freedom of states, and even with the religious obligation of a Christian toward God and Christ. "If," says the preface of this remarkable volume, "the primacy is on the one hand a source of strength to the Catholic Church, yet, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that, when one looks at it from the point of

view of the ancient church—from the Apostolic age to about 845—the papacy, such as it has become, presents the appearance of a disfiguring, sickly, and choking excrescence on the organization of the church, hindering and decomposing the action of its vital powers, and bringing manifold diseases in its train." On another occasion, later, Döllinger said, in plain words, that the papacy is a *goutre* on the neck of the church. "Janus" is utterly unsparing in its exposure of the mediæval forgeries which helped on the popes in their struggle for universal monarchy, and in bringing out the errors and contradictions into which they have fallen, which render the assertion of their doctrinal infallibility impossible to be credited save by the ignorant and superstitious.

When the Vatican Council, in the face of the earnest opposition of many enlightened men, including so great names as Dupanloup and Newman, proceeded to formulate the definition which they dreaded, most of the dissentients silently or openly acquiesced. Even Bishop Hefele, who, at the time when the council was held, published his pamphlet proving that Pope Honorius had taught a doctrine which other popes and councils had declared to be heresy, swallowed the bitter draught. This Döllinger declined to do. In consequence of this refusal, he was excommunicated by the archbishop. From this time, he became the life and soul of the Old Catholic movement. He was made Rector Magnificus of the University of Munich. This distinction as a teacher and writer, his intimate relations to the Bavarian government, and the weight of his character, conspired to make him the virtual head of the Separatists in Germany, who, with their coadjutors elsewhere, set about the organization of a church that should be neither Protestant nor Papal, but stand midway between the two systems. Of the possibility of such an institution, an example was furnished in the actual existence of the Church of the East.

It was Döllinger who presided at the Conference at Bonn, in 1874, when the Old Catholics, together with representatives of the Greek and of the Anglican Episcopal Church, formed a creed, consisting of thirteen theses, as the basis of union or intercommunion between these several churches. It was agreed that the apocryphal books of the Old Testament "are not of the same canonicity" as the books embraced in the Hebrew canon; the authority of the books

first named, if they have any, being left undefined. The authority given to the Vulgate, as the umpire in controversies, in the creed of Trent, was virtually denied. The reading of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue was insisted on, and services in general, in the vulgar tongue, were approved. On justification and the number of the sacraments, articles were made, which, though not free from ambiguity, would be accepted by most Protestants. The Bible was asserted to be the primary rule of faith; but tradition, derived from the consensus of the churches standing in historic unity with the primitive church, or deduced "from the written documents of all centuries," was declared to be an "authoritative source of teaching." The dogma of the Immaculate Conception was denied; the practice of confession before a priest or the congregation, when voluntary and freed from abuses, was sanctioned; indulgences were affirmed to be limited to penalties actually imposed by the Church; "the calling of a richer outpouring of grace on the departed" was also approved; and the eucharist was denied to be a propitiatory sacrifice, but said to be a memorial of the sacrifice of Christ, and a representation on earth and a "making present"—for so the German word should be rendered—of the oblation of Christ, which He continually presents for us in heaven. It is affirmed to be, in a sense not further explained, "a receiving the body and blood of Christ." Dr. Döllinger acknowledged the validity of the orders of the English Church. This the Greek members excused themselves from doing without further investigation. The Greek Church, in reference to the obsequious addresses of the Anglicans, has shown herself a courteous but, at the same time, a very coy maiden. The creed of Bonn contains comparatively little to which a sincere Protestant need take exception. It is certainly a long step for disciples of the Roman Church to make in the direction of reunion with Protestant churches. At a second conference, in 1875, an agreement, in substantial accordance with the Greek view, was framed on the doctrine of the Procession of the Spirit, and of the right form of the Nicene creed,—an ancient topic of discussion between the Greek and Latin churches.

The Old Catholic movement cannot be said to have prospered much. It did not spring from the hearts of the people, who care little for the distinctions, however important they may be, on which the protest of Döllinger and his supporters was founded.



J. J. IGNATIUS VON DÖLLINGER.

(FROM A PAINTING BY LENBACH, IN THE POSSESSION OF WILLIAM M. CHASE, ESQ.)

It was undertaken by scholars and theologians, in coöperation with statesmen who found the new organization of use to them in dealing with politico-ecclesiastical problems connected with the position and claims of the Roman hierarchy. It is one of those half-and-half enterprises which usually fail to strike a deep root. Luther laid the ax at the root of the tree. He denied the Romish doctrine of a priesthood having in its hands the sacraments and other means of grace, keeping the door of access to its own ranks, and governing the laity by a divine commission. This is a clear, intelligible position. Everybody could understand it. The cause of the Reformation depended on no tenuous discriminations.

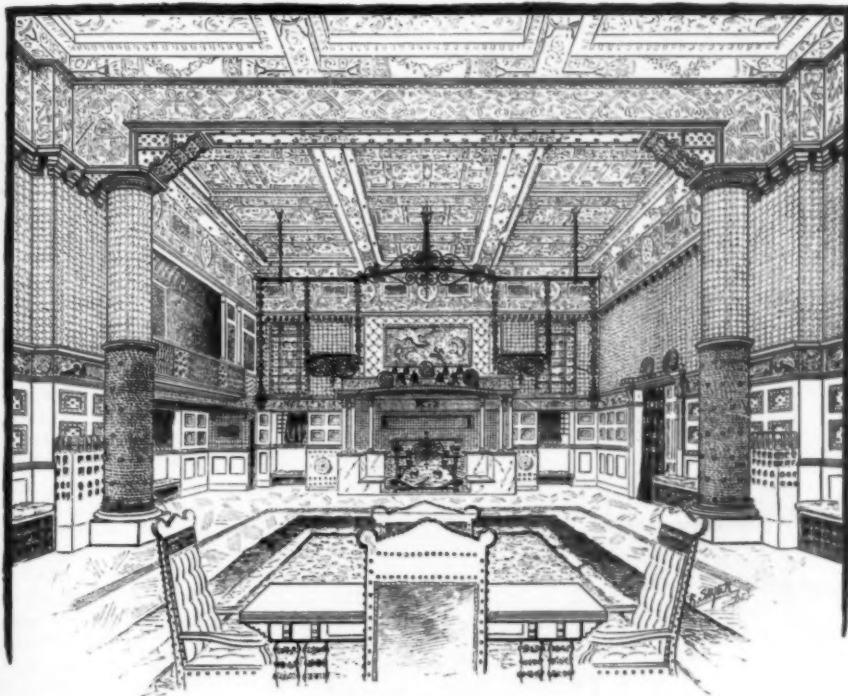
The moderate success of the Old Catholic movement shows the tenacity of the hold

which the Roman Church has on its adherents. Unpalatable as its recently proclaimed dogmas are to a multitude, few are prepared to break the bond that unites them to the chair of St. Peter. As far as leaders are concerned, the Old Catholics were well provided. But the common people in Roman Catholic countries have neither the intelligence nor the courage which are requisite to move them to declare their independence of the ecclesiastical superiors to whom they have been wont to look up. They feel safer to walk in the accustomed road of obedience to the Pope. The dissent and open resistance of so eminent a man as Döllinger, strongly as it may affect a select class of minds, has but little permanent influence on the mass of the people.

DECORATION IN THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY.

It need be considered no disparagement to the decoration of the Veterans' Room and Library of the Seventh Regiment Armory to say that no part of it is so interesting as what might be called "the circumstances of its authorship." It is the work of the "Associated Artists," and, being the first of their performances on a large scale, it is noteworthy as an illustration of the value and practicability of the scheme in accordance with which their work is designed to be done. This, it must be admitted, appears at first thought a scheme little short of ideal perfection. Nothing is better established than the wisdom of the principle of the division of labor in all material activities. And if wise in other departments of effort, why not in art? This, at all events, is the question Mr. Tiffany answered affirmatively some time ago by organizing the "Associated Artists." In general intention the notion of the coöperation of artists in monumental works is probably as old as monumental art itself, but the originality of Mr. Tiffany's plan resides in the degree to which the notion is carried; in a division of individual effort practically indefinite, the idea of the "Associated Artists" is, perhaps, a complete innovation. If, that is to say, you have a room to decorate, you first prepare a general sketch of your own, its diversity being dependent upon your imaginativeness, and its unity upon the

strength of your individuality. The more numerous the details, the more field for the exercise of associated talent, and the more nearly your own efforts can be restricted to the mere work of harmonizing, without thereby losing general character, the better. For it is to be borne in mind that there is no question of artist and artisans, or even of designer and assistants, but of coöperating associates, each doing the detail he has proved himself most competent to deal with. Here, for example, Mr. Tiffany has conceived the general character and scope of the decoration. It includes architectural arrangements, a balcony, a fire-place, lattices, wainscoting, wood-carving, and so on, which he thereupon assigns to Mr. Stanford White, not only an accomplished architect, but an artist of known originality and taste; a frieze picturing the different stages of human warfare, for which Mr. Millet and Mr. Yewell are able to furnish the archaeological erudition; various oriental details and delicate color-harmonies, upon which Mr. Colman is a recognized authority; embroidered stuffs, which could be intrusted to no better hands than those of Mrs. C. Wheeler; and stained glass, to which Mr. Tiffany himself has paid especial attention. It is obvious that it must have taxed Mr. Tiffany's invention to provide an appropriate field for the exercise of such various talent, and one may also suppose



THE VETERANS' ROOM.

that it tried his tact to the utmost to preserve just relations between their several works and maintain the perfect equipoise of the entire design—skeleton-like though that must have been originally. On reflection, one sees possible drawbacks to the perfect success of the “Associated Artists” in such a work. Is it likely that a sympathy can exist between artists sufficiently close to give an entire work the coherence it would have if it were the product of a single mind? Would it even be possible to select a number of artists, of whom all should be equally excellent in their several lines? How can the designer of the original sketch be sure that it is not unduly influenced by such a consideration as that So-and-so can do such and such a thing so well that, though strictly out of place, opportunity must be secured for it? Or how can he be confident that, in harmonizing its different parts, he will not, on the other hand, deprive the whole of the accent and elastic play needed to prevent it from having a monotonous excel-

lence tantamount to mediocrity? In the “Associated Artists’” *ateliers* in Fourth Avenue, where, in perfect accord with each other, Mr. Saint-Gaudens designs graceful compositions for low reliefs, Mr. Maitland Armstrong arranges mosaics in glass, Mrs. and Miss Wheeler occupy themselves with rich stuffs and delicate embroideries, Mr. White invents circumventions of that evil genius of the architects, conventionality, Mr. Colman traces oriental arabesques, and Mr. Tiffany presides rather as a harmonious influence than as a director, or directs with a constant attention to the idiosyncrasies of his associates—is there not some peril in the very ideality of the arrangement? Is not the exotic character of the “Associated Artists”—so like a recollection of the Renaissance, and Byzantine craftsmen, and missal-illuminating monks, and mediaeval guilds, flourishing in the raw and bleak atmosphere of a new world, of all whose possessions its art is the newest—open to the peculiar temptations of exotics—the temptation to fantastic efflorescence, to a



WAINSCOT IN VETERANS' ROOM.

too exclusive dependence upon culture, to a contentment with less vivacity, vigor, and virility than pure spontaneity and raciness always secure?

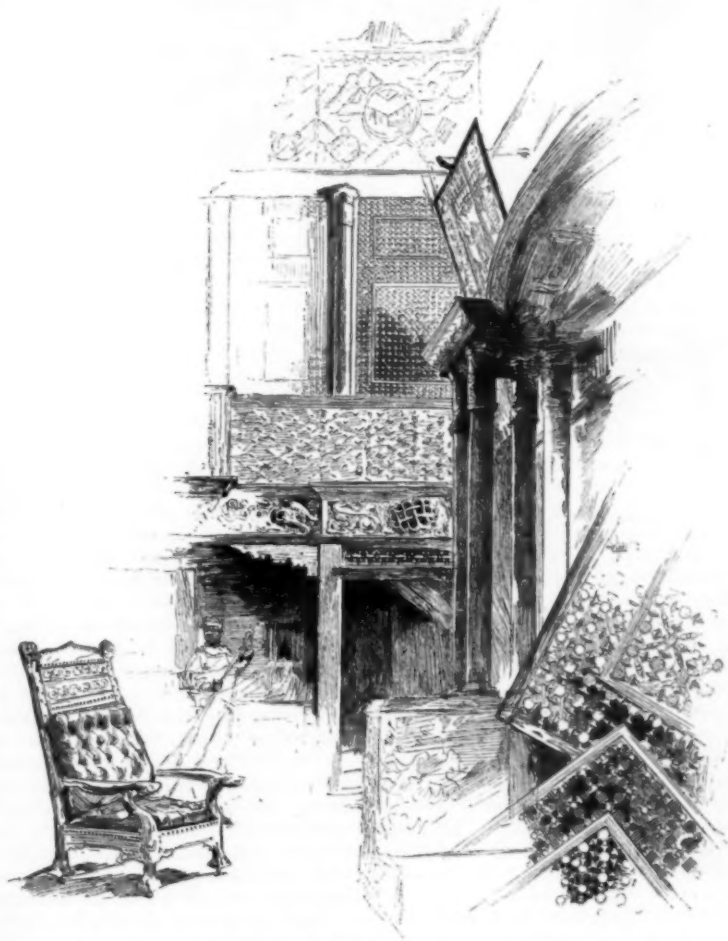
Questions like these get a ready answer in at least one quarter; the architect's response is prompt and discouraging. In general, the architect sniffs at the "Associated Artists," and pronounces work produced under such auspices "a mass of affectations," and the "Associated Artists" themselves *dilettanti* of a most objectionable type. The architect is not, however, an impartial critic. The artist-decorator is to him an intruder whom it is difficult to tolerate. Certain decorative expedients of artists—*i. e.*, of painters, or of artists who lay no stress upon the engineering part of their art—have upon him an effect analogous to that experienced by a severe moralist who witnesses the perpetration of a crime; or rather, let us say, to that of a breach of etiquette upon a court chamberlain. A piece of painted perspective destroys, in his eyes, what merit might otherwise be admitted to exist in the remainder of a decoration. Any merely

apparent violation of the evident construction of a building is irritating to him—unless, indeed, it have an architectural sanction, such as a false roof to a church, or the simulation of the vault of heaven, dotted with five-pointed stars, in the ceiling of a theater. Nor are the positive errors of the painter who decorates interiors, though they are many and various, the sole causes of his objection. The short-comings springing from ignorance, as well as the blemishes due to perversity, are irritating to an informed mind; and when, instead of one artist whose "feeling" disports itself with thoughtless frivolity amidst the ruins of all decorative precedent, there is an association of several, formed for the express purpose of focussing as much and as various "feeling" as possible upon one work, it must be apparent to Academic training that the chances of both faults and failures are increased in a geometrical ratio. Decoration is, from the point of view of the architect, very nearly an exact science, or at least a historic art, with characteristics not merely time-honored, but long ago proved to be founded upon rational principles. Closely allied to the chief of the arts of design, it affords no opportunity for experimentation and amateurish eccentricities, such as the imitative arts which have no logic of their own seem to tolerate, and the imagination which is brought to it should be restrained by what even such a sentimentalist as Mr. Ruskin, when he is speaking of architectural decoration, calls "the iron laws of beauty." Stained glass, for instance, a department of decoration into which the painter-decorators appear to have thrown themselves with a *naïf* enthusiasm abundantly rewarded by the applause of the vulgar just at present, is not the new thing so many persons seem to imagine. To talk, as the painter-decorators have the air of talking, of experimenting in this material with the hope of producing novel effects of value, is only to exhibit a deplorable ignorance. There are libraries of text-books upon the subject of which, apparently, the existence is known only to the architect. And yet, notwithstanding the fact, which a child in the study of art ought to know, that not only has the right use of stained glass been illustrated in scores of monumental buildings in such wealth of varying detail that it is hopeless to attempt improvement upon it, but that we do not now know how to make the material itself equal to the better kinds of old glass,—in spite of this, men who have passed all their lives in painting land-

scapes and figures on canvas, suddenly, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, plunge into stained glass and exhibit their enterprise in inventing new varieties of it.

Or, consider the way in which the painter-decorators employ color. If anything can be regarded as settled, the architect thinks, —and by the architect in general a great

only standard is taste, but even then the end in view may be better secured. To secure a play of color which shall be rich and at the same time elegant, primary colors must be combined upon the surface to be decorated, not mixed in a pot before application. This is elementary to a trained decorator, the architect says, but, he asks,



PART OF GALLERY AND ORIENTAL SCREEN.

DETAIL OF SCREEN.

many things are so regarded,—it is the proper use of color. Its theory is as simple as its effects are manifold. The employment of only the three primary colors is absolutely prescribed. In monumental work, most of all, tints are trivial; they may serve for a bride's boudoir, or for purposes where the

how many of our amateurs who have recently taken decoration in hand are aware of it. The architect is peremptory, it must be admitted, and perhaps underestimates the information of his new rivals. It is a tendency of training to depreciate mere taste, and to be carried further in condemnation



COLUMNS OF MANTEL-SHELF IN VETERANS' ROOM.

of it sometimes than is quite defensible. Taste has such a good defense of its own that occasionally one overlooks the circumstance that it may also have on its side the precedent which training so strenuously insists is authoritative. But on this score the painter-decorators can take very good care of themselves, no doubt, and there is no need to defend them against accusations of ignorance. The Moors themselves were not such strict constructionists as the modern architect, they would doubtless be able to reply; after all, there is a point beyond which Owen Jones becomes monotonous, and just now it is not a choice between Mr. La Farge's and Mr. Tiffany's glass and the old glass, but between theirs and the shop tawdriness—which the architects have to use, at what violence to their sense of what has been done in other times one can only imagine.

However, this skepticism is more or less *a priori*, and the architect's criticism not only *a priori* in some degree, but in some degree prejudiced. The simplest way of estimating the value and practicability of the "Associated Artists" scheme is to argue as to them from the work itself which is now done. And in this the architect, prejudiced though he may still prove, cannot fail to be of real service, since, when one knows how

to allow for his particular order of partiality, the partial critic always becomes instructive because he helps one to put himself at a new point of view. The Veterans' Room is large in every dimension. An oak wainscoting eight or ten feet high runs around it, and at the top of it is a band of grotesque carving, whose surface is varied by recessed iron plates, resembling tiles. Above this, the wall is a light yellow, stenciled with linked copper and silver rings. The frieze is a silvery sequence of shields and circular allegories, representing the chronological progress of the art of war. Overhead the ceiling is broken up into numerous small squares, painted light yellow, by red beams and cross-beams, chamfered and rounded, and, like the interstices of ceiling, stenciled in silver arabesques. At the north end is a large fire-place of brownish-red brick, containing an old Venetian double crane, on which hang a couple of copper pots, and flanked by square piers of red marble, in the angles of which are seats. On these piers rise slender oak columns, with metallic fret-work chaplets which support the broad ledge of the oak mantel, whose edge is elaborately carved. Beneath the mantel, and surrounding the fire-place proper, is a bed of blue-glass tiles. Above it is a painted relief of stucco, which represents an

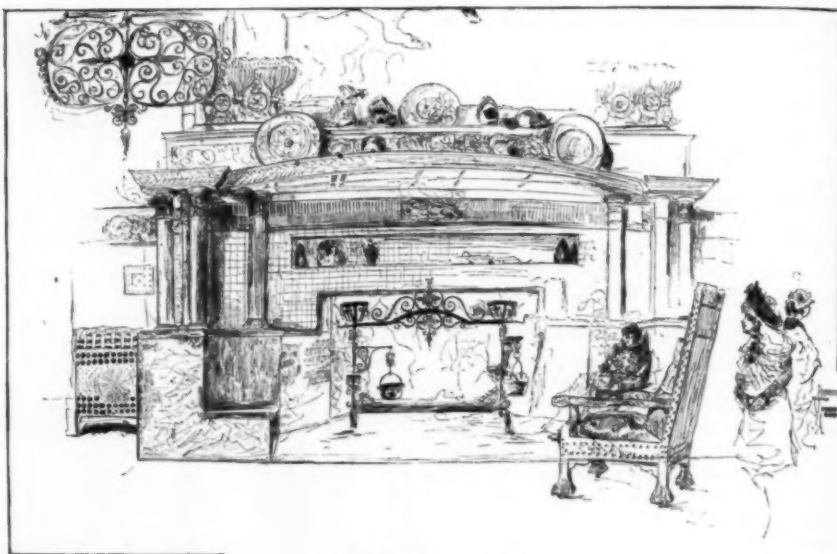
eagle swooping down upon a dragon, or octopus, or a beast of some obscene variety, with blue extremities, a red mouth, and a glass eye, lashing into foam the "ignominious ooze" in which it seems inextricably involved. On either side of this are branching iron candelabra, whose lines of horizontal light are repeated by the jets of others which drop from two large, crane-like iron beams, that divide the space of the room into nearly equal sections. A more marked division is effected by a heavy wooden truss, stenciled like the walls and supported by two columns not distantly detached from either side of the room, their lower portions wound with small-linked chains, studded here and there with silvered bosses and ochred into the semblance of rust. There are five windows, of olive and opaline glass mainly, one being in a little recessed balcony, which is inclosed by oriental lattice, to which a diminutive winding stair leads. The lower sections of two others and the two corridor doors are hung with *portières*, embroidered with buttons and crewels. Opposite the fire-place is the entrance to the library, the book-shelves of which are of mahogany, the mezzanine railing of iron, the hangings of a pale greenish lead-color, and the basketed-barrel vault of salmon, dotted with silvered disks of two or more sizes. Whatever may be thought of the whole or the details, it is evident that a great deal of thought has been expended upon the work.

"And wasted," one may easily fancy the architect adding. "That, indeed, is the most obvious criticism to make upon it. One has an unpleasant sense of the discrepancy between the amount of thought and industry so clearly manifest, and the meager result obtained. For I insist upon the meagerness of the whole effect, elaborate as the work is. I must admit, however, that this elaborateness of execution is by no means aimless, but corresponds closely to the refinements of the general intention. It is evident that Mr. Tiffany set about his task in an intelligent way and restrained his imagination, in general, from rioting in aimlessness; many of our own profession would do well to imitate his example, and express in the detail of their work the function and purpose of it as closely as he has done. You cannot help seeing that you are in a



OLD VENETIAN CRANE IN FIRE-PLACE. VETERANS' ROOM.

Veterans' Room. The work may be called a decorative expression of the idea of the veteran. About the significance of the apparently allegorical representation over the fire-place I cannot, myself, be quite sure; it may figure a contest between the National Guard and the regular army, but it is not clear, and must be set down as phantasmagorical. But nearly everywhere else are veteran associations. My objection to them is simply that they are mechanical and trivial, and of a whimsical subtlety rather than a dignified symbolism. And symbolism of any kind is a poor substitute for expression. A similar spirit would decorate the exterior of a post-office with letter-boxes, or cover the walls of a bedroom with pictures of towels and tooth-brushes. The iron tiles in the wainscoting painted to look like battered and rusted armor-plates;



FIRE-PLACE IN VETERANS' ROOM.

the similarly symbolic chains around the columns; the whimsical imitation of chain-armor in the stenciling of the walls; the iron nail-heads dotting the heavy furniture—appear to me to the last degree feeble and fanciful. Observe, for example, the frieze, which has the air of being the *chef-d'œuvre* of the decoration. Like the rest, its merit consists solely in the fact that it is significant; it is not impressively significant at all, and I need not remind you that the only object of a close correspondence between idea and expression is to strengthen the impressiveness of the idea. I mean nothing derogatory to the erudition of Mr. Millet and Mr. Yewell in saying, furthermore, that no very exhaustive research is required for painting any of these pictures, from the aboriginal warrior to the file of men of the Seventh Regiment. There is certainly a great deal of curious detail in them, but this, in itself, tends to confirm what I have just said: it is painted in such a way as to render it next to indistinguishable from the floor, not only because of the light and dark monotone of color, but because of the equal emphasis of the interstitial shields and the surrounding arabesques; moreover, the mistake—a mistake to which I should have supposed ‘asso-

ciated artists’ peculiarly liable—has been made of treating these representations archaically, instead of frankly; in saying which, I do not refer to the copies of antique

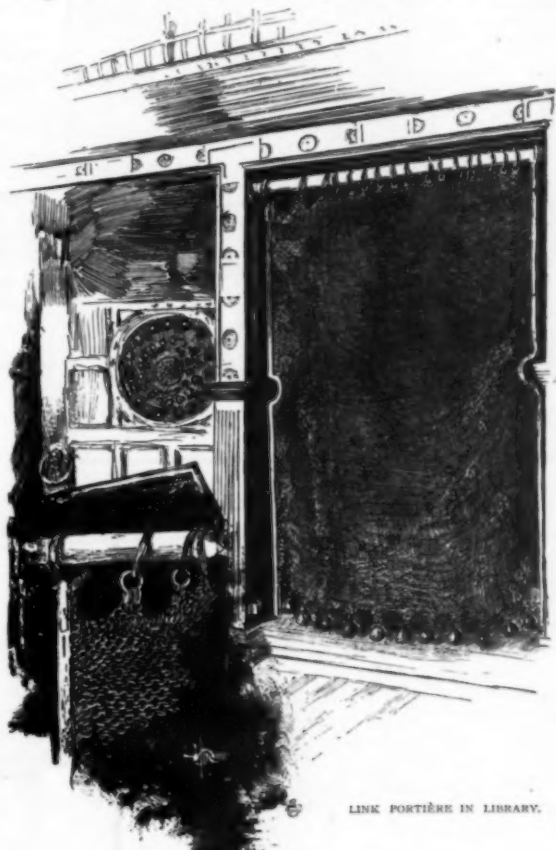


ARM-CHAIR IN VETERANS' ROOM.

originals, but to the whole manner of treatment, which assumes a conventionality foreign to the present stage of mural painting; in other words, in manner they are a clear affectation. As to the color—I dislike to use such an epithet, but it is unmistakably 'Hottentot.' The 'Associated Artists' very likely object to much of our decoration as barbaric and brutal. They have probably got beyond the red, blue, and gold harmonies of the greatest decorators in the history of art, whose whole architecture, in fact, was an architecture of the interior; and this is what they give us as an improvement upon the color-treatment of the Saracens. It is a taste, like another, but for my own part, as far as color is concerned, I prefer the taste of *North African* origin. The glass, too, is a matter of taste. To me it looks weak. A mosaic of tints is, I do not say, *ex vi termini* a feeble thing, but in order to dispense safely with the advantage real color affords, a natural felicity is required, which can only be found in connection with genius."

The admissions, at any rate, of such a criticism, would be worth noting. To find a work by "associated artists" too logical and too conventional to satisfy the architectural sense, is to find the contrary of one's expectations, certainly; and to find objections from such a source based upon the despised principle of taste would be a triumph for corporate "feeling." Perhaps it would be difficult to obtain so candid an expression of opinion, and perhaps, too, we have exaggerated the petulance of the chronic enemy of "feeling,"—that is to say, the sound and logical architect. But the architect's point of view deserves to be known because, if the "Associated Artists" are to have the success which seems in store for them, according to all present indications, they must work, as in some cases and on a small scale they are now working, in conjunction with the architects

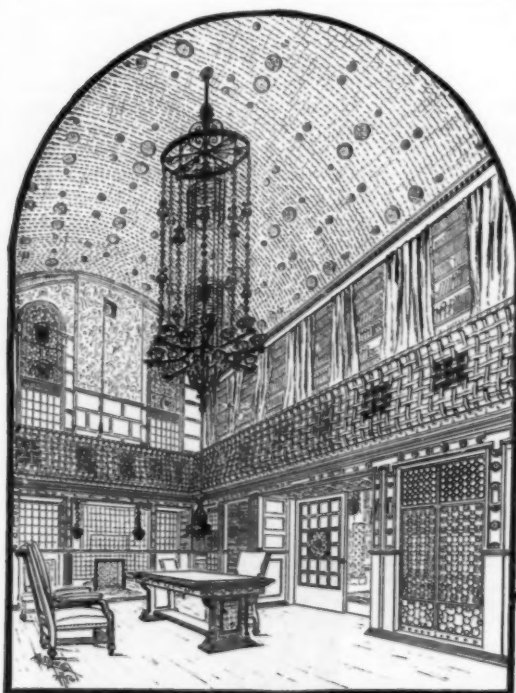
—not architects like Mr. White, but very professional men, whose respect is not to be won by any display of æsthetic feeling unregulated by the "principles of decoration." The truth is, to our mind, judging from this work of Mr. Tiffany and his associates, they are only too likely to mortise their work with the average architect, and assist, rather than counteract, the mechanical tendency of the latter. The critic we



LINK PORTIÈRE IN LIBRARY.

DETAIL OF PORTIÈRE.

have imagined has a turn for taste himself, and doubtless loses thus something of his representative character. But, at all events, objections to this work begin and end in considerations of taste. There is much to admire, as, of course, considering the capabilities of the artists in question, there could not fail to be. The rooms need to be seen at night, and were decorated with reference to their use under gas-light. It makes a dif-



THE LIBRARY.

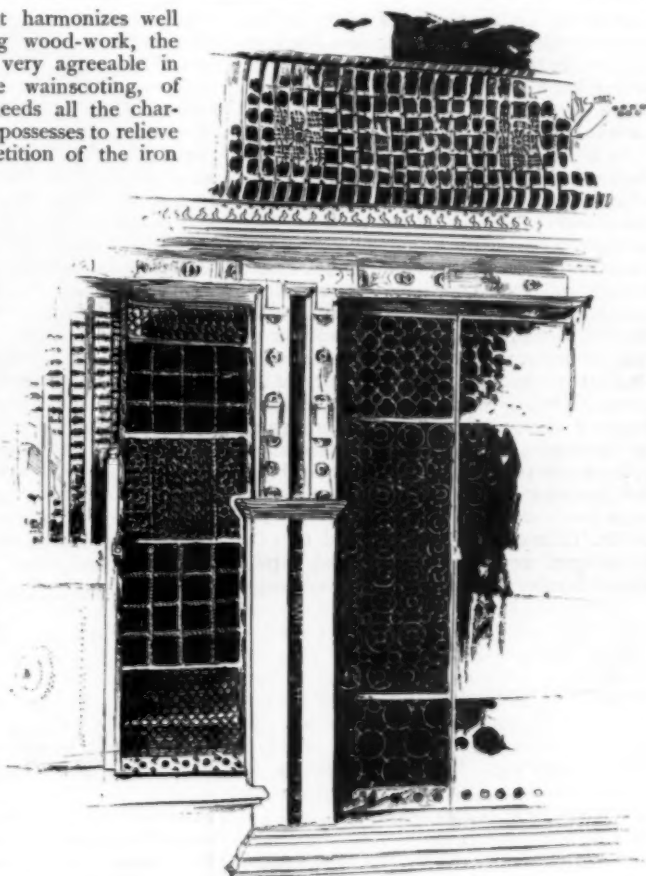
ference which those who have seen them only by daylight will hardly be able to appreciate. The improvement is particularly marked in the library. When this has the benefit of a subdued light, a richness of effect becomes evident which, in the daytime, cannot be said to exist at all. The disagreeable pink of the ceiling is softened into warmth, to which the basketing, which before seemed purposeless, gives agreeable quality; the light color of the hangings, which is almost sickly by daylight, undergoes a similar change, and the twisted iron-work netting and doors fit happily into the sobriety of general effect so wholly dependent by day upon the rich mahogany of the book-cases. In the Veterans' Room the lights, which are arranged in serried ranks, so to say, add great brilliancy to everything, and bring the frieze down so as to give it a distinctness much needed to prevent the evident elaborateness of it from seeming misspent labor. At the same time, however, the key of decoration being yellowish, the contributed yellow of the gas upon every contrasting hue in the room

lightens the general color almost to the point of eliminating it, an effect which is heightened by the abundance of silver stenciling emphasized, not to say discovered, by the lighting of the burners. This is an advantage or a disadvantage as one chooses—almost everything here, we repeat, is as one chooses. An admirer of the general scheme of color will prefer the daylight aspect; others, who are only able to see in this an attempted refinement, the result of which has been an arrangement of rather weak and pale tints without much play beyond the sparkle of tinsel, will not object to the further development in the direction of its tendency into mere light and dark which takes place in the evening. The bed of glass tiling in the chimney-piece could not but be charming in its expanse of vary-



CORNER OF FIRE-PLACE. LIBRARY.

ing turquoise, and it harmonizes well with the surrounding wood-work, the pillars of which are very agreeable in proportion, and the wainscoting, of which the carving needs all the character it undoubtedly possesses to relieve the monotonous repetition of the iron plates already mentioned. The balcony is as good as the chimney-side, the lattices of which, with their ball-and-spindle interacements, enforce the light elegance of the incised tracery that decorates it. The scant furniture is massive enough, perhaps, to have dispensed with the profusion of studded nails that cover it, but to object to them with any strenuousness would be to share the lack of proportion and measure they seem to illustrate. The same remark may be made in regard to the twisted chains wound round the two large columns and the buttons embroidered upon the *portières*, the latter of which certainly seem due to a disinterested vindication of some theory as to the utility of buttons in decoration. The iron-work in the library is particularly good, the ponderous hanging chandeliers of the same metal are yet sufficiently graceful, and, indeed, the visitor will not fail to observe how completely the idea of iron, which has an undoubted propriety in connection with an apartment for the use of military veterans, is adhered to throughout the work—the material employed wherever ingenuity could suggest an opportunity not too trivial, and the scale of color suggested by it adhered to with much unselfish consistency. We say unselfish because consistency in this case has apparently compelled the sacrifice of anything like splendor or sumptuousness, or even the qualities of



PART OF LIBRARY.

simpler beauty usually associated with monumental decoration, and has substituted for them an elegance thin rather than refined—or, perhaps, better still, elegance itself has yielded to a metallic propriety. The veterans must enjoy themselves in it in their character of veterans exclusively. Nor do the windows operate in any degree to destroy the general tone of the whole. In several places the band of carved tracery which runs under them is pricked with solid lumps of translucent glass, illuminated by the exterior light, and owing to their solidity showing gem-like refractions of varying richness; but these are used in a very modest way, and the large windows above them exhibit no distracting imaginativeness—that in the balcony being, indeed, an arrangement of red, blue, and yellow lozenges, which

appears to insist upon its unpretending conventionality. Something has been attempted in the two circular windows of the library, but for his work in stained glass upon which Mr. Tiffany lays stress, we should have to go to the Union League Club.

In fine, we should have to go there or elsewhere for his work of any sort upon which he lays stress. There is here no stress laid on anything, by any one, it may be said, and surely the practicability of "associated artists" working in complete accord, and each contributing to a general design, must be set down as demonstrated—at what cost of time, patience, and tact no one, probably, will be likely to overestimate. On the other hand, it is equally clear that the practicability of "associated artists" working together to any striking and vitally organic result remains still a subject of speculation. It is an easy thing to say that the two things are incompatible, but the armory experiment tends negatively to confirm it. Until Mr. Tiffany becomes convinced that the planning of a work of monumental dignity demands more of him—or of some single

mind, whoever it may be—than the preparation of a general sketch, the selection of specialists to advise as to the details, as well as to execute them, and the confining of his further effort to a mere harmonizing of possible discords, we may be sure the work of the "Associated Artists" will not differ substantially from this decoration. That is to say, it will be intelligently conceived, it will have various unquestionable excellences, and it will be harmonious. That it will have the impressiveness which proceeds from character, the really organic unity which proceeds only from the spontaneity and completeness of a single as well as comprehensive conception, can hardly be expected. On a smaller scale there is, doubtless, much good work to be done by Mr. Tiffany's association. But since no really great work of art has ever been accomplished by a constituent assembly, however harmonious, presided over by a chairman of never so great tact, skepticism as to any efforts to improve upon the old plan of a directing mind and competent assistance is not only permissible but inevitable.

PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.* IX.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A WINTER'S WORK. 1708-9.

THE winter of 1708 and 1709 was memorable in European history. The Baltic was frozen, and heavily laden wagons crossed the Great Belt and the Öresund. In central Europe the fruit-trees died. In France the courts had to be adjourned, and many men died of cold. The Rhone was frozen, and the canals of Venice were covered with ice. On the plains of the Ukraine, swept by the wind, the cold was still more intense. Birds fell dead as they flew through the air, and the snow in many places remained on the ground from the 1st of October to the 5th of April.

Charles had hoped to obtain, through Mazeppa,† possession of the strongholds of

Starodúb and Nóvgorod-Séversk, but the expedition miscarried. This, combined with the almost total failure of the Cossack rising, put the Swedes in a very difficult and dangerous position. Instead of the twenty thousand Cossacks, as expected, Mazeppa had brought but fifteen hundred, who were subsequently joined by a small number of Zaporovians. The Swedes crossed the Desna with

part of Little Russia, was born about 1645. In early manhood, detected in an intrigue with the wife of a Volynian nobleman, and fearing for his life, he sought refuge among the Cossacks. Among these he soon rose to prominence. When the hetman Samóilovitch became the scapegoat of the unfortunate Crimean campaign in 1687 and was deposed, Galitsyn made Mazeppa his successor. When Charles set out to invade Russia, Mazeppa's plan was to preserve, as far as possible, his neutrality, making excuses for not taking the part of the Russians, yet not wishing to take part with the Swedes until, as he thought, Charles was sure to win. On being forced to choose, he went over to the Swedes with a small band of his followers.

† Iván Stepánovitch Mazeppa, the son of a petty nobleman of the Orthodox faith, from the western



MAZEPPA.

comparative safety, marched southward to Rómny, in a fertile district, where the troops were housed in the surrounding villages. Charles, although in very comfortable quarters, could not endure the close proximity of the Russians, and was annoyed at the frequent skirmishes. He, therefore, in the hopes of a general battle, readily fell into a trap which the Russians prepared for him. Peter directed the greater part of his army to move, as if to attack the small town of Gad-iáitch, which was occupied by four Swedish battalions. General Hallart, with another corps, went in the other direction with instructions to take Rómny in case the Swedes withdrew. In spite of the fearful cold, and contrary to the advice of his best generals, Charles, on hearing of the Russian movements, marched with all his forces to Gad-iáitch, with the expectation of making it a second Narva. The Russians, however, had withdrawn in time, and when the Swedes entered the town, one-third of the city had been burned to the ground, and there were not enough houses to shelter the troops. Nearly every building was turned into a hospital, and the surgeons were at work cutting off frozen limbs. In this terrible march from Rómny to Gad-iáitch over three thousand Swedes were frozen to death.

In revenge for the loss of Rómny, which had been occupied by General Hallart, Charles attacked the small village of Véprik, a few miles from Gad-iáitch. Here the Swedes captured but fifteen hundred men and four cannon, having themselves lost nearly a thousand men and forty-eight

officers. The remainder of the winter was spent in comparative quiet, broken by small skirmishes, which, whether they resulted favorably or unfavorably to the Swedes, had always the effect of reducing their forces; and they had arrived at that state where the loss of every man counted.

The greatest success of the Russians was the suppression of the Zaporovian Cossacks and the destruction of their river-town, Setch. The Zaporovians—so called from their living *za porógi* (beyond the cataracts) of the Dnieper—were the bravest, the most reckless, and the most uneasy of the Cossacks. Many of them decided to follow the guidance of Mazeppa, and join the Swedes. To counteract this movement, a Russian expedition was sent out by Menshikóf in the spring, and, after sailing down the Dnieper from Kíef, and being met by a force of dragoons, succeeded in capturing and destroying Setch. Many Zaporovians were killed in the fight, others were taken prisoners, some were executed, and from this time on their strength was broken, although they nominally existed until they were finally abolished, under Catherine II., in 1775.

During the early part of the winter, the thoughts of the Tsar turned continually toward his fleet at Vorónezh. The proximity of the Swedes made him anxious, and hearing that the aim of Charles was to march to Vorónezh and to burn the wharves and ships, he resolved to go there in person. On his arrival, Peter found that the old vessels were in a bad state; although some of them had been repaired several times, yet it was necessary to break them up. Peter, having in view a possible complication with the Turks, assisted by Apráxin, worked hard all winter at the repair and re-organization of his navy. In April, as soon as the ice broke up, he sailed down the Don to Azof and Taganrog.

CHAPTER XXVII.

POLTÁVA—1709.

THE spring thaw and the melting of the great mass of snow on the steppes were as bad for the Swedish army as the severe winter. The Swedes had gradually been pushed back into a small space between the rivers Psiol, Vórscla, and Dnieper. After the arrival of Lewenhaupt's troops the Swedish army numbered about forty-one thousand men, but it had now become reduced to twenty thousand, and of these more than two thou-



sand were ill or crippled. Only thirty-four cannon remained; the powder had greatly suffered, and needed to be dried. Yet amid the great distress, on the 11th of April, shortly after the retreat from an unsuccessful expedition to Krasnóikúth, Charles could write to Stanislas: "I and the army are in very good condition. The enemy has been beaten and put to flight in all the engagements." Piper, on the contrary, wrote to his wife: "The campaign is so difficult, and our condition so pitiful, that such great misery cannot be described and is beyond belief"; and again: "The army is in an indescribably

pitiful state." The soldiers suffered greatly, not only from the weather, but from lack of clothing and from bad food. Complaints were great, and few expected to see their homes again. Nevertheless, there were comparatively few desertions, and the Swedes remained loyal to the King personally, seeing that he shared their hardships, and believed that he was actuated by patriotism alone, and that he felt this campaign necessary for the safety of Sweden. Yet they had to some extent lost their confidence



INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF POLTAVA.

in him. Charles exposed himself as ever to the enemy's bullets, but the soldiers, instead of being cheered by this, said to each other that the King wished to be killed, as he foresaw the bad end of the campaign.

The opinion of the generals was that it would be better to retire across the Dnieper, and either return to Poland or wait in a secure position until the force of General Krassow could join them. He could scarcely be expected before midsummer. Charles would hear nothing of this, and resolved to capture the town of Poltava, the largest and most flourishing town of that region, more important, however, commercially than as a military position. At the beginning of the winter the capture of Poltava would have been very easy, but at that time Charles, who objected to having winter quarters in a large town, paid no attention to it. In the meantime the Russians had succeeded in improving the defenses, and

So they did for six long weeks, under the leadership of Colonel Kellin, repelling assaults, making sorties, and destroying mines, assisted by the whole population of the town, great and small. Communications were always open with the Russian forces across the Vórscla, by means of letters in hollow bombs, and Menshikóf succeeded in getting nine hundred men into the town. In the Swedish camp, food was scarce, and there was great murmuring. The powder showed signs of giving out, and the stock of ammunition was so small that it was necessary to search the fields and pick up the Russian bullets.

Peter, warned in time by Menshikóf, made a hasty journey from Azof across the



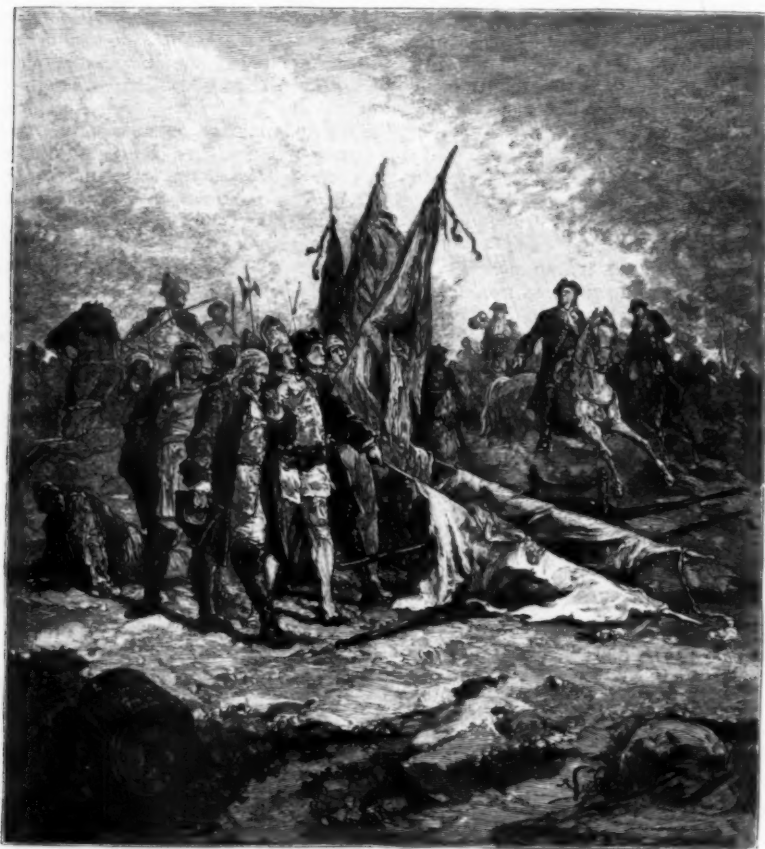
THE FLIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE OF POLTAVA.

had garrisoned it with four thousand men. What made the attempt more dangerous now was that the Swedish forces were not large enough to surround the town on all sides, and the Russians could mass their forces on the other side of the river Vórscla.

The siege was begun on the 12th of May. Charles was astonished that the town did not yield at the first fire, and exclaimed: "What! I really believe the Russians are mad, and will defend themselves in a regular way!"

steppe, arrived on June 15th, and took the chief command. New spirit, if that were necessary, was infused into the garrison; skirmishing was actively carried on, and by the capture of Sanjárov about two thousand Russian prisoners, including the garrison of Véprik and the heroic Colonel Yurlof, were set free.

The need of the Swedes became at last so great and their position so critical, that one night Charles sought the advice of Lewenhaupt, whom he had until then treated with marked coolness. Lewenhaupt could coun-



CAPTURED STANDARDS AT POLTAVA.

sel him nothing but to retire across the Dnieper. This he refused to do; but, feeling too uneasy to sleep, made Lewenhaupt follow him, and rode about aimlessly all night. In the early morning—it was his birthday, the 28th of June—he approached the banks of the Vórscla, and rode up and down in full view of the Russians. Lewenhaupt's horse was shot under him, but the King, who liked to expose his generals in this way, refused to move. This was the very time chosen by the Russians for a feint of crossing. After they had been repulsed, Charles resumed his ride on the river's bank, and was hit in the foot by a bullet. Though pale and faint from loss of blood, he refused to go to his tent

until he had given some orders in the trenches, and when, an hour afterward, he had his wound dressed, his foot was much swollen. The ball had gone the whole length of his sole, from heel to toe, breaking some of the small bones, which had to be extracted.

The feigned crossing below the town, when Charles was wounded, was to cover another and successful crossing in force a few miles north of Poltáva. Here the Russians intrenched themselves, and then, under the cover of trenches and redoubts, drew gradually nearer to the Swedish positions. While the King was prostrated with fever, two dispiriting messages arrived. One from Poland showed the want of harmony be-

tween Stanislas and General Krassow, who were still in the west of Poland, kept back by the Poles under Sieniawski and the Russians under Goltz. The other, from Turkey, set forth that the Sultan would neither aid Charles directly, nor indirectly through the Tartars. The Russian lines were fast advancing; an attack might be expected on any day. The King, though advised to raise the siege and retreat across the Dnieper, decided on forestalling the Russian attack. Renskjöld, who, during the illness of the King, had the chief command, called the generals together on the afternoon of July 7th, and told them that the attack was fixed for the next day. The troops were under arms by midnight, and though the march of three miles was attended by some disorder, at daybreak, on Tuesday, July 8th, they stood in order of battle before the Russian lines. They numbered only twelve thousand five hundred men. The remainder were in the hospital, or guarding the camp, or manning the intrenchments against the town. Only four cannon were used, partly on account of the distaste of Renskjöld for artillery and partly on account of the lack of ammunition. The ground between the Russian camp and the town was much broken, but in front of the camp was a plain, with thick woods on each side. Here the Russians had thrown up two lines of redoubts, one parallel to the camp, the other at right angles to it. Renskjöld had no plan for the attack. There was a quarrel and a reconciliation between him and Lewenhaupt. The Swedish powder was bad, and they had to trust to their bayonets. The Russian army was four times as numerous. Charles was carried about in a litter to excite the ardor of his soldiers. The horses which carried him were killed one after the other, and the litter was finally broken to pieces by a cannon-shot. His Brabants then carried him on their crossed pikes; but even his presence could do nothing against the Russian numbers and resistance. Peter was conspicuous among his troops, on his favorite horse, Lisette, which had been sent to him by the Sultan. He received a bullet through his hat, and another in his saddle, while another struck the ancient cross he wore around his neck. The Swedes seemed at first to get the advantage; they captured two or three half-finished redoubts, and could easily have penetrated into the Russian camp. But finally they were overpowered and surrounded—beaten in detail; and though for two hours they

fought with the fierceness of despair, they were forced either to surrender or to flee. Renskjöld, Schlippenbach, Rosen, Stackelberg, Hamilton, Horn, the Prince of Würtemberg, and over twenty-eight hundred officers and men, were taken prisoners.

Prince Michael Galítsyn with the guard, and General Bauer with the dragoons, were sent to follow up the enemy. Charles had been protected by his Brabants, and finally had been induced by Lewenhaupt to return to the camp and rally the remainder of the army. On passing their own intrenchments, then occupied by the Russians, the King's horse was killed and he was nearly taken prisoner.

On arriving at the camp, the King for the first time uttered a complaint, and asked to be taken from his horse and put in a carriage. His foot was dressed, and he ate a piece of cold meat, asking repeatedly for Renskjöld, for Piper, and for the young Prince of Würtemberg.

"All are taken prisoners," was the reply.

"Prisoners with the Russians! Rather die among the Turks! Forward!" he exclaimed.

Lewenhaupt was called in, and advised a repetition of what he had been obliged to do at Liesna—that is, to divide the horses, provisions, and ammunition among the men, to burn what was left, and to advance as soon as possible. Charles, after a few moments' reflection, sent Lewenhaupt away, and, without further communication with him, ordered the remaining troops to march down the Vorskla to the Dnieper, taking the cannon and all the baggage. The retreat began toward evening. The Russians pressed them so hotly that the next morning it was necessary to burn the heavy baggage, and mount part of the infantry on the horses. On the afternoon of July 11th the Swedes arrived at the little town of Perevolótchna, at the mouth of the Vorskla, where there was a ferry across the Dnieper, but the town had been burned and all the means of transport destroyed. After a long argument, Lewenhaupt and Creutz persuaded the King to leave the army and take measures for his personal safety. Some boats and rafts were found on the Vorskla, and by means of these the King, Mazeppa, and about one thousand men crossed the Dnieper. Charles took with him part of the army treasure, consisting of the military contributions levied in Saxony, which had been almost untouched. The remainder was to be divided among the troops. The

King, with the Russian cavalry in hot pursuit, rode as fast as he could to the Bug, where half his escort was captured, and he barely escaped. Thence he went to Otchakóf and Bender on the Dniester, and for five years remained the guest of Turkey. Mazzeppa died at Varnítza, a village near Bender, on March 31, 1710, and was buried in the old church of St. George, on the high bank of the Danube at Galatz.

Lewenhaupt had a glimmer of hope that he could save the army by crossing the Vorskla and marching to the Black Sea. It was, however, too late. It was midnight when the King crossed, and the next morning the Russian advance-guard appeared on the hills back of the camp—the troops of Menshikóf, who had started in pursuit the day after the battle. Lewenhaupt tried to rally his men, and hoped to make a stand; but the Swedes refused to fight, many of them deserted, and some tried to swim across the Dnieper. A few officers even committed suicide. The conditions proposed by Menshikóf were honorable. Lewenhaupt, after prolonging the negotiations as long as he could, in order to give the King additional time for escape, at last surrendered. The prisoners taken at Perevolótchna numbered fifteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, including three generals. Those taken at Poltáva were two thousand eight hundred and seventy-one. The Swedish loss in killed and wounded was about four thousand. As trophies of the fight, the Russians took thirty-two cannon and two hundred and sixty-four standards, besides wagons and trains. Their own loss was: killed, one thousand three hundred and forty-five, and wounded, three thousand two hundred and ninety. "And thus, by God's help, the whole of the enemy's army, so famous in the world (which by its presence in Saxony caused no little fear in Europe), came into the hands of the Emperor." Thus says Peter's journal, and in a letter to Apráxin, written on the night after the battle, the Tsar adds: "Now, with God's help, the last stone has been laid of the foundation of St. Petersburg."

The battle of Poltáva marked the end of the campaign and of Charles's greatness. It did in one day what would otherwise have required weeks to accomplish, but the Swedish army was irretrievably lost, and the end would have been exactly the same, though a little later, had the battle of Poltáva never been fought.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FRUITS OF THE VICTORY.

THE success at Poltáva was so sudden and so overwhelming that the Russians were at first dazed and confused by the magnitude of their victory. But the practical necessities of the moment soon restored Peter to his equilibrium. The Swedish prisoners were marched off to different towns and provinces,—some to Kíef, some to Moscow, and some even to Siberia. They were made to labor at works of public utility, even at the construction of fortifications. The generals and superior officers were allowed their pay, and a third was given them in advance. Cederhjelm and Marderfeldt were allowed to go on parole to Stockholm and use their efforts for peace. The Prince of Würtemberg was released unconditionally. Great rewards were given to those who had taken the chief part in the events of the campaign. Menshikóf was made a field-marshal; Sheremétief received larger estates; Golófkin was made chancellor, and Shafírof vice-chancellor. The generals received increase of rank or estates, and all were presented with the portrait of the Tsar, set in diamonds. Peter himself, who was up to this time a colonel, at the request of his officers took the title of lieutenant-general in the army and rear-admiral in the navy. In Moscow there was great rejoicing.

Peter wrote to Catherine on the day of the battle, addressing her now and henceforth alone, and not together with Anisia Tolstóy:

"Little mother, how are you? I declare to you that the all-merciful Lord has deigned to grant us this day an indescribable victory over the enemy. To say it in one word, the whole enemy's force is knocked on the head, about which you yourself will hear from us. Come here and congratulate us.

"PETER.

"Give my respects to the Princess and the rest."

Letters, inclosing a copy of the account of the battle, were sent not only to all Peter's friends, including two merchants, and to the chief officials at Moscow, but also to many of the Polish magnates and to Russian ministers abroad, for communication to the courts to which they were accredited. Menshikóf wrote to the Duke of Marlborough, and so much did Peter desire his good opinion that, twelve days after the battle, a special courier was dispatched to him and to the Prince of Orange. In some of these letters occurred the phrase:



PROCESSION OF CAVALRY.

"In short, the whole of the enemy's army has had an end like that of Phaeton." This comparison caused in some quarters doubts as to the genuineness of the letter and the reality of the victory. "For what," it was said, "do the Russians know about Phaeton?"

On the 24th of July the army left Poltava, which was beginning to be very unhealthy. Sheremetief, with all the infantry and a part of the cavalry, was sent to besiege Riga; while Menshikof, with the greater part of the cavalry, marched to Poland, in order to unite with General Goltz, and act against King Stanislas and General Krassow. The fatigues of Poltava brought on a fever, which kept the Tsar for a fortnight in Kief; but he was sufficiently master of himself to dictate orders with regard to his fleet, and letters to the parents and relatives of many who had died in the battle.

The news of the Swedish disaster at Poltava was at first disbelieved in Poland, but at last the evidence became so strong that General Krassow thought it his wisest course to retreat into Pomerania. He was shortly followed by King Stanislas, who offered to resign the crown if the republic demanded it.* King Augustus regained his courage, and issued a proclamation, recounting the indignities put upon him by the Swedish King, and recalling his faithful subjects to their allegiance. He entered Poland with an army of fourteen thousand men, and invited the Tsar to an interview at Thorn. In this condition of affairs, the Polish magnates found it impossible to temporize. They withdrew from Stanislas and paid court to Peter, thanking him that by his victory he had restored them their lawful sovereign and their liberties. In the last days of September, at Solec, Peter reviewed the Polish army, commanded by the hetman

Sieniawski, and received the chamberlain of the King of Prussia, who had come to congratulate him and invite him to visit his sovereign. Stopping but a day at Warsaw, to be received in state by the Polish senators, Peter sailed down the Vistula to Thorn. A little above the town he was met by the barge of the King. Augustus blushed and stammered in offering his congratulations, but Peter put him at ease by telling him not to recall the past, as he knew that he could not act otherwise.

On the 20th of October, the Tsar and Augustus concluded a new treaty, by which all previous obligations and claims were withdrawn, and all previous documents were to be considered as waste paper. The Tsar agreed to aid Augustus in regaining the Polish throne; the King promised to assist him against all his enemies. The aim of the alliance was not to annihilate Sweden, but to restrict it to its proper boundaries, and to render it harmless to its neighbors.

A few days afterward, a secret article was added to the treaty, by which the "principality" of Livonia, with all its cities and towns, was to be ceded to his Polish Majesty as Elector of Saxony, and to his heirs.

The public opinion of Europe, which had been adverse to Peter and to the Russians, turned as soon as the result of the battle of Poltava was known. Leibnitz, for example, who, after the battle of Narva, had expressed his desire that Charles should rule over Moscovy as far as the Amur, now writes, "You can believe how much the revolution in the north astonished many people. It is commonly said that the Tsar will be formidable for all Europe, and will be like a northern Turk. But can he be prevented from educating his subjects and rendering them civilized and warlike? *Qui jure suo utitur nemini facit injuriam*. As for me, who am for the good of the human race, I am very glad that so great an empire is putting itself in the ways of reason and of order, and I consider the Tsar in that

* Stanislas was living at Wissembourg, on a scanty pension from the French Government, when he became unexpectedly the father-in-law of Louis XV. His attempt to regain his crown on the death of Augustus, in 1733, was a disastrous failure.



TRAILING FLAGS.

respect as a person whom God has destined to great works."

Negotiations had been going on since 1707 with the house of Wolfenbüttel for a marriage between the Tsarévitch Alexis and the Princess Charlotte. But great difficulties were raised because the Tsar's position in Russia was not secure, and it would be very difficult for him to succeed in making himself "considerable in Europe," for Sweden would not conclude peace until she had won back all the Baltic coast, and Poland, Holland, and England would never allow Russia to gain position as a naval power. Now there was a strong current of favorable opinion to him at the court of Wolfenbüttel. He had become brave, and generous, and powerful, and his virtues were loudly celebrated. All difficulties with regard to the marriage ceased. The Princess consented, and a draft of the marriage-contract was soon drawn up and sent to Russia through Baron Urbich.

The Elector of Hanover showed signs of a readiness to detach himself from the Swedish interests, and draw nearer to Russia. To confirm this feeling, Prince Boris Kurákin, returned long since from Rome, was sent as minister to Hanover.

While the Tsar was at Thorn he received a Danish envoy, Baron von Rantzau, with the congratulations of King Frederick IV., and a request for an offensive and defensive alliance against Sweden. Prince Basil Dolgorúky, the Tsar's minister at Copenhagen, had long been trying to bring the Danes to this step, and had been instructed to make large promises of men and money. England and Holland both did their best to prevent any such arrangement until peace had been made with France, and their ministers, in conference with the Danes, even threatened to take the side of Sweden. They feared that, in case of a war in the north, German troops would be withdrawn from the allied army, and an advantage thus be given to France.

Dolgorúky, too, ascertained that when the King of Prussia had sent word to Holland

of his intention to have an interview with the Tsar, the States-General warned him against entering into any arrangements with Russia, as the Tsar was now so strong that he could become dangerous for other powers, and especially for Prussia; that all powers were bound not to allow him to strengthen himself so as to cause harm to the whole of Europe. While the Danes were using this opposition as a pretext for demanding subsidies, the secretary of the French legation informed Dolgorúky that Louis XIV. would be very glad to make an alliance with the Tsar. Dolgorúky, in reporting this, was of opinion that it would be better not to make any arrangements with France, but only to show an apparent willingness to do so, so that France might be incited to carry on the war, and the allies might be held in check. He was ordered to reply that Russia would be very glad to receive a French envoy. France was very willing to put an end to all former disputes, and was ready to guarantee the conquests of the Tsar, and help Russia to establish herself firmly on the Baltic, so as to injure the Dutch trade. Dolgorúky managed so well that, though he had before promised to supply soldiers and sailors, and give a subsidy, he now succeeded in inducing Denmark to make an alliance with Russia without any such stipulation. He wrote in ecstasy to Golófskin: "I have given nothing, neither a man nor a shilling." This treaty was concluded on the 22d of October.

While Dolgorúky was concluding the treaty with the Danes, Peter had sailed down the Vistula to Marienwerder, and had his interview with King Frederick of Prussia. The King communicated to him his views with regard to the partition of Poland, but the Tsar replied that it was not practicable. Both the King and the Tsar dined with Menshikóf, and the King conferred on him the Order of the Black Eagle, and Peter gave the King a sword made in Russia, "of very extraordinary workmanship." Apparently everything was most cordial. Scarcely ten words passed without embraces,



THE LITTER IN THE PROCESSION.

but the Prussian monarch and his minister were surprised to find the Tsar so haughty, so cool, and so evidently master of the situation.

The Tsar nevertheless concluded an alliance with King Frederick, defensive in its terms, as Prussia was excused from taking any active part in the war. He also agreed to restore Kurland to the young duke Frederick William, nephew of the King of Prussia, with whom and his niece Anna,* the daughter of the Tsar Iván, a marriage was speedily arranged.

After visiting the camp of Sheremétief, who was preparing for the siege of Riga, and giving him instructions not to expose his men too much to the rigors of the climate, but to confine himself during the winter months to a blockade of the town, the Tsar went to St. Petersburg, where he arrived on the 4th of December. He now felt sure of the permanence of his settlement on the Neva, and, during his short stay, busied himself with many plans for the enlargement and improvement of the town. He decided on designs for public gardens and for a palace, on plans for magazines and store-houses, and ordered the nobles to build houses in what he called "the Holy Land," but to which they were ready to apply an epithet of a totally different character. After laying the keel of a ship, to be called the *Poltáva*, and giving directions for the foundation of a church for the funeral of strangers, in honor of St. Sampson the Hospitable, on whose festival

the battle of *Poltáva* was fought, he hastened to Moscow for his triumph. It was necessary for him to wait a week at his villa of Kolómenskoe for the arrival of the guard and for completing the necessary arrangements. At last everything was ready; the triumphal arches were duly erected and the streets properly decorated, and the procession set out. But just as it was starting, Peter received information of the birth of his daughter Elizabeth, subsequently Empress. He hurried away with his friends to celebrate the event at home, and put off the procession for two days. In this triumphal entry the Tsar compelled the Swedish prisoners to take part, to the number of twenty-two thousand and eighty-five. Peter was on horseback, following immediately after the Swedish generals and ministers, in the same colonel's uniform that he had worn at *Poltáva*.

It was so late after the *Te Deum* in the cathedral that the remainder of the ceremony was postponed until the following day. At the banquet that evening in the hall of the new palace, the Swedish generals were entertained at a separate table, on the right of the Tsar's. Toasts were drunk to all, even to the Swedes, and the carousing was kept up to a late hour. The crowd outside was amused with fire-works. The official feasting went on again the next day, when entertainments were also given to the people, to the troops, and to all the Swedish prisoners, and the Christmas holidays were spent in festivities and nightly banquets in the houses of Peter's intimate friends.

* She subsequently became Empress.



PROCESSION OF ARTILLERY.

A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

VII.

THE next morning Elmore was called from his bed—at no very early hour, it must be owned, but at least before a nine-o'clock breakfast—to see a gentleman who was waiting in the parlor. He dressed hurriedly, with a thousand exciting speculations in his mind, and found Mr. Rose-Black looking from the balcony window.

"You have a pleasant position here," he said, easily, as he turned about to meet Elmore's look of indignant demand. "I've come to ask all about our friends the Andersens."

"I don't know anything about them," answered Elmore. "I never saw them before."

"Ah-ow!" said the painter. Elmore had not invited him to sit down, but now he dropped into a chair, with the air of asking Elmore to explain himself. "The young lady of your party seemed to know them. How uncommonly pretty all your American young girls are! But I'm told they fade very soon. I should like to make up a picnic party with you all for the Lido."

"Thank you," replied Elmore, stiffly. "Miss Mayhew has seen the Lido."

"Ah-ow! *That's* her name. It's a pretty name." He looked through the open door into the dining-room, where the table was set for breakfast, with the usual water-goblet at each plate. "I see you have beer for breakfast. There's nothing so nice, you know. Would you—would you mind giving me a glaahs?"

Through an undefined sense of the duties of hospitality, Elmore was surprised by this impudence into sending out to the next *café* for a pitcher of beer. Rose-Black poured himself out one glass and another till he had emptied the pitcher, conversing affably meanwhile with his silent host.

"*Why* didn't you turn him out of doors?" demanded Mrs. Elmore, as soon as the painter's departure allowed her to slip from the closed door behind which she had been imprisoned in her room.

"I did everything *but* that," replied her

husband, whom this interview had saddened more than it had angered.

"You sent out for beer for him!"

"I didn't know but it might make him sick. Really, the thing is incredible. I think the man is cracked."

"He is an Englishman, and he thinks he can take any kind of liberty with us because we are Americans."

"That seems to be the prevalent impression among all the European nationalities," said Elmore. "Let's drop him for the present, and try to be more brutal in the future."

Mrs. Elmore, so far from dropping him, turned to Lily, who entered at that moment, and recounted the extraordinary adventure of the morning, which scarcely needed the embellishment of her fancy: it was not really a gallon of beer, but a quart, that Mr. Rose-Black had drunk. She enlarged upon previous aggressions of his, and said finally that they had to thank Mr. Ferris for his acquaintance.

"Ferris couldn't help himself," said Elmore. "He apologized to me afterward. The man got him into a corner. But he warned us about him as soon as he could. And Rose-Black would have made our acquaintance, any way. I believe he's crazy."

"I don't see how that helps the matter."

"It helps to explain it," concluded Elmore, with a sigh. "We can't refer everything to our being American lambs, and his being a ravening European wolf."

"Of course he came round to find out about Lily," said Mrs. Elmore. "The Andersens were a mere blind."

"Oh, Mrs. Elmore!" cried Lily, in deprecation.

The bell jangled.

"That is the postman," said Mrs. Elmore.

There was a home-letter for Lily, and one from Lily's sister inclosed to Mrs. Elmore. The ladies rent them open, and lost themselves in the cross-written pages; and neither of them saw the dismay with which Elmore looked at the handwriting of the envelope addressed to him. His wife vaguely knew that he had a letter, and

meant to ask him for it as soon as she should have finished her own. When she glanced at him again, he was staring at the smiling face of Miss Mayhew, as she read her letter, with the wild regard of one who sees another in mortal peril, and can do nothing to avert the coming doom, but must dumbly await the catastrophe.

"What is it, Owen?" asked his wife, in a low voice.

He started from his trance, and struggled to answer quietly.

"I've a letter here which I suppose I'd better show to you first."

They rose and went into the next room, Miss Mayhew following them with a gay, absent look, and then dropping her eyes again to her letter.

Elmore put the note he had received into his wife's hands without a word.

"Sir,—My position permitted me to take a woman. I am a soldier, but I am an engineer—operateous, and I can exercise wherever my profession in the civil life. I have seen Miss Mayhew, and I have great sympathie for she. I think I will be lukely with her, if Miss Mayhew would be of the same intention of me.

"If you believe, Sir, that my open and realy proposition will not offendere Miss Mayhew, pray to handed to her this note. Pray, Sir, to excuse me the liberty to fatigue you, and to go over with silence if you would be of another intention.

"Your obedient servant,

"E. VON EHRHARDT."

Mrs. Elmore folded the letter carefully up and returned it to her husband. If he had, perhaps, dreaded some triumphant outburst from her, he ought to have been content with the thoroughly daunted look which she lifted to his, and the silence in which she suffered him to do justice to the writer.

"This is the letter of a gentleman, Celia," he said.

"Yes," she responded, faintly.

"It puts another complexion on the affair entirely.

"Yes. Why did he wait a whole week?" she added.

"It is a serious matter with him. He had a right to take time for thinking it over." Elmore looked at the date of the Peschiera postmark, and then at that of Venice on the back of the envelope. "No, he wrote at once. This has been kept in the Venetian office, and probably read there by the authorities."

His wife did not heed the conjecture.

"He began all wrong," she grieved. "Why couldn't he have behaved sensibly?"

"We must look at it from another point

of view now," replied Elmore. "He has repaired his error by this letter."

"No, no; he hasn't."

"The question is now what to do about the changed situation. This is an offer of marriage. It comes in the proper way. It's a very sincere and manly letter. The man has counted the whole cost: he's ready to leave the army and go to America, if she says so. He's in love. How can she refuse him?"

"Perhaps she isn't in love with him," said Mrs. Elmore.

"Oh! That's true. I hadn't thought of that. Then it's very simple."

"But I don't know that she isn't," murmured Mrs. Elmore.

"Well, ask her."

"How could *she* tell?"

"How could *she* tell?"

"Yes. Do you suppose a child like that can know her own mind in an instant?"

"I should think she could."

"Well, she couldn't. She liked the excitement,—the romanticality of it; but she doesn't know any more than you or I whether she cares for him. I don't suppose marriage with anybody has ever seriously entered her head yet."

"It will have to do so now," said Elmore, firmly. "There's no help for it."

"I think the American plan is much better," pouted Mrs. Elmore. "It's horrid to know that a man's in love with you, and wants to marry you, from the very start. Of course it makes you hate him."

"I dare say the American plan is better in this as in most other things. But we can't discuss abstractions, Celia. We must come down to business. What are we to do?"

"I don't know."

"We must submit the question to her."

"To that innocent, unsuspecting little thing? Never!" cried Mrs. Elmore.

"Then we must decide it, as he seems to expect we may, without reference to her," said her husband.

"No, that wont do. Let me think."

Mrs. Elmore thought to so little purpose that she left the word to her husband again.

"You see we must lay the matter before her."

"Couldn't—couldn't we let him come to see us awhile? Couldn't we explain our ways to him, and allow him to pay her attentions without letting her know about this letter?"

"I'm afraid he wouldn't understand—that we couldn't make it clear to him," said Elmore. "If we invited him to the house he would consider it as an acceptance. He wants a categorical answer, and he has a right to it. It would be no kindness to a man with his ideas to take him on probation. He has behaved honorably, and we're bound to consider him."

"Oh, I don't think he's done anything so very great," said Mrs. Elmore, with that disposition we all have to disparage those who put us in difficulties.

"He's done everything he could do," said Elmore. "Shall I speak to Miss Mayhew?"

"No, you had better let me," sighed his wife. "I suppose we must. But I think it's horrid! Everything could have gone on so nicely if he hadn't been so impatient from the beginning. Of course she won't have him now. She will be scared, and that will be the end of it."

"I think you ought to be just to him, Celia. I can't help feeling for him. He has thrown himself upon our mercy, and he has a claim to right and thoughtful treatment."

"She won't have anything to do with him. You'll see."

"I shall be very glad of that——" Elmore began.

"*Why* should you be glad of it?" demanded his wife.

He laughed.

"I think I can safely leave his case in your hands. Don't go to the other extreme. If she married a German, he would let her black his boots,—like that general in Munich."

"Who is talking of marriage?" retorted Mrs. Elmore.

"Captain Ehrhardt and I. That's what it comes to; and it can't come to anything else. I like his courage in writing English, and it's wonderful how he hammers his meaning into it. 'Lukely' isn't bad, is it? And 'my position permitted me to take a woman'—I suppose he means that he has money enough to marry on—is delicious. Upon my word, I have a good deal of sympathy for he!"

"For shame, Owen! It's wicked to make fun of his English."

"My dear, I respect him for writing in English. The whole letter is touchingly brave and fine. Confound him! I wish I had never heard of him. What does he come bothering across my path for?"

"Oh, don't feel that way about it, Owen!" cried his wife. "It's cruel."

"I don't. I wish to treat him in the most generous manner; after all, it isn't his fault. But you must allow, Celia, that it's very annoying and extremely perplexing. *We* can't make up Miss Mayhew's mind for her. Even if we found out that she liked him, it would be only the beginning of our troubles. *We've* no right to give her away in marriage, or let her involve her affections here. But be judicious, Celia."

"It's easy enough to say that!"

"I'll be back in an hour," said Elmore. "I'm going to the Square. We mustn't lose time."

As he passed out through the breakfast-room, Lily was sitting by the window with her letter in her lap, and a happy smile on her lips. When he came back she happened to be seated in the same place; she still had a letter in her lap, but she was smiling no longer; her face was turned from him as he entered, and he imagined a wistful droop in that corner of her mouth which showed on her profile.

But she rose very promptly, and with a heightened color said:

"I am sorry to trouble you to answer another letter for me, Professor Elmore. I manage my correspondence at home myself, but here it seems to be different."

"It needn't be different here, Lily," said Elmore, kindly. "You can answer all the letters you receive in just the way you like. We don't doubt your discretion in the least. We will abide by any decision of yours, on any point that concerns yourself."

"Thank you," replied the girl; "but in this case I think you had better write."

She kept slipping Ehrhardt's letter up and down between her thumb and finger against the palm of her left hand, and delayed giving it to him, as if she wished him to say something first.

"I suppose you and Celia have talked the matter over?"

"Yes."

"And I hope you have determined upon the course you are going to take, quite uninfluenced?"

"Oh, quite so."

"I feel bound to tell you," said Elmore, "that this gentleman has now done everything that we could expect of him, and has fully atoned for any error he committed in making your acquaintance."

"Yes, I understand that. Mrs. Elmore thought he might have written because he

saw he had gone too far, and couldn't think of any other way out of it."

"That occurred to me, too, though I didn't mention it. But we're bound to take the letter on its face, and that's open and honorable. Have you made up your mind?"

"Yes."

"Do you wish for delay? There is no reason for haste."

"There's no reason for delay, either," said the girl. Yet she did not give up the letter, or show any signs of intending to terminate the interview. "If I had had more experience, I should know how to act better; but I must do the best I can, without the experience. I think that even in a case like this we should try to do right, don't you?"

"Yes, above all other cases," said Elmore, with a laugh.

She flushed in recognition of her absurdity.

"I mean that we oughtn't to let our feelings carry us away. I saw so many girls carried away by their feelings, when the first regiments went off, that I got a horror of it. I think it's wicked: it deceives both; and then you don't know how to break the engagement afterward."

"You're quite right, Lily," said Elmore, with a rising respect for the girl.

"Professor Elmore, can you believe that, with all the attentions I've had, I've never seriously thought of getting married as the end of it all?" she asked, looking him freely in the eyes.

"I can't understand it,—no man could, I suppose,—but I do believe it. Mrs. Elmore has often told me the same thing."

"And this—letter—it—means marriage."

"That and nothing else. The man who wrote it would consider himself cruelly wronged if you accepted his attentions without the distinct purpose of marrying him."

She drew a deep breath.

"I shall have to ask you to write a refusal for me."

But still she did not give him the letter.

"Have you made up your mind to that?"

"I can't make up my mind to anything else."

Elmore walked unhappily back and forth across the room.

"I have seen something of international marriages since I've been in Europe," he said. "Sometimes they succeed; but generally they're wretched failures. The barriers of different race, language, education,

religion,—they're terrible barriers. It's very hard for a man and woman to understand each other at the best; with these differences added, it's almost a hopeless case."

"Yes; that's what Mrs. Elmore said."

"And suppose you were married to an Austrian officer stationed in Italy. You would have no society outside of the garrison. Every other human creature that looked at you would hate you. And if you were ordered to some of those half-barbaric principalities,—Moldavia or Wallachia, or into Hungary or Bohemia,—everywhere your husband would be an instrument for the suppression of an alien or disaffected population. What a fate for an American girl!"

"If he were good," said the girl, replying in the abstract, "she needn't care."

"If he were good, you needn't care. No. And he might leave the Austrian service, and go with you to America, as he hints. What could he do there? He might get an appointment in our army, though that's not so easy now; or he might go to Patmos, and live upon your friends till he found something to do in civil life."

Lily broke into a laugh.

"Why, Professor Elmore, I don't want to marry him! What in the world are you arguing with me for?"

"Perhaps to convince myself. I feel that I oughtn't to let these considerations weigh as a feather in the balance if you are at all—at all—ahem! excuse me!—attached to him. That, of course, outweighs everything else."

"But I'm *not*!" cried the girl. "How could I be? I've only met him twice. It would be perfectly ridiculous. I *know* I'm not. I ought to know that if I know anything."

Years afterward, it occurred to Elmore, when he awoke one night, and his mind, without any reason, flew back to this period in Venice, that she might have been referring the point to him for decision. But now it only seemed to him that she was adding force to her denial; and he observed nothing hysterical in the little laugh she gave.

"Well, then, we can't have it over too soon. I'll write now, if you will give me his letter."

She put it behind her.

"Professor Elmore," she said, "I am not going to have you think that he ever behaved in the least presumingly. And whatever you think of me, I must tell you that I

suppose I talked very freely with him,—just as freely as I should with an American. I didn't know any better. He was very interesting, and I was homesick, and so glad to see any one who could speak English. I suppose I was a goose; but I felt very far away from all my friends, and I was grateful for his kindness. Even if he had never written this last letter, I should always have said that he was a true gentleman."

"Well?"

"That is all. I can't have him treated as if he were an adventurer."

"You want him dismissed?"

"Yes."

"A man can't distinguish as to the terms of a dismissal. They're always insolent,—more insolent than ever, if you try to make them kindly. I should merely make this as short and sharp as possible."

"Yes," she said, breathlessly, as if the idea affected her respiration.

"But I will show it to you, and I won't send it without your approval."

"Thank you. But I shall not want to see it. I'd rather not." She was going out of the room.

"Will you leave me his letter? You can have it again."

She turned red in giving it him. "I forgot. Why, it's written to you, anyway!" she cried, with a laugh, and put the letter on the table.

The two doors opened and closed; one excluded Lily and the other admitted Mrs. Elmore.

"Owen, I approve of all you said, except that about the form of the refusal. *I* will read what you say. I intend that it *shall* be made kindly."

"Very well. I'll copy a letter of yours, or write from your dictation."

"No; you write it, and I'll criticise it."

"Oh, you talk as if I were eager to write the letter! Can't you imagine it's being a very painful thing to me?" he demanded.

"It didn't seem to be so before."

"Why, the situation wasn't the same before he wrote this letter!"

"I don't see how. He was as much in earnest then as he is now, and you had no pity for him."

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Elmore, desperately. "Don't you see the difference? He hadn't given any proof before —"

"Oh, proof, proof! You men are always wanting proof! What better proof could he have given than the way he followed her about? Proof, indeed! I suppose you'd

like to have Lily prove that she doesn't care for him!"

"Yes," said Elmore, sadly; "I should like very much to have her prove it."

"Well, you won't get her to. What makes you think she does?"

"I don't. Do you?"

"N-o," answered Mrs. Elmore, reluctantly.

"Celia, Celia, you will drive me mad if you go on in this way! The girl has told me, over and over, that she wishes him dismissed. Why do you think she doesn't?"

"I don't. Who hinted such a thing? But I don't want you to *enjoy* doing it."

"*Enjoy* it! So you think I enjoy it? What do you suppose I'm made of? Perhaps you think I enjoyed catechising the child about her feelings toward him? Perhaps you think I enjoy the whole confounded affair? Well, I give it up. I will let it go. If I can't have your full and hearty support, I'll let it go. I'll do nothing about it."

He threw Ehrhardt's letter on the table, and went and sat down by the window. His wife took the letter up and read it over.

"Why, you see he asks you to pass it over in silence if you don't consent."

"Does he?" asked Elmore. "I hadn't noticed that."

"Perhaps you'd better read some of your letters, Owen, before you answer them!"

"Really, I had forgotten. I had forgotten that the letter was written to me at all. I thought it was to Lily, and she had got to thinking so, too. Well, then, I won't do anything about it."

He drew a breath of relief.

"Perhaps," suggested his wife, "he asked that so as to leave himself some hope if he should happen to meet her again."

"And we don't wish him to have any hope."

Mrs. Elmore was silent.

"Celia," cried her husband, indignantly, "I can't have you playing fast and loose with me in this matter!"

"I suppose I may have time to think," she retorted.

"Yes, if you will tell me what you *do* think; but that I *must* know. It's a thing too vital in its consequences for me to act without your full concurrence. I won't take another step in it till I know just how far you have gone with me. If I may judge of what this man's influence upon Lily would be by the fact that he has brought us to the verge of the only real quarrel we've ever had —"

"Who's quarreling, Owen?" asked Mrs. Elmore, meekly. "I'm not."

"Well, well! we won't dispute about that. I want to know whether you thought with me that it was improper for him to address her in the car?"

"Yes."

"And still more improper for him to join you in the street?"

"Yes. But he was very gentlemanly."

"No matter about that. You were just as much annoyed as I was by his letter to her?"

"I don't know about annoyed. It scared me."

"Very well. And you approved of my answering it as I did?"

"I had nothing to do with it. I thought you were acting conscientiously. I'll say that much."

"You've got to say more. You have got to say you approved of it; for you know you did."

"Oh—*approved* of it? Yes!"

"That's all I want. Now I agree with you that if we pass this letter in silence, it will leave him with some hope. You agree with me that in a marriage between an American girl and an Austrian officer, the chances would be ninety-nine to a hundred against her happiness at the best."

"There are a great many unhappy marriages at home," said Mrs. Elmore, impartially.

"That isn't the point, Celia, and you know it. The point is whether you believe the chances are for or against her in such a marriage. Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Agree with me?"

"Yes; but I say they *might* be *very* happy. I shall always say that."

Elmore flung up his hands in despair.

"Well, then, say what shall be done now."

This was perhaps just what Mrs. Elmore did not choose to say. She was silent a long time,—so long that Elmore said: "But there's really no haste about it," and took some notes of his history out of a drawer, and began to look them over, with his back turned to her.

"I never knew anything so heartless!" she cried. "Owen, this *must* be attended to at once! I can't have it hanging over me any longer. It will make me sick."

He turned abruptly round, and seating himself at the table, wrote a note, which he pushed across to her. It acknowledged

the receipt of Captain von Ehrhardt's letter, and expressed Miss Mayhew's feeling that there was nothing in it to change her wish that the acquaintance should cease. In after years the terms of this note did not always appear to Elmore wisely chosen or humanely considered; but he stood at bay, and he struck mercilessly. In spite of the explicit concurrence of both Miss Mayhew and his wife, he felt they were throwing wholly upon him a responsibility whose fearfulness he did not then realize. Even in his wife's "Send it!" he was aware of a subtle reservation on her part.

VIII.

MRS. ELMORE and Lily again rose buoyantly from the conclusive event, but he succumbed to it. For the delicate and fastidious invalid, keeping his health evenly from day to day upon the condition of a free and peaceful mind, the strain had been too much. He had a bad night, and the next day a gastric trouble declared itself which kept him in bed half the week, and left him very weak and tremulous. His friends did not forget him during this time. Hoskins came regularly to see him, and supplied his place at the *table d'hôte* of the Danieli, going to and fro with the ladies, and efficiently protecting them from the depredations of the Austrian soldiery. From Mr. Rose-Black he could not protect them; and both the ladies amused Elmore with a dramatization of how the Englishman had boldly outwitted them, and trampled all their finessing under foot, by simply walking up to them in the reading-room, and saying: "This is Miss Mayhew, I suppose," and putting himself at once on the footing of an old family friend. They read to Elmore, and they put his papers in order, so that he did not know where to find anything when he got well; but they always came home from the hotel with some lively gossip, and this he liked best. They professed to recognize an anxiety on the part of Mr. Andersen's aunt that his mind should not be diverted from the civil service in India by thoughts of young American ladies; but she sent some delicacies to Elmore, and one day she even came to call with her nephew, in extreme reluctance and anxiety, as they pretended to him.

The next afternoon the young man called alone, and Elmore, who was now on foot, received him in the parlor, before the ladies

came in. Mr. Andersen had a bunch of flowers in one hand, and a small wooden box, containing a little turtle on a salad-leaf, in the other; the poor animals are sold in the Piazza at Venice for souvenirs of the city, and people often carry them away. Elmore took the offerings simply, as he took everything in life, and interpreted them as an expression, however odd, of Mr. Andersen's sympathy with his recent sufferings, of which he gave him some account; but he practiced a decent self-denial here, and they were already talking of the weather when the ladies appeared. He hastened to exhibit the tokens of Mr. Andersen's kind remembrance, and was mystified by the young man's confusion, and the impatient, almost contemptuous, air with which his wife listened to him. Hoskins came in at that moment to ask about Elmore's health, and showed the hostile civility to Andersen which young men use toward each other in the presence of ladies; and then, seeing that the latter had secured the place at Miss Mayhew's side on the sofa, he limped to the easy-chair near Mrs. Elmore and fell into talk with her about Rose-Black's pictures, which he had just seen. They were based upon an endeavor to trace the moral principles believed by Mr. Ruskin to underlie Venetian art, and they were very queer, so Hoskins said; he roughly jotted down an idea of some of them on a block he took from his pocket.

Mr. Andersen and Lily went out upon one of the high-railed balconies that overhung the canal, and stood there, with their backs to the others. She seemed to be listening, with averted face, while he, with his cheek leaning upon one hand and his elbow resting on the balcony rail, kept a pensive attitude after they had apparently ceased to speak. Something in their pose struck the sculptor's fancy, and he made a hasty sketch of them and was showing it to the Elmores when Lily suddenly descended into the room again, and, saying something about its being quite dark, went out, and left Mr. Andersen to make his adieux to the others. He startled them by saying that he was to set off for India in the morning, and he went away very melancholy.

"Well, I don't know," said Hoskins, thoughtfully retouching his sketch, "that I should feel very lively about going out to India myself."

"He seems to be a very affectionate young fellow," observed Elmore, "and I've

no doubt he will feel the separation from his friends. But I really don't know why he should have brought me a bouquet, and a small turtle in a box, on the eve of his departure."

"What?" cried Hoskins, with a rude guffaw; and when Elmore had showed his gifts, Hoskins threw back his head and laughed indecently. His behavior nettled Elmore, and it sent Mrs. Elmore prematurely out of the room; for, not content with his explosions of laughter, he continued for some time to amuse himself by touching up with the point of his pencil the tail of the turtle, which he had turned out of its box upon the table. At Mrs. Elmore's withdrawal he stopped, and presently said good-night rather soberly.

Then she returned.

"Owen," she asked, sadly, "did you really think these flowers and that turtle were for you?"

"Why, yes," he answered.

"Well, I don't know whether I wouldn't almost rather it had been a joke. I believe that I would rather despise your heart than your head. Why should Mr. Andersen bring *you* flowers and a turtle?"

"Upon my word, I don't know."

"They were for Lily! And your mistake has added another pang to the poor young fellow's suffering. She has just refused him," she said; and, as Elmore continued to glare blankly at her, she added: "She was refusing him there on the balcony while that disgusting Mr. Hoskins was sketching them; and he had his hand up, that way, because he was crying."

"This is horrible, Celia!" cried Elmore. The scent of the flowers lying on the table seemed to choke him; the turtle clawing about on the smooth surface looked demoniacal. "Why——"

"Now, don't ask me why she refused him, Owen. Of course she couldn't care for a boy like that. But he can't realize it, and it's just as miserable for him as if he were a thousand years old."

Elmore hung his head.

"It was all a mistake. How heartless I must have seemed! But how should I know any better? I am a straightforward man, Celia; and I am unfit for the care that has been thrown upon me. It's more than I can bear. No, I'm *not* fit for it!" he cried at last; and his wife, seeing him so crushed, now said something to console him.

"I know you're not. I see it more and more. But I know that you will do the

best you can, and that you will always act from a good motive. Only *do* try to be more on your guard."

"I will—I will," he answered, humbly.

He had a temptation, the next time he visited Hoskins, to tell him the awful secret, and to see how the situation of that night, with this lurid light upon it, affected him: it could do poor Andersen, now on his way to India, no harm. He yielded to his temptation, at the same time that he confessed his own blunder about the flowers.

Hoskins whistled.

"I tell you what," he said, after a long pause, "there are some things in history that I never could realize,—like Mary, Queen of Scots, for instance, putting on her best things, and stepping down into the front parlor of that castle to have her head off. But a thing like this, happening on your own balcony, *helps* you to realize it."

"It helps you to realize it," assented Elmore, deeply oppressed by the tragic parallel.

"He's just beginning to feel it about now," said Hoskins, with strange *sang froid*. "I reckon it's a good deal like being shot. I didn't fully appreciate my little hit under a couple of days. Then I began to find out that something had happened. Look here," he added, "I want to show you something;" and he pulled the wet cloth off a breadth of clay which he had set up on a board stayed against the wall. It was a bass-relief representing a female figure advancing from the left corner over a stretch of prairie toward a bulk of forest on the right; bison, bear, and antelope fled before her; a lifted hand shielded her eyes; a star lit the fillet that bound her hair.

"That's the best thing you've done, Hoskins," said Elmore. "What do you call it?"

"Well, I haven't settled yet. I *have* thought of 'Westward the Star of Empire,' but that's rather long; and I've thought of 'American Enterprise.' I aint in any hurry to name it. You like it, do you?"

"I like it immensely!" cried Elmore. "You must let me bring the ladies to see it."

"Well, not just yet," said the sculptor, in some confusion. "I want to get it a little further along first."

They stood looking together at the figure; and when Elmore went away he puzzled himself about something in it—he could not tell exactly what. He thought he had seen that face and figure before, but this is

what often occurs to the connoisseur of modern sculpture. His mind heavily reverted to Lily and her suitors. Take her in one way, especially in her subordination to himself, the girl was as simply a child as any in the world—good-hearted, tender, and sweet, and, as he could see, without tendency to flirtation. Take her in another way, confront her with a young and marriageable man, and Elmore greatly feared that she unconsciously set all her beauty and grace at work to charm him; another life seemed to inform her, and irradiate from her, apart from which she existed simple and child-like still. In the security of his own deposited affections, it appeared to him cruelly absurd that a passion which any other pretty girl might, and some other pretty girl in time must, have kindled, should cling, when once awakened, so inalienably to the pretty girl who had, in a million chances, chanced to awaken it. He wondered how much of this constancy was natural, and how much merely attributive and traditional, and whether human happiness or misery were increased by it, on the whole.

IX.

IN the respite which followed the dismissal of Andersen, the English painter Rose-Black visited the Elmores as often as the servant, who had orders in his case to say that they were *impediti*, failed of her duty. They could not always escape him at the *caffè*, and they would have left off dining at the hotel but for the shame of feeling that he had driven them away. If he had been an Englishman repelling their advances, instead of an Englishman pursuing them, he could not have been more offensive. He affronted their national as well as personal self-esteem; he early declared himself a sympathizer with the Southrons (as the London press then called them), and he expressed the current belief of his compatriots, that we were going to the dogs.

"What do you really make of him, Owen?" asked Mrs. Elmore, after an evening that, in its improbable discomfort, had passed quite like a nightmare.

"Well, I've been thinking a good deal about him. I have been wondering if, in his phenomenal way, he is not a final expression of the national genius,—the stupid contempt for the rights of others; the tacit denial of the rights of any people who are at English mercy; the assumption that

the courtesies and decencies of life are for use exclusively toward Englishmen."

This was in that embittered old war-time: we have since learned how forbearing and generous and amiable Englishmen are; how they never take advantage of any one they believe stronger than themselves, or fail in consideration for those they imagine their superiors; how you have but to show yourself successful in order to win their respect, and even affection.

But for the present Mrs. Elmore replied to her husband's perverted ideas, "Yes, it must be so," and she supported him in the ineffectual experiment of deferential politeness, Christian charity, broad humanity, and savage rudeness upon Rose-Black. It was all one to Rose-Black.

He took an air of serious protection toward Mrs. Elmore, and often gave her advice, while he practiced an easy gallantry with Lily, and ignored Elmore altogether. His intimacy was superior to the accidents of their moods, and their slights and snubs were accepted apparently as interesting expressions of a civilization about which he was insatiably curious, especially as regarded the relations of young people. There was no mistaking the fact that Rose-Black in his way had fallen under the spell which Elmore had learned to dread; but there was nothing to be done, and he helplessly waited. He saw what must come; and one evening it came, when Rose-Black, in more than usually offensive patronage, lolled back upon the sofa at Miss Mayhew's side, and said:

"About flirtations, now, in America,—tell me something about flirtations. We've heard so much about your American flirtations. We only have them with married ladies, on the Continent, and I don't suppose Mrs. Elmore would think of one."

"I don't know what you mean," said Lily. "I don't know anything about flirtations."

This seemed to amuse Rose-Black as an uncommonly fine piece of American humor, which was then just beginning to make its way with the English.

"Oh, but come, now, you don't expect me to believe that, you know. If you won't tell me, suppose you show me what an American flirtation is like. Suppose we get up a flirtation. How should you begin?"

The girl rose with a more imposing air than Elmore could have imagined of her

stature; but almost any woman can be awful in emergencies.

"I should begin by bidding you good-evening," she answered, and swept out of the room.

Elmore felt as if he had been left alone with a man mortally hurt in combat, and were likely to be arrested for the deed. He gazed with fascination upon Rose-Black, and wondered to see him stir, and at last rise, and with some clumsy words, get himself away. He dared not lift his gaze to the man's eyes, lest he should see there a reflection of the pain that filled his own. He would have gone after him, and tried to say something in condolence, but he was quite helpless to move; and as he sat still, gazing at the door through which Rose-Black disappeared, Mrs. Elmore said, quietly:

"Well, really, I think that ought to be the last of him. You see, she's quite able to take care of herself when she knows her ground. You can't say that she has thrown the brunt of this affair upon you, Owen."

"I am not so sure of that," sighed Elmore. "I think I suffer less when I do it than when I see it. It's horrible."

"He deserved it, every bit," returned his wife.

"Oh, I dare say," Elmore granted. "But the sight even of justice isn't pleasant, I find."

"I don't understand you, Owen. Why do you care so much for this impudent fellow's little snub, and yet be so indifferent about refusing Captain Ehrhardt?"

"I'm not indifferent about it, my dear. I know that I did right, but I don't know that I could do right under the same circumstances again."

In fact, there were times when Elmore found almost insupportable the absolute conclusion to which that business had come. It is hard to believe that anything has come to an end in this world. For a time, death itself leaves the ache of an unsatisfied expectation, as if somehow the interrupted life must go on, and there is no change we make or suffer which is not denied by the sensation of daily habit. If Ehrhardt had really come back from the vague limbo to which he had been so inexorably relegated, he might only have restored the original situation in all its discomfort and apprehension; yet, maintaining, as he did, this perfect silence and absence, he established a hold upon Elmore's imagination which deepened because he could not discuss the matter frankly with his wife. He weakly

feared to let her know what was passing in his thoughts, lest some misconception of hers should turn them into self-accusal or urge him to some attempt at the reparation toward which he wavered. He really could have done nothing that would not have made the matter worse, and he confined himself to speculating upon the character and history of the man whom he knew only by the incoherent hearsay of two excited women, and by the brief record of hope and passion left in the notes which Lily treasured somewhere among the archives of a young girl's triumphs. He had a morbid curiosity to see these letters again, but he dared not ask for them; and indeed it would have been an idle self-indulgence: he remembered them perfectly well. Seeing Lily so indifferent, it was characteristic of him, in that safety from consequences which he chiefly loved, that he should tacitly constitute himself, in some sort, the champion of her rejected suitor, whose pain he luxuriously fancied in all its different stages and degrees. His indolent pity even developed into a sort of self-righteous abhorrence of the girl's hardness. But this was wholly within himself, and could work no sort of harm. If he never ventured to hint these feelings to his wife, he was still farther from confessing them to Lily; but once he approached the subject to Hoskins, in a well-guarded generality relating to the different kinds of sensibility developed by the European and American civilization. A recent suicide for love which excited all Venice at that time—an Austrian officer hopelessly attached to an Italian girl had shot himself—had suggested their talk, and given fresh poignancy to the misgivings in Elmore's mind.

"Well," said Hoskins, "those Dutch are queer. They don't look at women as respectfully as we do, and they mix up so much cabbage with their romance that you don't know exactly how to take them; and yet here you find this fellow suffering just as much as a white man because the girl's folks won't let her have him. In fact, I don't know but he suffered more than the average American citizen. I think we have a great deal more common sense in our love-affairs. We respect women more than any other people, and I think we show them more true politeness; we let 'em have their way more, and get their finger into the pie right along, and it's right we should: but we don't make fools of ourselves about them as a general rule. We know they're

awfully nice, and they know we know it; and it's a perfectly understood thing all round. We've been used to each other all our lives, and they're just as sensible as we are. They like a fellow, when they do like him, about as well as any of 'em; but they know he's a man and a brother, after all, and he's got ever so much human nature in him. Well, now, I reckon one of these Dutch chaps, the first time he gets a chance to speak with a pretty girl, thinks he's got hold of a goddess, and I suppose the girl feels just so about him. Why, it's natural they should,—they've never had any chance to know any better, and your feelings *are* apt to get the upper hand of you, at such times, any way. I don't blame 'em. One of 'em goes off and shoots himself, and the other one feels as if she was never going to get over it. Well, now, look at the way Miss Lily acted in that little business of hers; one of these girls over here would have had her head completely turned by that adventure; but when she couldn't see her way exactly clear, she puts the case in your hands, and then stands by what you do, as calm as a clock."

"It was a very perplexing thing. I did the best I knew," said Elmore.

"Why, of course you did," cried Hoskins, "and she sees that as well as you or I do, and she stands by you accordingly. I tell you that girl's got a cool head."

In his soul Elmore ungratefully and inconsistently wished that her heart were not equally cool; but he only said:

"Yes, she is a good and sensible girl. I hope the,—the—other one is equally resigned."

"Oh, *he'll* get along," answered Hoskins, with the indifference of one man for the sufferings of another in such matters. We are able to offer a brother very little comfort and scarcely any sympathy in those unhappy affairs of the heart which move women to a pretty compassion for a disappointed sister. A man in love is in no-wise interesting to us for that reason; and if he is unfortunate, we hope at the furthest that he will have better luck next time. It is only here and there that a sentimentalist like Elmore stops to pity him; and it is not certain that even he would have sighed over Captain Ehrhardt if he had not been the means of his disappointment. As it was, he came away, feeling that doubtless Ehrhardt had "got along," and resolved, at least, to spend no more unavailing regrets upon him.

The time passed very quietly now, and

if it had not been for Hoskins, the ladies must have found it dull. He had nothing to do, except as he made himself occupation with his art, and he willingly bestowed on them the leisure which Elmore could not find. They went everywhere with him, and saw the city to advantage through his efforts. Doors closed to ordinary curiosity opened to the magic of his card, and he showed a pleasure in using such little privileges as his position gave him for their amusement. He went upon errands for them; he was like a brother, with something more than a brother's pliability; he came half the time to breakfast with them, and was always welcome to all. He had the gift of extracting comfort from the darkest news about the war; he was a prophet of unflinching good to the Union cause, and in many hours of despondency they willingly submitted to the authority of his greater experience, and took heart again.

"I like your indomitable hopefulness, Hoskins," said Elmore, on one of those occasions when the consul was turning defeat into victory. "There's a streak of unconscious poetry in it, just as there is in your taking up the subjects you do. I imagine that, so far as the judgment of the world goes, our fortunes are at the lowest ebb just now —"

"Oh, the world is wrong!" interrupted the consul. "Those London papers are all in the pay of the rebels."

"I mean that we have no sort of sympathy in Europe; and yet here you are, embodying in your conception of 'Westward' the arrogant faith of the days when our destiny seemed universal union and universal dominion. There is something sublime to me in your treatment of such a work at such a time. I think an Italian, for instance, if his country were involved in a life-and-death struggle like this of ours, would have expressed something of the anxiety and apprehension of the time in it; but this conception of yours is as serenely undisturbed by the facts of the war as if secession had taken place in another planet. There is something Greek in that repose of feeling, triumphant over circumstance. It is like the calm beauty which makes you forget the anguish of the Laocoön."

"Is that so, Professor?" said Hoskins, blushing modestly, as an artist often must in these days of creative criticism. He seemed to reflect awhile before he added: "Well, I reckon you're partly right. If we ever did go to smash, it would take us a

whole generation to find it out. We have all been raised to put so much dependence on Uncle Sam that if the old gentleman really did pass in his checks we should only think he was lying low for a new deal. I never happened to think it out before, but I'm pretty sure it's so."

"Your work wouldn't be worth half so much to me if you had 'thought it out,'" said Elmore. "It's the unconsciousness of the faith that makes its chief value, as I said before; and there is another thing about it that interests and pleases me still more."

"What's that?" asked the sculptor.

"The instinctive way in which you have given the figure an entirely American quality. There was something very familiar to me in it the first time you showed it, but I've only just been able to formulate my impression: I see now that, while the spirit of your conception is Greek, you have given it, as you ought, the purest American expression. Your 'Westward' is no Hellenic goddess; she is a vivid and self-reliant American girl."

At these words, Hoskins reddened deeply, and seemed not to know where to look. Mrs. Elmore had the effect of escaping through the door into her own room, and Miss Mayhew ran out upon the balcony. Hoskins followed each in turn with a queer glance, and sat a moment in silence. Then he said, "Well, I reckon I must be going," and went rather abruptly, without offering to take leave of the ladies.

As soon as he was gone, Lily came in from the balcony and whipped into Mrs. Elmore's room, from which she flashed again in swift retreat to her own, and was seen no more; and then Mrs. Elmore came back, with a flushed face, to where her husband sat, mystified.

"My dear," he said, gravely, "I'm afraid you've hurt Mr. Hoskins's feelings."

"Do you think so?" she asked; and then she burst into a wild cry of laughter. "Oh, Owen, Owen, you will kill me yet!"

"Really," he replied, with dignity, "I don't see any occasion in what I said for this extraordinary behavior."

"Of course you don't, and that's just what makes the fun of it. So you found something familiar in Mr. Hoskins's statue from the first, did you?" she cried. "And you didn't notice anything particular in it?"

"Particular? Particular?" he demanded, beginning to lose his patience at this.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "couldn't you see that it was Lily all over again?"

Elmore laughed in turn.

"Why, so it is; so it is! That accounts for everything that puzzled me. I don't wonder my maunderings amused you. It *was* ridiculous, to be sure! When in the world did she give him the sittings, and how did you manage to keep it from me so well?"

"Owen!" cried his wife, with terrible severity. "You don't think that Lily would let him put her into it?"

"Why, I supposed—I didn't know—I don't see! how he could have done it unless —"

"He did it without leave or license," said Mrs. Elmore. "We saw it all along, but he never 'let on,' as he would say about it, and we never meant to say anything, of course."

"Then," replied Elmore, delighted with the fact, "it has been a purely unconscious piece of celebration."

"Celebration!" exclaimed Mrs. Elmore, with more scorn than she knew how to express. "I should think as much!"

"Well, I don't know," said Elmore, with the pique of a man who does not care to be quite trampled under foot. "I don't see that the theory is so very unphilosophical."

"Oh, not at all!" mocked his wife. "It's philosophical to the last degree. Be as philosophical as you please, Owen; I shall love you still the same." She came up to him where he sat, and twisting her arm around his face, patronizingly kissed him on top of the head. Then she released him, and left him with another burst of derision.

X.

AFTER this, Elmore had such an uncomfortable feeling that he hated to see Hoskins again, and he was relieved when the sculptor failed to make his usual call, the next evening. He had not been at dinner either, and he did not re-appear for several days. Then he merely said that he had been spending the time at Chioggia, with a French painter who was making some studies down there, and they all took up the old routine of their friendly life without embarrassment.

At first it seemed to Elmore that Lily was a little shy of Hoskins, and he thought that she resented his using her charm in his art; but before the evening wore away, he

lost this impression. They all got into a long talk about home, and she took her place at the piano and played some of the war-songs that had begun to supersede the old negro melodies. Then she wandered back to them, with fingers that idly drifted over the keys, and ended with "Stop dat knockin'," in which Hoskins joined with his powerful bass in the recitative, "Let me in," and Elmore himself had half a mind to attempt a part. The sculptor rose as she struck the keys with a final crash, but lingered, as his fashion was when he had something to propose; if he felt pretty sure that the thing would be liked, he brought it in as if he had only happened to remember it. He now drew out a large, square, ceremonious-looking envelope, at which he glanced as if, after all, he was rather surprised to see it, and said, "Oh, by the by, Mrs. Elmore, I wish you'd tell me what to do about this thing. Here's something that's come to me in my official capacity, but it isn't exactly consular business,—if it was I don't believe I should ask *any* lady for instructions,—and I don't know exactly what to do. It's so long since I corresponded with a princess that I don't even know how to answer her letter."

The ladies perhaps feared a hoax of some sort, and would not ask to see the letter; and then Hoskins recognized his failure to play upon their curiosity with a laugh, and gave the letter to Mrs. Elmore. It was an invitation to a mask ball, of which all Venice had begun to speak. A great Russian lady, who had come to spend the winter in the Lagoons, and had taken a whole floor at one of the hotels, had sent out her cards, apparently to all the available people in the city, for the event which was to take place a fortnight later. In the meantime, a thrill of preparation was felt in various quarters, and the ordinary course of life was interrupted in a way that gave some idea of the old times, when Venice was the capital of pleasure, and everything yielded there to the great business of amusement. Mrs. Elmore had found it impossible to get a pair of fine shoes finished until after the ball; a dress which Lily had ordered could not be made; their laundress had given notice that for the present all fluting and quilling was out of the question; one already heard that the chief Venetian *perruquier* and his assistants were engaged for every moment of the forty-eight hours before the ball, and that whoever had him now must sit up with her hair dressed for two nights at least. Mrs.

Elmore had a fanatical faith in these stories; and while agreeing with her husband, as a matter of principle, that mask balls were wrong, and that it was in bad taste for a foreigner to insult the sorrow of Venice by a festivity of the sort at such a time, she had secretly indulged longings which the sight of Hoskins's invitation rendered almost insupportable. Her longings were not for herself, but for Lily: if she could provide Lily with the experience of a masquerade in Venice, she could overpay all the kindnesses that the Mayhews had ever done her. It was an ambition neither ignoble nor ungenerous, and it was with a really heroic effort that she silenced it in passing the invitation to her husband, and simply saying to Hoskins:

"Of course you will go."

"I don't know about that," he answered. "That's the point I want some advice on. You see, this document calls for a lady to fill out the bill."

"Oh," returned Mrs. Elmore, "you will find some Americans at the hotels. You can take them."

"Well, now, I was thinking, Mrs. Elmore, that I should like to take you."

"Take me!" she echoed, tremulously. "What an idea! I'm too old to go to mask balls."

"You don't look it," suggested Hoskins.

"Oh, I couldn't go," she sighed. "But it's very, very kind."

Hoskins dropped his head, and gave the low chuckle with which he confessed any little bit of humbug.

"Well, you or Miss Lily."

Lily had retired to the other side of the room as soon as the parley about the invitation began. Without asking or seeing, she knew what was in the note, and now she felt it right to make a feint of not knowing what Mrs. Elmore meant when she asked:

"What do *you* say, Lily?"

When the question was duly explained to her, she answered languidly:

"I don't know. Do you think I'd better?"

"I might as well make a clean breast of it first as last," said Hoskins. "I thought perhaps Mrs. Elmore might refuse, she's so stiff about some things,"—here he gave that chuckle of his,—"and so I came prepared for contingencies. It occurred to me that it mightn't be quite the thing, and so I went around to the Spanish consul and asked him how he thought it would do for me to matronize a young lady, if I could get one, and he said he didn't think it would do at all."

Hoskins let this adverse decision sink into the breasts of his listeners before he added:

"But he said that he was going with his wife, and that if we would come along she could matronize us both. I don't know how it would work," he concluded, impartially.

They all looked at Elmore, who stood holding the princess's missive in his hand, and darkly forecasting the chances of consent and denial. At the first suggestion of the matter, a reckless hope that this ball might bring Ehrhardt above their horizon again sprang up in his heart, and became a desperate fear when the whole responsibility of action was, as usual, left with him. He stood, feeling that Hoskins had used him very ill.

"I suppose," began Mrs. Elmore, very thoughtfully, "that this will be something quite in the style of the old masquerades under the Republic."

"Regular Ridotto business, the Spanish consul says," answered Hoskins.

"It might be very useful to you, Owen," she resumed, "in an historical way, if Lily were to go and take notes of everything; so that when you came to that period you could describe its corruptions intelligently."

Elmore laughed.

"I never thought of that, my dear," he said, returning the invitation to Hoskins. "Your historical sense has been awakened late, but it promises to be very active. Lily had better go, by all means, and I shall depend upon her coming home with very full notes upon her dance-list."

They laughed at the professor's sarcasm, and Hoskins, having undertaken to see that the last claims of etiquette were satisfied by getting an invitation sent to Miss Mayhew through the Spanish consul, went off, and left the ladies to the discussion of ways and means. Mrs. Elmore said that of course it was now too late to hope to get anything done, and then set herself to devise the character that Lily would have appeared in if there had been time to get her ready, or if all the work-people had not been so busy that it was merely frantic to think of anything. She first patriotically considered her as Columbia, with the customary drapery of stars and stripes and the cap of liberty. But while holding that she would have looked very pretty in the dress, Mrs. Elmore decided that it would have been too hackneyed; and besides, everybody would have known instantly who it was.

"Why not have had her go in the char-

acter of Mr. Hoskins's 'Westward'? " suggested Elmore, with lazy irony.

"The very thing!" cried his wife. "Owen, you deserve great credit for thinking of that; no one else would have done it! No one will dream what it means, and it will be great fun, letting them make it out. We must keep it a dead secret from Mr. Hoskins, and let her surprise him with it when he comes for her that evening. It will be a very pretty way of returning his compliment, and it will be a sort of delicate acknowledgment of his kindness in asking her, and in so many other ways. Yes, you've hit it exactly, Owen: she shall go as 'Westward.'"

"Go?" echoed Elmore, who had with difficulty realized the rapid change of tense. "I thought you said you couldn't get her ready."

"We must manage somehow," replied Mrs. Elmore. And somehow a shoe-maker for the sandals, a seamstress for the delicate flowing draperies, a hair-dresser for the adjustment of the young girl's rebellious abundance of hair beneath the star-lit fillet, were actually found,—with the help of Hoskins, as usual, though he was not suffered to know anything of the character to whose make-up he contributed. The *perruquier*, a personage of lordly address naturally, and of a dignity heightened by the demand in which he found himself, came early in the morning, and had been received by Elmore with a self-possession that ill-comported with the solemnity of the occasion.

"Sit down," said Elmore, easily, pushing him a chair. "The ladies will be here presently."

"But I have no time to sit down, signore!" replied the artist, with an imperious bow, "and the ladies must be here instantly."

Mrs. Elmore always said that if she had not heard this conversation, and hurried in at once, the *perruquier* would have left them at that point. But she contrived to appease him by the manifestation of an intelligent sympathy; she made Lily leave her breakfast untasted, and submit her beautiful head to the touch of this man, with whom it was but a head of hair and nothing more; and in an hour the work was done. The artist whisked away the cloth which covered her shoulders, and crying, "Behold!" bowed splendidly to the spectators, and without waiting for criticism or suggestion, took his napoleon and went his way. All that day the work of his skill was sacredly guarded, and the custodian of the treasure went about with her head on her

shoulders, as if it had been temporarily placed in her keeping, and were something she was not at all used to taking care of. More than once Mrs. Elmore had to warn her against sinister accidents. "Remember, Lily," she said, "that if anything *did* happen, NOTHING could be done to save you!" In spite of himself, Elmore shared these anxieties, and in the depths of his wonted studies he found himself pursued and harassed by vague apprehensions, which upon analysis proved to be fears for Miss Lily's hair. It was a great moment when the robe came home—rather late—from the dress-maker's, and had to be put on over Lily's head; but from this thrilling rite Elmore was of course excluded, and only knew of it afterward by hearsay. He did not see her till she came out just before Hoskins arrived to fetch her away, when she appeared radiantly perfect in her dress, and in the air with which she meant to carry it off. At Mrs. Elmore's direction she paraded dazzlingly up and down the room a number of times, looking down to see how her dress hung, as she walked. Mrs. Elmore, with her head on one side, scrutinized her in every detail, and Elmore regarded her young beauty and delight with a pride as innocent as her own. A dim regret, evaporating in a long sigh, which made the others laugh, recalled him to himself, as the bell rang and Hoskins appeared. He was received in a preconcerted silence, and he looked from one to the other with his queer, knowing smile, and took in the whole affair without a word.

"Isn't it a pretty idea?" said Mrs. Elmore. "Studied from an antique bass-relief, or just the same as an antique—full of the anguish and the repose of the Laocoön."

"Mrs. Elmore," said the sculptor, "you're too many for me. I reckon the procession had better start before I make a fool of myself. Well!" This was all Hoskins could say; but it sufficed. The ladies declared afterward that if he had added a word more, it would have spoiled it. They had expected him to go to the ball in the character of a miner, perhaps, or in that of a trapper of the great plains; but he had chosen to appear more naturally as a courtier of the time of Louis XIV. "When you go in for a disguise," he explained, "you can't make it too complete; and I consider that this limp of mine adds the last touch."

"It's no use to sit up for them," Mrs. Elmore said, when she and her husband had come in from calling good wishes and last

instructions after them from the balcony, as their gondola pushed away. "We sha'n't see anything more of *them* till morning. Now, this," she added, "is something like the gayety that people at home are always fancying in Europe. Why, I can remember when I used to imagine that American tourists figured brilliantly in *salons* and *conversazioni*, and spent their time in masking and throwing *confetti* in carnival, and going to balls and opera. I didn't know what American tourists were, then, and how dismally they moped about in hotels and galleries and churches. And I didn't know how stupid Europe was socially—how perfectly dead and buried it was, especially for young people. It would be fun if things happened so that Lily never found it out! I don't think two offers already—or three, if you count Rose-Black—are very bad for *any* girl; and now this ball, coming right on top of it, where she will see hundreds of handsome officers! Well, she'll never miss Patmos at this rate, will she?"

"Perhaps she had better never have left Patmos," suggested Elmore, gravely.

"I don't know what you mean, Owen," said his wife, as if hurt.

"I mean that it's a great pity she should give herself up to the same frivolous amusements here that she had there. The only good that Europe can do American girls who travel here is to keep them in total exile from what they call a good time—from parties and attentions and flirtations; to force them, through the hard discipline of social deprivation, to take some interest in the things that make for civilization—in history, in art, in humanity."

"Now, there I differ with you, Owen. I think American girls are the nicest girls in the world, just as they are. And I don't see any harm in the things you think are so awful. You've lived so long here among your manuscripts that you've forgotten there is any such time as the present. If you are getting so Europeanized, I think the sooner we go home the better."

"I getting Europeanized!" began Elmore, indignantly.

"Yes, Europeanized! And I don't want you to be so severe with Lily, Owen. The child stands in terror of you now; and if you keep on in this way, she can't draw a natural breath in the house."

There is always something flattering, at first, to a gentle and peaceable man in the notion of being terrible to any one; Elmore melted at these words, and at the fear that

he might have been, in some way that he could not think of, really harsh.

"I should be very sorry to distress her," he began.

"Well, you haven't distressed her yet," his wife relented. "Only you must be careful not to. She was going to be very circumspect, Owen, on your account, for she really appreciates the interest you take in her, and I think she sees that it won't do to be at all free with strangers over here. This ball will be a great education for Lily,—a *great* education. I'm going to commence a letter to Sue about her costume, and all that, and leave it open to finish up when Lily gets home."

When she went to bed, she did not sleep till after the time when the girl ought to have come; and when she awoke to a late breakfast, Lily had still not returned. By eleven o'clock she and Elmore had passed the stage of accusing themselves, and then of accusing each other, for allowing Lily to go in the way they had; and had come to the question of what they had better do, and whether it was practicable to send to the Spanish consulate and ask what had become of her. They had resigned themselves to waiting for one half-hour longer, when they heard her voice at the water-gate, gayly forbidding Hoskins to come up; and running out upon the balcony, Mrs. Elmore had a glimpse of the courtier, very tawdry by daylight, re-entering his gondola, and had only time to turn about when Lily burst laughing into the room.

"Oh, don't look at me, Professor Elmore!" she cried. "I'm literally danced to rags!"

Her dress and hair were splashed with drippings from the wax candles; she was wildly decorated with favors from the German, and one of these had been used to pin up a rent which the spur of a hussar had made in her robe; her hair had escaped from its fastenings during the night, and in putting it back she had broken the star in her fillet; it was now kept in place by a bit of black-and-yellow cord which an officer had lent her.

"He said he should claim it of me the first time we met," she exclaimed, excitedly. "Why, Professor Elmore," she implored, with a laugh, "don't look at me *so*!"

Grief and indignation were in his heart.

"You look like the specter of last night," he said, with dreamy severity, and as if he saw her merely as a vision.

"Why, that's the way I *feel*!" she an-

swered; and with a reproachful cry of "Owen!" his wife followed her flight to her room.

XI.

ELMORE went out for a long walk, from which he returned disconsolate at dinner. He was one of those people, common enough in our Puritan civilization, who would rather forego any pleasure than incur the reaction which must follow with all the keenness of remorse; and he always mechanically pitied (for the operation was not a rational one) such unhappy persons as he saw enjoying themselves. But he had not meant to add bitterness to the anguish which Lily would necessarily feel in retrospect of the night's gayety; he had not known that he was recognizing, by those unsparing words of his, the nervous misgivings in the girl's heart. He scarcely dared ask, as he sat down at table with Mrs. Elmore alone, whether Lily were asleep.

"Asleep?" she echoed, in a low tone of mystery. "I hope so."

"Celia, Celia!" he cried, in despair. "What shall I do? I feel terribly at what I said to her."

"Sh! At what you said to her? Oh, yes! Yes, that was cruel. But there is so much else, poor child, that I had forgotten that."

He let his plate of soup stand untasted.

"Why—why," he faltered, "didn't she enjoy herself?"

And a historian of Venice, whose mind should have been wholly engaged in philosophizing the republic's difficult past, hung abjectly upon the question whether a young girl had or had not had a good time at a ball.

"Yes. Oh, yes! She *enjoyed* herself—if that's all you require," replied his wife. "Of course she wouldn't have staid so late if she hadn't enjoyed herself."

"No," he said, in a tone which he tried to make leading; but his wife refused to be led by indirect methods. She ate her soup, but in a manner to carry increasing bitterness to Elmore with every spoonful.

"Come, Celia!" he cried, at last, "tell me what has happened. You know how wretched this makes me. Tell me it, whatever it is. Of course, I must know it in the end. Are there any new complications?"

"No *new* complications," said his wife, as if resenting the word. "But you make such a bugbear of the least little matter that

there's no encouragement to tell you anything."

"Excuse me," he retorted, "I haven't made a bugbear of this."

"You haven't had the opportunity." This was so grossly unjust that Elmore merely shrugged his shoulders and remained silent. When it finally appeared that he was not going to ask anything more, his wife added: "If you could listen, like any one else, and not interrupt with remarks that distort all one's ideas——" Then, as he persisted in his silence, she relented still further. "Why, of course, as you say, you will have to know it in the end. But I can tell you, to begin with, Owen, that it's nothing you can do anything about, or take hold of in any way. Whatever it is, it's done and over; so it needn't distress you at all."

"Ah, I've known some things done and over that distressed me a great deal," he suggested.

"The princess wasn't so very young, after all," said Mrs. Elmore, as if this had been the point in dispute, "but very fat and jolly, and very kind. She wasn't in costume; but there was a young countess with her, helping receive, who appeared as Night,—black tulle, you know, with silver stars. The princess seemed to take a great fancy to Lily,—the Russians always *have* sympathized with us in the war,—and all the time she wasn't dancing, the princess kept her by her, holding her hand and patting it. The officers—hundreds of them, in their white uniforms and those magnificent hussar dresses—were very obsequious to the princess, and Lily had only too many partners. She says you can't imagine how splendid the scene was, with all those different costumes, and the rooms a perfect blaze of wax-lights; the windows were battened, so that you couldn't tell when it came daylight, and she hadn't any idea how the time was passing. They were not all in masks; and there didn't seem to be any regular hour for unmasking. She can't tell just when the supper was, but she thinks it must have been toward morning. She says Mr. Hoskins got on capitally, and everybody seemed to like him, he was so jolly and good-natured; and when they found out that he had been wounded in the war, they made quite a belle of him, as he called it. The princess made a point of introducing all the officers to Lily that came up after they unmasked. They paid her the greatest attention, and you can easily see that she was the prettiest girl there."

"I can believe that without seeing," said Elmore, with magnanimous pride in the loveliness that had made him so much trouble. "Well?"

"Well, they couldn't any of them get the hang, as Mr. Hoskins said, of the character she came in, for a good while; but when they did, they thought it was the best idea there: and it was all *your* idea, Owen," said Mrs. Elmore, in accents of such tender pride that he knew she must now be approaching the difficult passage of her narration. "It was so perfectly new and unconventional. She got on very well speaking Italian with the officers, for she knew as much of it as they did."

Here Mrs. Elmore paused, and glanced hesitatingly at her husband. "They only made one little mistake; but that was at the beginning, and they soon got over it." Elmore suffered, but he did not ask what it was, and his wife went on with smooth caution. "Lily thought it was just as it is at home, and she mustn't dance with any one unless he had been introduced. So, after the first dance with the Spanish consul, as her escort, a young officer came up and asked her; and she refused, for she thought it was a great piece of presumption. Afterward the princess told her she could dance with any one, introduced or not, and so she did; and pretty soon she saw this first officer looking at her very angrily, and going about speaking to others and glancing toward her. She felt badly about it, when she saw how it was; and she got Mr. Hoskins to go and speak to him. Mr. Hoskins asked him if he spoke English, and the officer said no; and it seems that he didn't know Italian either, and Mr. Hoskins tried him in Spanish,—he picked up a little in New Mexico,—but the officer didn't understand it; and all at once it occurred to Mr. Hoskins to say, '*Parlez-vous Français?*' and says the officer instantly, '*Oui, monsieur.*'"

"Of course the man knew French. He ought to have tried him with that in the beginning. What did Hoskins say then?" asked Elmore, impatiently.

"He didn't say anything; that was all the French he knew."

Elmore broke into a laugh, and laughed on and on with the wild excess of a sad man when once he unpacks his heart in that way. His wife did not, perhaps, feel the absurdity as keenly as he, but she gladly laughed with him, for it smoothed her way to have him in this humor.

"Mr. Hoskins just took him by the arm,

and said, 'Here! you come along with me,' and led him up to the princess, where Lily was sitting; and when the princess had explained to him, Lily rose, and mustered up enough French to say, '*Je vous prie, monsieur, de danser avec moi,*' and after that they were the greatest friends."

"That was very pretty in her; it was sovereignly gracious," said Elmore.

"Oh, if an American girl is left to manage for herself, she can *always* manage!" cried Mrs. Elmore.

"Well, and what else?" asked her husband.

"Oh, I don't know that it amounts to anything," said Mrs. Elmore; but she did not delay further.

It appeared, from what she went on to say, that in the German, which began not long after midnight, there was a figure fancifully called the Symphony, in which musical toys were distributed among the dancers in pairs; the possessor of a small pandean-pipe, or tin horn, went about sounding it till he found some lady similarly equipped, when he demanded her in the dance. In this way a tall mask, to whom a penny trumpet had fallen, was stalking to and fro among the waltzers, blowing the silly plaything with a disgusted air, when Lily, all unconscious of him, where she sat with her hand in that of her faithful princess, breathed a responsive note. The mask was instantly at her side, and she was whirling away in the waltz. She tried to make him out, but she had already danced with so many people that she was unable to decide whether she had seen this mask before. He was not disguised, except by the little visor of black silk coming down to the point of his nose; his blonde whiskers escaped at either side and his blonde mustache swept beneath, like the whiskers and mustaches of fifty other officers present, and he did not speak. This was a permissible caprice of his, but, if she were resolved to make him speak, this also was a permissible caprice. She made a whole turn of the room in studying up the Italian sentence with which she assailed him:

"*Perdoni, Maschera; ma cosa ha detto? Non ho ben inteso.*"

"Speak English, Mask," came the reply. "I did not say anything."

It came certainly with a German accent, and with a foreigner's deliberation; but it came at once, and clearly.

The English astonished her, and somehow it daunted her, for the mask spoke

very gravely; but she would not let him imagine that he had put her down, and she rejoined, laughingly:

"Oh, I knew that you hadn't spoken, but I thought I would make you."

"You think you can make me do what you will?" asked the mask.

"Oh, no. I don't think I could make you tell me who you are, though I should like to make you."

"And why should you wish to know me? If you met me in the Piazza, you would not recognize my salutation."

"How do you know that?" demanded Lily. "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, it is understood yet already," answered the mask. "Your compatriot, with whom you live, wishes to be well seen by the Italians, and he would not let you bow to an Austrian."

"That is not so," exclaimed Lily, indignantly. "Professor Elmore wouldn't be so mean; and, if he would, I shouldn't." She was frightened, but she felt her spirit rising, too. "You seem to know so well who I am; do you think it is fair for you to keep me in ignorance?"

"I cannot remain masked without your leave. Shall I unmask? Do you insist?"

"Oh, no," she replied. "You will have to unmask at supper, and then I shall see you. I'm not impatient. I prefer to keep you for a mystery."

"You will be a mystery to me even when you unmask," replied the mask, gravely.

Lily was ill at ease, and she gave a little unsuccessful laugh.

"You seem to take the mystery very coolly," she said, in default of anything else.

"I have studied the American manner," replied the mask. "In America they take everything coolly: life and death, love and hate—all things."

"How do you know that? You have never been in America."

"That is not necessary, if the Americans come here to show us."

"They are not true Americans, if they show you that," cried the girl.

"No?"

"But I see that you are only amusing yourself."

"And have you never amused yourself with me?"

"How could I," she demanded, "if I never saw you before?"

"But are you sure of that?" She did not answer, for in this masquerade banter she had somehow been growing unhappy.

"Shall I prove to you that you have seen me before? You dare not let me unmask."

"Oh, I can wait till supper. I shall know then that I have never seen you before. I forbid you to unmask till supper. Will you obey?" she cried, anxiously.

"I have obeyed in harder things," replied the mask.

She refused to recognize anything but meaningless badinage in his words. "Oh, as a soldier, yes! You must be used to obeying orders." He did not reply, and she added, releasing her hand and slipping it into his arm, "I am tired now; will you take me back to the princess?"

He led her silently to her place, and left her with a profound bow.

"Now," said the princess, "they shall give you a little time to breathe. I will not let them make you dance every minute. They are indiscreet. You shall not take any of their musical instruments, and so you can fairly escape till supper."

"Thank you," said Lily, absently, "that will be the best way;" and she sat languidly watching the dancers. A young naval officer who spoke English ran across the floor to her.

"Come," he cried, "I shall have twenty duels on my hands if I let you rest here, when there are so many who wish to dance with you." He threw a pipe into her lap, and at the same moment a pipe sounded from the other side of the room.

"This is a conspiracy!" exclaimed the girl. "I will not have it! I am not going to dance any more." She put the pipe back into his hands; he placed it to his lips and sounded it several times, and then dropped it into her lap again with a laugh, and vanished in the crowd.

"That little fellow is a rogue," said the princess. "But he is not so bad as some of them. Monsieur," she cried in French to the fair-whiskered, tall mask who had already presented himself before Lily, "I will not permit it, if it is for a trick. You must unmask, or I will dispense mademoiselle from dancing with you."

The mask did not reply, but turned his eyes upon Lily with an appeal which the holes of the visor seemed to intensify.

"It is a promise," she said to the princess, rising in a sort of fascination. "I have forbidden him to unmask before supper."

"Oh, very well," answered the princess, "if that is the case. But make him bring you back soon: it is almost time."

"Did you hear, Mask?" asked the girl,

as they waltzed away. "I will only make two turns of the room with you."

"*Perdoni?*"

"This is too bad!" she exclaimed. "I will not be trifled with in this way. Either speak English, or unmask at once."

The mask again answered in Italian, with a repeated apology for not understanding.

"You understand very well," retorted Lily, now really indignant, "and you know that this passes a jest."

"Can you speak German?" asked the mask, in that tongue.

"Yes, a little, but I do not choose to speak it. If you have anything to say to me you can say it in English."

"I cannot understand English," replied the mask, still in German, and now Lily thought the voice seemed changed; but she clung to her belief that it was some hoax played at her expense, and she continued her efforts to make him answer her in English. The two turns around the room had stretched to half a dozen in this futile task, but she felt herself powerless to leave the mask, who, for his part, betrayed signs of embarrassment, as if he had undertaken a ruse of which he repented. A confused movement in the crowd and a sudden cessation of the music recalled her to herself, and she now took her partner's arm and hurried with him toward the place where she had left the princess. But the princess had already gone into the supper-room, and she had no other recourse than to follow with the stranger.

As they entered the supper-room she removed her little visor, and she felt, rather than saw, the mask put up his hand and lift away his own: he turned his head, and looked down upon her with the face of a man she had never seen before.

"Ah, you are there!" she heard the princess's voice calling to her from one of the tables. "How tired you look! Here—here! I will make you drink this glass of wine."

The officer who brought her the wine gave her his arm and led her to the princess, and the late mask mixed with the two-score other tall blonde officers.

The night which stretched so far into the day ended at last, and she followed Hoskins down to their gondola. He entered the boat first, to give her his hand in stepping from the *riva*; at the same moment she involuntarily turned at the closing of the door behind her, and found at her side the tall blonde mask, or one of the masks, if

there were two, who had danced with her. He caught her hand suddenly to his lips, and kissed it.

"Adieu—forgive!" he murmured in English, and then vanished in-doors again.

"Owen," said Mrs. Elmore, dramatically, at the end of her narration, "who do you think it could have been?"

"I have no doubt as to who it was, Celia," replied Elmore, with a heat evidently quite unexpected to his wife, "and if Lily has not been seriously annoyed by the matter, I am glad that it has happened. I have had my regrets—my doubts—whether I did not dismiss that man's pretensions too curtly, too unkindly. But I am convinced now that we did exactly right, and that she was wise never to bestow another thought upon him. A man capable of contriving a petty persecution of this sort—of pursuing a young girl who had rejected him in this shameless fashion—is no gentleman."

"It *was* a persecution," said Mrs. Elmore, with a dazed air, as if this view of the case had never occurred to her.

"A miserable, unworthy persecution!" repeated her husband.

"Yes."

"And we are well rid of him. He has relieved *me* by this last performance, immensely; and I trust that if Lily had any secret lingering regrets, he has given her a final lesson. Though I must say, in justice to her, poor girl, she didn't seem to need it."

Mrs. Elmore listened with a strange abeyance; she looked beaten and bewildered, while he vehemently uttered these words. She could not meet his eyes, with her consciousness of having her intended romance thrown back upon her hands; and he seemed in nowise eager to meet hers, for whatever consciousness of his own.

"Well, it isn't at all certain that he was the one, after all," she said.

XII.

LONG after the ball, Lily seemed to Elmore's eye not to have recovered her former tone. He thought she went about languidly, and that she was fitful and dreamy, breaking from moods of unwonted abstraction in bursts of gayety as unnatural. She did not talk much of the ball; he could not be sure that she ever recurred to it of her own motion. Hoskins continued to come a great deal to the house, and she often talked with

him for a whole evening; Elmore fancied she was very serious in these talks.

He wondered if Lily avoided him, or whether this was only an illusion of his; but in any case, he was glad that the girl seemed to find so much comfort in Hoskins's company, and when it occurred to him he always said something to encourage his visits. His wife was singularly quiescent at this time, as if, having accomplished all she wished in Lily's presence at the princess's ball, she was willing to rest for a while from further social endeavor. Life was falling into the dull routine again, and after the past shocks his nerves were gratefully clothing themselves in the old habits of tranquillity once more, when one day a letter came from the overseers of Patmos University, offering him the presidency of that institution on condition of his early return. The board had in view certain changes, intended to bring the university abreast with the times, which they hoped would meet his approval.

Among these was a modification of the name, which was hereafter to be Patmos University and Military Institute. The board not only believed that popular feeling demanded the introduction of military drill into the college, but they felt that a college which had been closed at the beginning of the Rebellion, through the dedication of its president and nearly all its students to the war, could in no way so gracefully recognize this proud fact of its history as by hereafter making war one of the arts which it taught. The board explained that of course Mr. Elmore would not be expected to take charge of this branch of instruction at once. A competent military assistant would be provided and continued under him as long as he should deem his services essential. The letter closed with a cordial expression of the desire of Elmore's old friends to have him once more in their midst, at the close of labors which they were sure would do credit to the good old university and to the whole city of Patmos.

Elmore read this letter at breakfast, and silently handed it to his wife: they were alone, for Lily, as now often happened, had not yet risen.

"Well?" he said, when she had read it in her turn. She gave it back to him with a look in her dimmed eyes which he could not mistake. "I see there is no doubt of your feelings, Celia," he added.

"I don't wish to urge you," she replied, "but, yes, I should like to go back. Yes, I

am homesick. I have been afraid of it before, but this chance of returning makes it certain."

"And you see nothing ridiculous in my taking the presidency of a military institute?"

"They say expressly that they don't expect you to give instruction in that branch."

"No, not immediately, it seems," he said, with his pensive irony. "And the history?"

"Haven't you almost got notes enough?"

Elmore laughed sadly.

"I have been here two years. It would take me twenty years to write such a history of Venice as I ought not to be ashamed to write; it would take me five years to scamp it as I thought of doing. Oh, I dare say I had better go back. I have neither the time nor the money to give to a work I never was fit for,—of whose magnitude even I was unable to conceive."

"Don't say that!" cried his wife, with the old sympathy. "You will write it yet, I know you will. I would rather spend all my days in this—watery mausoleum than have you talk so, Owen."

"Thank you, my dear; but the work won't be lost, even if I give it up at this point. I can do something with my material, I suppose. And you know that if I didn't *wish* to give up my project, I couldn't. It's a sign of my unfitness for it that I'm able to abandon it. The man who is born to write the history of Venice will have no volition in the matter; he cannot leave it, and he will not die till he has finished."

He feebly crushed a bit of bread in his fingers as he ended with this burst of feeling, and he shook his head in sad negation to his wife's tender protest:

"Oh, you will come back some day to finish it!"

"No one ever comes back to finish a history of Venice," he said.

"Oh, yes, you will," she returned. "But you need the rest from this kind of work, now, just as you needed rest from your college work before. You need a change of stand-point,—and the American stand-point will be the very thing for you."

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," he admitted. "At any rate, this is a handsome offer, and most kindly made, Celia. It's a great compliment. I didn't suppose they valued me so much."

"Of course they valued you, and they will be very glad to get you. I call it merely letting the historic material ripen in your mind, or else I shouldn't let you

accept. And I shall be glad to go home, Owen, on Lily's account. The child is getting no good here; she's drooping."

"Drooping?"

"Yes. Don't you see how she mopes about?"

"I'm afraid—that—I—have—noticed."

He was going to ask why she was drooping; but he could not. He said, recurring to the letter of the overseers:

"So Patmos is a city."

"Of course it is, by this time," said his wife, "with all that prosperity."

Now that they were determined to go, their little preparations for return were soon made; and a week after Elmore had written to accept the offer of the overseers, they were ready to follow his letter home. Their decision was a blow to Hoskins under which he visibly suffered; and they did not realize till then in what fond and affectionate friendship he held them all. He now frankly spent his whole time with them; he disconsolately helped them pack, and he did all that a consul can do to secure free entry for some objects of Venice that they wished to get in without payment of duties at New York.

He said a dozen times:

"I don't know what I *will* do when you're gone;" and toward the last he alarmed them for his own interests by beginning to say, "Well, I don't see but what I will have to go along."

The last night but one, Lily felt it her duty to talk to him very seriously about his future and what he owed to it. She told him that he must stay in Italy till he could bring home something that would honor the great, precious, suffering country for which he had fought so nobly, and which they all loved. She made the tears come into her eyes as she spoke, and when she said that she should always be proud to be associated with one of his works, Hoskins's voice was quite husky in replying: "Is that the way you feel about it?"

He went away promising to remain at least till he finished his bass-relief of Westward, and his figure of the Pacific Slope; and the next morning he sent around by a *fachino* a note to Lily.

She ran it through in the presence of the Elmores, before whom she received it, and then, with a cry of "I think Mr. Hoskins is too *bad*!" she threw it into Mrs. Elmore's lap, and, catching her handkerchief to her eyes, she burst into tears and went out of the room. The note read:

"DEAR MISS LILY: Your kind interest in me gives me courage to say something that will very likely make me hateful to you forevermore. But I have got to say it, and you have got to know it; and it's all the worse for me if you have never suspected it. I want to give my whole life to you, wherever and however you will have it. With you by my side, I feel as if I could really do something that you would not be ashamed of in sculpture, and I believe that I could make you happy. I suppose I believe this because I love you very dearly, and I know the chances are that you will not think this is reason enough. But I would take one chance in a million, and be only too glad of it. I hope it will not worry you to read this: as I said before, I had to tell you. Perhaps it won't be altogether a surprise. I might go on, but I suppose that until I hear from you I had better give you as little of my eloquence as possible. CLAY HOSKINS."

"Well, upon my word," said Elmore, to whom his wife had transferred the letter, "this is very indelicate of Hoskins! I must say, I expected something better of him."

He looked at the note with a face of disgust.

"I don't know why you had a right to expect anything better of him, as you call it," retorted his wife. "It's perfectly natural."

"Natural!" cried Elmore. "To put this upon us at the last moment, when he knows how much trouble I've —"

Lily reëntered the room as precipitately as she had left it, and saved him from betraying himself as to the extent of his confidences in Hoskins.

"Professor Elmore," she said, bending her reddened eyes upon him, "I want you to answer this letter for me; and I don't want you to write as you — I mean, don't make it so cutting — so — so — Why, I *like* Mr. Hoskins! He's been so *kind*! And if you said anything to wound his feelings —"

"I shall not do that, you may be sure; because, for one reason, I shall say nothing at all to him," replied Elmore.

"You won't write to him?" she gasped.

"No."

"Why, what shall I do-o-o-o?" demanded Lily, prolonging the syllable in a burst of grief and astonishment.

"I don't know," answered Elmore.

"Owen," cried his wife, interfering for the first time, in response to the look of appeal that Lily turned upon her, "you *must* write!"

"Celia," he retorted, boldly, "I *won't* write. I have a genuine regard for Hoskins; I respect him, and I am very grateful to him for all his kindness to you. He has been like a brother to you both."

"Why, of course," interrupted Lily; "I

never thought of him as anything *but* a brother."

"And though I must say I think it would have been more thoughtful and—and—more considerate in him not to do this——"

"We did everything we could to fight him off from it," interrupted Mrs. Elmore, "both of us. We saw that it was coming, and we tried to stop it. But nothing would help. Perhaps, as he says, he *did* have to do it."

"I didn't dream of his—having any such—idea," said Elmore. "I felt so perfectly safe in his coming; I trusted everything to him."

"I suppose you thought his wanting to come was all unconscious cerebration," said his wife, disdainfully. "Well, now you see it wasn't."

"Yes; but it's too late now to help it; and though I think he ought to have spared us this, if he thought there was no hope for him, still I can't bring myself to inflict pain upon him, and the long and the short of it is, I won't."

"But how is he to be answered?"

"I don't know. *You* can answer him."

"I could never do it in the world!"

"I own it's difficult," said Elmore, coldly.

"Oh, I will answer him—I will answer him," cried Lily, "rather than have any trouble about it. Here,—here," she said, reaching blindly for pen and paper, as she seated herself at Elmore's desk, "give me the ink, quick. Oh, dear! What shall I say? What date is it?—the 25th? And it doesn't matter about the day of the week."

'Dear Mr. Hoskins—Dear Mr. Hoskins—Dear Mr. Hosk'— Ought you to put Clay Hoskins, Esq., at the top or the bottom—or not at all, when you've said Dear Mr. Hoskins? Esquire seems so cold, anyway, and I *won't* put it! 'Dear Mr. Hoskins'—Professor Elmore!" she implored, reproachfully, "tell me what to say!"

"That would be equivalent to writing the letter," he began.

"Well, write it then," she said, throwing down the pen. "I don't *ask* you to dictate it. Write it,—write anything,—just in pencil, you know; that won't commit you to anything; they say a thing in pencil isn't legal,—and I'll copy it out in the first person."

"Owen," said his wife, "you shall not refuse! It's inhuman, it's inhospitable, when Lily wants you to so. Why, I never heard of such a thing!"

Elmore desperately caught up the sheet

of paper on which Lily had written "Dear Mr. Hoskins," and with a cry of "Well, well!" he added some skillfully balanced and ornately antithetical phrases, in which she forbade all hope to Hoskins, and invited him to come next day and bid her good-bye at the station.

"There! there, that will do beautifully—beautifully! Oh, thank you, Professor Elmore, ever and ever so much! That will save his feelings, and do everything," said Lily, sitting down again to copy it; while Mrs. Elmore, looking over her shoulder, mingled her hysterical excitement with the girl's, and helped her out by sealing the note when it was finished and directed.

It accomplished at least one purpose intended. It kept Hoskins away till the final moment, and it brought him to the station for their adieux just before their train started. A consciousness of the absurdity of his part gave his face a humorously rueful cast. But he came pluckily to the mark. He marched straight up to the girl.

"It's all right, Miss Lily," he said, and offered her his hand, which she had a strong impulse to cry over. Then he turned to Mrs. Elmore, and while he held her hand in his right, he placed his left affectionately on Elmore's shoulder, and, looking at Lily, he said, "You ought to get Miss Lily to help you out with your history, Professor; she has a very polished style,—quite a literary style, I should have said, if I hadn't known it was hers. I don't like her subjects, though."

They broke into a forlorn laugh together; he wrung their hands once more, without a word, and, without looking back, limped out of the waiting-room and out of their lives.

They did not know that this was really the last of Hoskins,—one never knows that any parting is the last,—and in their inability to conceive of a serious passion in him, they quickly consoled themselves for what he might suffer. They knew how kindly, how tenderly, even, they felt toward him, and by that juggle with the emotions which we all practice at times, they found comfort for him in the fact. Another interest, another figure, began to occupy the morbid fancy of Elmore, and as they approached Peschiera, his expectation became intense. There was no reason why it should exist; it would be by the thousandth chance, even if Ehrhardt were still there, that they should meet him at the railroad station, and there were a thousand chances that he was no longer in Peschiera. He could see that

his wife and Lily were restive, too: as the train drew into the station they nodded to each other, and pointed out of the window, as if to identify the spot where Lily had first noticed him; they laughed nervously, and it seemed to Elmore that he could not endure their laughter.

During that long wait which the train used to make in the old Austrian times at Peschiera, while the police authorities *viséd* the passports of those about to cross the frontier, Elmore continued perpetually alert. He was aware that he should not know Ehrhardt if he met him; but he should know that he was present from the looks of Lily and Mrs. Elmore, and he watched them. They dined well in waiting, while he impatiently trifled with the food, and ate next to nothing; and they calmly returned to their places in the train, to which he remounted after a last despairing glance around the platform in a passion of disappointment. The old longing not to be left so wholly to the effect of what he had done, possessed him to the exclusion of all other sensations, and as the train moved away from the station he fell back against the cushions of the carriage, sick that he should never even have looked on the face of the man in whose destiny he had played so fatal a part.

XIII.

IN America, life soon settled into form about the daily duties of Elmore's place, and the daily pleasures and cares which his wife assumed as a leader in Patmos society.

Their sojourn abroad conferred its distinction; the day came when they regarded it as a brilliant episode, and it was only by fitful glimpses that they recognized its essential dullness. After they had been home a year or two, Elmore published his "Story of Venice in the Lives of her Heroes," which fell into a ready oblivion; he paid all the expenses of the book, and was puzzled that, in spite of this, the final settlement should still bring him in debt to his publishers. He did not understand, but he submitted; and he accepted the failure of his book very meekly. If he could have chosen, he would have preferred that the "Saturday Review," which alone noticed it in London with three lines of exquisite slight, should have passed it in silence. But after all, he felt that the book deserved no better fate. He always spoke of it as unphilosophized and incomplete, without any just claim to being.

Lily had returned to her sister's household, but though she came home in the heyday of her young beauty, she failed somehow to take up the story of her life just where she had left it in Patmos. On the way home she had refused an offer in London, and shortly after her arrival in America, she received a letter from a young gentleman whom she had casually seen in Geneva, and who had found exile insupportable since parting with her, and was ready to return to his native land at her bidding; but she said nothing of these proposals till long afterward to Professor Elmore, who, she said, had suffered enough from her offers. She went to all the parties and picnics, and had abundant opportunities of flirtation and marriage; but she neither flirted nor married. She seemed to have greatly sobered; and the sound sense which she had always shown became more and more qualified with a thoughtful sweetness. At first, the relation between her and the Elmore lost something of its intimacy; but after several years her health gave way, and then a familiarity, even kinder than before, grew up. She used to like to come to them, and talk and laugh fondly over their old Venetian days. But often she sat pensive and absent, in the midst of these memories, and looked at Elmore with a regard which he found hard to bear: a gentle, unconscious wonder it seemed, in which he imagined a shade of tender reproach.

When she recovered her health, after a journey to Colorado one winter, they saw that, by some subtle and undefinable difference, she was no longer a young girl. Perhaps it was because they had not met her for half a year. But perhaps it was age—she was now thirty. However it was, Elmore recognized with a pang that the first youth at least had gone out of her voice and eyes. The next winter she went again to the West. She liked the climate and the people, she said; and she feared to risk another winter in Patmos yet awhile.

She wrote home after awhile that she had opened a *kindergarten*, with another young lady, in Denver.

"She will end by marrying one of those Western widowers," said Mrs. Elmore.

"I wonder she didn't take poor old Hoskins," mused Elmore, aloud.

"No you don't, dear," said his wife, who had not grown less direct in dealing with him. "You know it would have been ridiculous; besides, she never cared anything for him—she couldn't. You might as well won-

der why she didn't take Captain Ehrhardt after you dismissed him."

"I dismissed him?"

"You wrote to him, didn't you?"

"Celia," cried Elmore, "this I *cannot* bear. Did I take a single step in that business without her request and your full approval? Didn't you both ask me to write?"

"Yes, I suppose we did."

"Suppose?"

"Well, we *did*—if you want me to say it. And I'm not accusing you of anything. I know you acted for the best. But you can see yourself, can't you, that it was rather sudden to have it end so quickly——"

She did not finish her sentence, or he did not hear the close in the miserable absence into which he lapsed.

"Celia," he asked, at last, "do you think she—she had any feeling about him?"

"Oh," cried his wife, restively, "how should I know?"

"I didn't suppose you *knew*," he pleaded. "I asked if you thought so."

"What would be the use of thinking anything about it? The matter can't be helped now. If you inferred from anything she said to you——"

"She told me repeatedly, in answer to questions as explicit as I could make them, that she wished him dismissed."

"Well, then, very likely she did."

"Very likely, Celia?"

"Yes. At any rate, it's too late now."

"Yes, it's too late now."

He was silent again, and he began to walk the floor, after his old habit, without speaking. He was always mute when he was in pain, and he startled her with the anguish in which he now broke forth.

"I give it up! I give it up! Celia, Celia, I'm afraid I did wrong! Yes, I'm afraid that I spoiled two lives. I ventured to lay my sacrilegious hands upon two hearts that a divine force was drawing together, and put them asunder. It was a lamentable blunder—it was a crime!"

"Why, Owen, how strangely you talk! How could you have done any differently, under the circumstances?"

"Oh, I could have done very differently. I might have seen him, and talked with him brotherly, face to face. He was a fearless and generous soul! And I was meanly scared for my wretched little decorums, for my responsibility to her friends, and I gave him no chance."

"We wouldn't let you give him any," interrupted his wife.

"Don't try to deceive yourself, don't try to deceive *me*, Celia! I know well enough that you would have been glad to have me show mercy; and I would not even show him the poor grace of passing his offer in silence, if I must refuse it. I couldn't spare him even so much as that!"

"We decided—we both decided—that it would be better to cut off all hope at once," urged his wife.

"Ah, it was I who decided that—decided everything. Leave me to deal honestly with myself at last, Celia! I have tried long enough to believe that it was not I who did it." The pent-up doubt of years, the long-silenced self-accusal, burst forth in his words. "Oh, I have suffered for it. I thought he must come back, somehow, as long as we staid in Venice. When we left Peschiera without a glimpse of him—I wonder I outlived it. But even if I had seen him there, what use would it have been? Would I have tried to repair the wrong done? What did I do but impute unmanly and impudent motives to him when he seized his chance to see her once more at that masquerade——"

"No, no, Owen, he was not the one. Lily was satisfied of that long ago. It was nothing but a chance, a coincidence. Perhaps it was some one he had told about the affair——"

"No matter! no matter! If I thought it was he, my blame is the same. And she, poor girl,—in my lying compassion for him, I used to accuse her of cold-heartedness, of indifference! I wonder she did not abhor the sight of me. How has she ever tolerated the presence, the friendship, of a man who did her this irreparable wrong? Yes, it has spoiled her life, and it was my work. No, no, Celia! you and she had nothing to do with it, except as I forced your consent—it was my work; and, however I have tried openly and secretly to shirk it, I must bear this fearful responsibility."

He dropped into a chair, and hid his face in his hands, while his wife soothed him with loving excuses for what he had done, with tender protests against the exaggerations of his remorse. She said that he had done the only thing he could do; that Lily wished it, and that she never had blamed him. "Why, I don't believe she would ever have married Captain Ehrhardt, anyhow. She was full of that silly fancy of hers about Dick Burton all the time,—you know how she used always to be talking about him; and when she came home and

found she had outgrown him she had to refuse him, and I suppose it's that that's made her rather melancholy." She explained that Major Burton had become extremely fat; that his mustache was too big and black, and his laugh too loud; there was nothing left of him, in fact, but his empty sleeve, and Lily was too conscientious to marry him merely for that.

In fact, Elmore's regret did reflect a monstrous and distorted image of his conduct. He had really acted the part of a prudent and conscientious man; he was perfectly justifiable at every step: but in the retrospect those steps which we can perfectly justify sometimes seem to have cost so terribly that we look back even upon our sinful stumblings with better heart. Heaven knows how such things will be at the last day; but at that moment there was no wrong, no folly of his youth, of which Elmore did not think with more comfort than of this passage in which he had been so wise and right.

Of course the time came when he saw it all differently again; when his wife persuaded him that he had done the best that any one could do with the responsibilities that ought never to have been laid on a man of his temperament and habits; when he even came to see that Lily's feeling was a matter of pure conjecture with them, and that, so far as they knew, she had never cared anything for Ehrhardt. Yet he was glad to have her away; he did not like to talk of her with his wife; he did not think of her if he could help it.

They heard from time to time through her sister that she was well, and that her little enterprise was prospering; at last they heard directly from her that she was going to be married. Till then Elmore had been dumbly tormented in his somber moods with the solution of a problem at which his imagination vainly toiled,—the problem of how some day she and Ehrhardt should meet again and retrieve all the error of the past for him. He contrived this encounter in a thousand different ways by a thousand different chances; what he so passionately and sorrowfully longed for accomplished itself continually in his dreams, but only in his dreams. In due course Lily was married, and, from all they could understand, very happily. Her husband was a clergyman, and she took particular interest in his parochial work, which her good heart and clear head especially qualified her to share with him. To connect her fate any longer with that of Ehrhardt was now not only absurd, it was improper; yet Elmore sometimes found his fancy forgetfully at work as before. He could not at once realize that the tragedy of this romance, such as it was, remained to him alone, except, perhaps, as Ehrhardt shared it. With him, indeed, Elmore still sought to fret his remorse, and keep it poignant; and his failure to do so made him ashamed. But what lasting sorrow can one draw from the disappointment of a man whom one has never seen? If Lily could console herself, it finally seemed probable that Ehrhardt, too, had "got along."

THE END.

SHADOWS.

SHADOW and substance—who is he can say
Where this doth surely end and that begin,
And which is greater? Who hath scales to weigh
Alike the shadow and the substance in?
Who rightly knows them—which is which? and who
Conceiveth which is elder of the two?

Thou pluck'st the daisy from the happy grass,
Touched with its lowly looks, but art too weak
To pluck the wandering shadows where they pass.
Great is the shade: and I have heard men speak
Of one old Shadow able to appall
Eyes not afraid of substances at all.

Yea, thou art he, O Death, whom mortals name
Life's shadow, tremblers at a shadow's tread:
Albeit there are who know how noontide's flame
Scorches, and of the shadow have no dread,
Seeing it means a cool, dusk place, with trees
All round, and grass, and much oblivious ease.

RAILWAY, CHURCH-YARD, AND CEMETERY LAWN-PLANTING.

A RAILWAY LAWN.

AN encouraging sign of the times is the interest which has been manifested of late by our railroad officials in the appearance of the stations on their lines. Many of these buildings and surroundings, which were formerly eye-sores, have been so beautified by the judicious expenditure of some thought and a little money, that they now lend an added charm to the landscape, and were they to be removed, they would be missed with regret.

I had occasion lately to visit one of these recently improved stations. The natural surface of the ground rose rapidly in the rear of the building, and along the edge of the great rock mass, cut through just here by the railroad, gurgled a small, tumbling rill across the road, under a board or two. Except just about the station, where everything had been thoroughly cleared away, bits of rock abounded, and these had been utilized in a picturesque manner. Immediately around the station ran a carriage-road, with a convenient oval circuit for turning. On one end of this circuit, near the station, was a weeping beech, and the other extremity was occupied by a group of flowering shrubs, that, although too freshly planted to blossom that year, already impressed the eye as an attractive mass of bright green foliage. Here and there, near the house, were planted pleasant shade-trees, such as the linden, oak, and maple. It should be remembered that by thus planting large shade-trees the architectural effect of the building was greatly enhanced, because the side toward the railroad, which is the true front, was uninterfered with. Passing mention is made of this, because objection might otherwise be fairly raised to shutting in the building with trees. The entire work had been completed rapidly, but with evident thoroughness. Rich, well-tilled soil had been secured, and the paths were solid and properly constructed. All the edges of the walks were bordered by cut sods, and the remaining ground was sowed with grass-seed that, by the good luck that sometimes accompanies good management, had come up evenly. A single path wound through the small domain, carried hither and thither so as to obtain the best views of the

river near by, as well as the utmost variety of surface. It was surprising how large the place seemed, as one rambled over this undulating path. The matter-of-fact visitor was even betrayed into the expression that it was as good in its way as anything in Central Park.

There was little bedding stuff that required to be constantly renewed; only a few bits of color in the way of scarlet geraniums and the like, planted as a salient point in some shrub group. Almost everything was simple and permanent in character. Hardy flowering shrubs were freely used, because some one of them bloomed during every month of spring and summer. There were small-sized trees, like the purple beech, stuartia, and magnolia. A few groups and single specimens of evergreens stood in a section near the rockiest part of the grounds and somewhat by themselves. These consisted almost entirely of dwarf, slow-growing kinds, such as the Nordman's fir, conical spruce, glaucous juniper, and the beautiful retinosporas. Peering out from the rocks and background of woods and shrubbery that surrounded the spot, were white-barked weeping birches, golden oaks, and other trees of equally individual character. A rhododendron or two bloomed also among the nearest rocks, as well as several hardy azaleas. Along the little run of water were set out various herbaceous plants that flower freely and brightly in the green turf nearly all summer, and come up again next year without being renewed. Over the rocks grew climbing vines, Virginia creepers, moneywort, and periwinkles, as well as sedums and many other varieties of herbaceous plants fitted for such spots. A little of everything that properly pertained to a lawn was here, for variety had been one of the main objects sought, in order that the tedium of the waiting passenger might be alleviated as much as possible.

I cannot properly explain how charmingly the combinations were contrived to thus produce, by a complete variety, the most continued pleasure and surprise. Uninitiated as they were, the railroad men at once recognized the attractions of this variety, even in its crude and freshly planted state, and grimly, after the way of such men, expressed approval.

I asked the station-master how all this had been done, and how it was to be kept in order. He said that a close survey of the ground and existing plants was made last fall. During the winter, maps and planting lists were worked up, and in the spring, a lawn-planting foreman came on the ground with half a dozen men, and with the help of the map, and one or two visits of the landscape architect, they accomplished the result.

As to keeping it in order, the work is easily done by men who are sent from the company's office, at stated times, to mow grass, and to weed and prune. All the station-master is asked to do is to watch that everything is kept in apple-pie shape, and if weeds and grass show signs of getting ahead, to telegraph for help.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

CHURCH-YARDS and cemeteries were once essentially identical. All this, however, is rapidly changing. For sanitary and other good reasons, the cemetery is now separated from the church; but, unfortunately, with the growth of modern cemeteries is associated curtailment of church-yards. This is greatly to be deplored. Would it not be wiser to even moderate, if necessary, the ornamentation of the interior, and secure trees and grass and flowers? A few may be impressed with holy awe by sculptured nave and glowing window, but the whole world that passes by is benefited by trees and flowers. My object, therefore, is to see if I cannot help to increase the love and knowledge of lawn-planting as applied to the grounds of buildings for worship. In the belief that it is a reasonable and beautiful object, I will endeavor to point out how certain trees not only harmonize with such surroundings, but also how they possess special and practical value in the positions they occupy. The accompanying illustration shows what can be effected in a country church-yard.

Such trees as stand near the church are rightly dignified and statuesque. For the same reason, they generally stand singly or in small groups of three. The larger ones, like the American elm in the center, or the ginkgo (*Salisburia adiantifolia*) to the right, have a more or less erect character. On the other hand, the yellow-wood (*Virgilia lutea*), to the left of the last, has a broad head and curving outline of trunk and branches, suggestive of the high finish of

the turner's art. Harmony and variety are specially sought in the design of this plot. Remarkable specimens of weeping sophora stand in one or two spots, and seem especially adapted to the surroundings of a church.

Remarkable and valuable weeping trees are the elms on either side of the gate. They have been planted later than many other trees visible in the picture, and are of the *campestris* species, Camperdown variety. Evidently British from their name, they bear little resemblance to our American elms. Slow of growth and compact of form, at no time are they lofty and spreading. They belong evidently to the rounded type of foliage contour. The rich, dark green leaves droop and fold over each other in a regular manner, in many cases quite systematic. You will notice in the picture, however, that these particular specimens have taken a fancy to lean toward each other in a manner that even trees will sometimes assume. Pruning secures for this tree a perfect form, until it attains considerable age. In short, it may be ranked well up on our short roll of really good weeping trees. The weeping sophora, of which there are two, is possibly more elegant in appearance, with drooping garlands of neat, acacia-like foliage. It is not, however, as hardy, either summer or winter, as the Camperdown elm. I need hardly rehearse the excellence of the weeping sophora, having already treated of it elsewhere. Furthermore, I want to call your attention again to the broad, round-headed yellow-wood (*Virgilia lutea*, or, according to best authorities, *Cladrastis tinctoria*). It is the most cheerful tree on the grounds, and, moreover, though rare, an American plant from the banks of the Tennessee. The foliage is not dense and does not clothe the interior branching of the tree, which, in a way, lays open to view a peculiar development of trunk and limbs. About their rounded contour is stretched tightly wrinkled swathings of smooth, light-colored bark. Small and graceful, the leaves are light green, more or less like those of an acacia or sophora, and the flowers white and in form drooping, like those of the wistaria. The pyramidal oak, too, forms one of the best trees for a church-lawn. Its upright lines are bold and picturesque as relieved against the more horizontal ones of the church. The tree is, moreover, massive and, for an oak, very rapid in growing.

In seeking to gather about the church,



A RAILWAY LAWN.*

trees that accord with the place, the lawn-planter, by employing the *Virgilia lutea*, has been most successful. The color shades off effectively, through the varying hues of ginkgo, weeping elm, pyramidal oak, and stately American elm, to the deepest, noblest tone of all produced by the grand Nordmann's fir, near the right-hand corner of the church. Here a dark, noble mass, with rich silvery tints, rears itself into a symmetrical, perfect feature, which impresses the eye much as the ear is affected by some deep, solemn strain from the old organ within the church. This fir, indeed, serves, with its companion evergreens, to give the place its special character. By good luck, hills and trees to the north and west have so protected this spot that evergreens of somewhat tender nature stand the winter well. Thus, we have the Irish yew, rich and dark and erect as a sentinel, as well as its parent *Taxus baccata*, also dark, if not altogether statuesque. Other evergreens bear, of course, their due relation to this harmony of color and form. Graceful, grotesque, weeping spruces, golden and fern-like Japanese cypresses, columnar weeping silver firs,

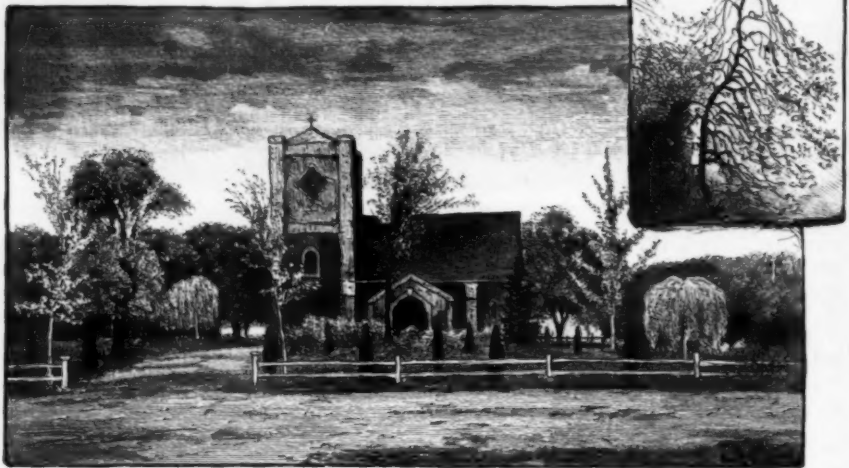
and fountain-like weeping hemlocks, alike contribute each its separate mark on the broad effect of the whole. It is a symphony of trees as impressive in many ways as the swelling chords of the church organ. Nor does the velvet turf, extending in broad, unbroken spaces, fail to perfect the general appearance of the scene. All statuesque dwarf evergreens, as well as more lofty trees, occupy the space immediately about the church walk, or fence, leaving wide openings between. The fence, carrying out the same idea, is low, with but two rails, and as inconspicuous as possible. Care is taken also not to overload the lawn even with choice, low-growing, somber evergreens, as represented by most of the yews, spruces, and firs. Just as the effect of the graver elms, oaks, and maples is lightened by the tints of the yellow-wood and ginkgo, so the evergreens pass here and there into bright golden forms, and again into low deciduous trees, which are not, in any sense, shrubs. Thus the glowing leaves of certain Japanese maples are used as single specimens, and especially the low-grafted form of the Kilmarnock weeping willow. This

* This station was built by Mr. J. C. Cady, at Demorest, New Jersey. The landscape is ideal.
Vol. XXII.—32.

tree is very symmetrical and even graceful, if properly pruned; but, as usually known in its high-grafted form, its stem early decays. In the sketch accompanying the church illustration is shown the low-grafted form, which is free from bark-cracking and disease on account of the protection the branches afford the stem. The effect of the employment of this weeping plant in this church-yard is specially happy, for it hardly represents a real shrub, which is, as may be seen, scarcely admitted, and yet it breaks, with its irregular, graceful lines, any possible monotony among the statuesque dwarf evergreens. Of course, the ivy on the wall and the crimson autumnal tints of the Japan creeper (*Ampelopsis Veitchii*) are here in their full glory. Alto-

nominaly in honor of the dead, but often merely for the sake of fashionable display.

Plants, however, have long been employed, entirely independent of what the fashion might be, and in their use, therefore, lies the really heart-felt offering to the memory of the departed. More than twenty years ago, one or two cemeteries, notably Spring Grove, Cincinnati, and Laurel Hill, Philadelphia, attempted a reform which aimed at doing away with fenced and hedged burial plots. Hartford laid out a cemetery on a similar plan, and a portion of Woodlawn Cemetery, New York, has a park-like character, unblemished by fences or even tombstones. Cincinnati has certainly been the pioneer in this move-



A CHURCH LAWN.

Low-grafted Kilmarnock Weeping Willow.
(*Salix caprea pendula*.)

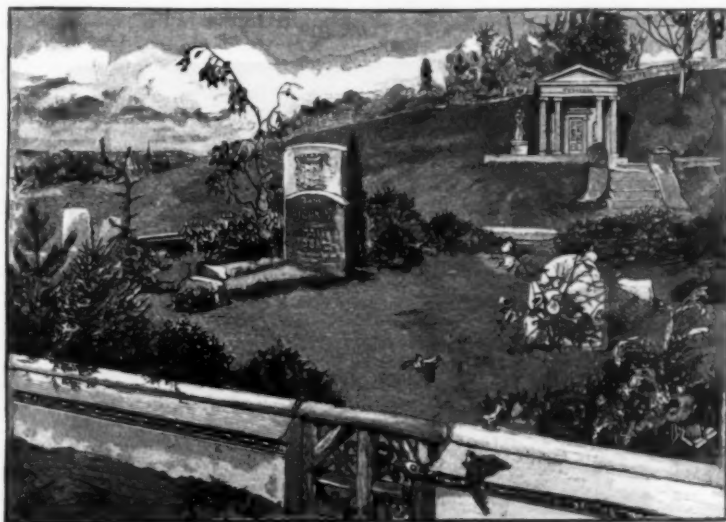
gether, there is an organic completeness in the selection of the various plants that proves the lawn-planter to have had a genuine sympathy for his work, as well as abundant practical knowledge.

THE CEMETERY.

THE excessive and tasteless use of stone-work in our cemeteries has been unnaturally fostered by love of display and by the fact that cut stone is more permanent and needs less care than shrubs and flowers, which are not only difficult to select to-day, but liable to perish to-morrow. Hence grew up this vulgar fashion of using stone inordinately,

ment, and to Mr. Strauch, superintendent of Spring Grove Cemetery, of that city, belongs the credit of most persistently and systematically following out what may really be called a new principle.

In Woodlawn Cemetery, New York, may be seen a fair example of what is generally considered a good park-like cemetery. Shrubs and trees are planted about in irregular fashion upon a lawn. The lots are clustered here and there in groups, and their boundaries are designated by small stones or stakes hidden in the grass, the graves themselves being made in an inconspicuous manner. With the exception of creeping vines, not a tree, shrub, or flower is planted unless by permission of the authorities.



A BURIAL PLOT.

Flowers are allowed on the graves, but no plants bearing flowers may be set out except under these restrictions. Everything is under the control of a central authority, which is supposed to know exactly how to produce the finest landscape effect possible under the circumstances. That such effects are actually accomplished may be fairly questioned by competent judges; but that is not the fault of the system.

Many people, however, possess cemetery lots where stones exist, and they must make the best of things as they are. They may not wish to destroy existing evergreen hedges entirely, in which case they can leave a plant in each corner and on either side of the gate, otherwise they will find it advisable to follow the plan here presented as regards its general system. This system consists chiefly in open stretches of perfect greensward throughout the entire lot, except on the extreme edges and at the head and foot of the graves. No formal hedge is necessary, but a border of foliage, to break and modify the stiffness of the necessarily inartistic fence. This work can only be accomplished properly by dwarf evergreens, the forms of which are statuesque and dignified, as comports with the spirit of the place. I refer to such plants as the Swiss stone pine, the con-

ical and Gregory spruces, and the many agreeable dwarf varieties of retinosporas. These plants have the supreme advantage of the most lovely variety and contrast of color, when properly arranged, and have at the same time the ability to retain their dwarf forms for a score of years with a minimum of pruning. Variety of color is too little considered in most landscape-gardening of a permanent character, and the unfitting mature size of many plants in confined positions is equally disregarded.

This lot, it will be seen, has a weeping beech by the monument, and three or four slow-growing plants—roses and variegated-leaved Japanese maples—by the grave itself. This is designed to secure a peculiar grace for this special spot, which may be enhanced by allowing a vine or two, ivy or Japan creeper, to twine about the base of gravestone or monument. All plants used in the center of the lot should be pruned and managed with the greatest care, or they will become, in spite of their dwarfness, too luxuriant in growth for the place they occupy. Above all things, the vines should not be allowed to cover all the surface of the stones and monuments. Any seeming neglect and disorder must detract greatly from the proper dignity of the spot.

THE LEVEES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.



FIGHTING THE WATER.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, below the junction with the Ohio, has, on one side or the other, about 1800 miles of levee, representing in first cost and present actual value twenty million dollars. The protection thus afforded, however, is far from perfect, and agricultural operations are conducted under very serious annual peril of loss of crops by the casualty of overflow. How far this fact, or the magnitude of the interests involved, or the collateral advantages likely to accrue, or all together, authorize the expectation of Government intervention between this wayward river and the dwellers upon its banks, are questions which will not be discussed in this paper, which will merely have to do with the popular and unscientific aspects of the problem—the origin, progress, and present condition of the levee system and, as far as yet developed, the measures pro-

posed for perfecting the reclamation of the country.

The Mississippi River, although preëminent among the rivers of the earth for its length, and distinguished by the imperial extent, fertility, and population of the valley which it drains, has exceedingly inconvenient peculiarities. Besides its habit of annually rising too high, it is very crooked and restless, continually changing its channel, constantly caving off its banks on one side and piling up sand-bars on the other. Sometimes it will in a very few years cut in half a mile or more, absorb the old levee, and render the construction of a new one an absolute and urgent necessity. While the river is high there is little caving, but as it falls, and particularly when it approximates low-water mark, the bank tumbles in all along the affected portion of each afflicted

bend. As nearly every bend, either at its upper end, or its lower, or in the middle, is so affected, and as the river is almost all bend, there being but few reaches, it is manifest that the displacement of what can only by courtesy be called *terra firma* must, in the course of five or six months of continuous low water, be something enormous. It is very clear, therefore, that levees placed within reasonable distances from the river are not structures of extraordinary permanence, and that the necessity of their occasional renewal immensely increases the difficulty of protecting the country.

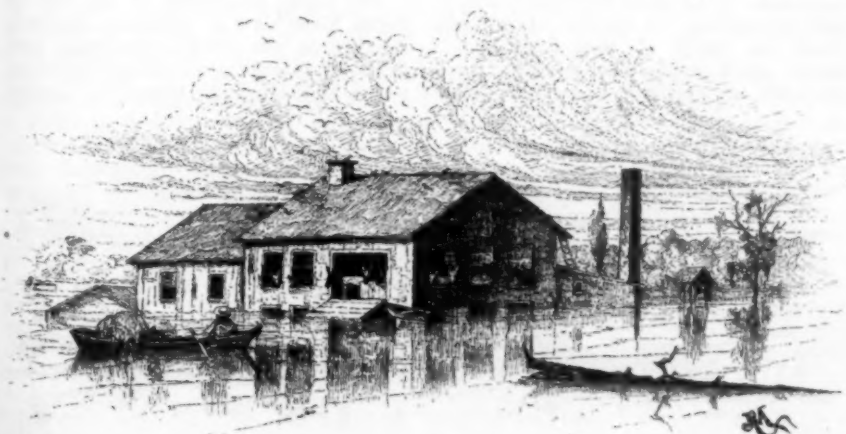
As yet no adequate protection has been of avail against this great terror—which, indeed, seems invincible under the conditions of the levee system as heretofore developed in practice. The plan proposed by the Levee Commission appointed in 1874 under national auspices would greatly alleviate it, while the more fundamental scheme of Captain Eads for the rectification of the river channel as well as the reclamation of the swamp, if successful, would abolish not only the necessity of any levee system but the danger of caving banks. This phase of the subject, however, will be considered later.

The magnitude and importance of the interests involved in the reclamation of this region will be apparent when it is stated that its total area is between 32,000 and 37,000 square miles, of which only narrow strips along the main stream and its principal tributaries have heretofore been cultivated. By protection against overflow and by proper drainage there would be rendered available not less than 2,500,000



FISHING IN THE OVERFLOW.

acres of sugar land, about 7,000,000 acres of the best cotton land in the world, and 1,000,000 acres of corn land of unsurpassed fertility. On the eastern side of the river is the great swamp or alluvial plain of Mississippi, fifty miles wide, extending from the Chickasaw Bluffs, below Memphis, Tennessee, to the Walnut Hills at Vicksburg—a distance of one hundred and seventy miles in a direct line, or, following the meanderings of the river, of nearly four hundred miles. On this line the facilities for reclamation are exceptionally good. From its northern limit to its southern no tributary



A RISE IN LIFE.



COMING FROM THE WOOD-PILE.

debouches into the Mississippi except the Yazoo, the mouth of which is within a few miles of the Walnut Hills. An adequate line of levee, therefore, from the northern limit of the swamp to the mouth of the Yazoo, or as near it as possible, would effectually exclude all river-water from the plain, and all rain-fall and surface-water being conducted into the Yazoo by the Sunflower and Coldwater rivers, Deer Creek and other tributaries would pass into the Mississippi, thus affording drainage to the country.

On the western side of the river is a vast region, not less fertile, embracing the lower part of Missouri, all the alluvial front of Arkansas, and of Louisiana as far down as the mouth of Red River. Here the conditions for effectual and permanent reclamation are much less favorable. Within these limits the St. Francis, White, and Arkansas rivers, and other streams, flow into the Mississippi, and as any of them is liable to overflow its banks from its own floods, and all are subject to back-water from the Mississippi for many miles, it is evident that their existence, and the necessity of leveeing their banks above the reach of back-water, would furnish much employment to levee engineers and add greatly to the cost and com-

plication of the system. Large bodies of very fine lands have, however, been reclaimed, although levee operations have been necessarily more fragmentary than on the opposite bank of the river. Below the mouth of Red River no tributaries add to the waters of the Mississippi; on the contrary, it is depleted by a number of bayous or outlets,—Atchafalaya, Bayou La Fourche, Bonnet Carré Crevasse, and others,—which, leaving the river, make their way through the delta to the Gulf of Mexico.

In Louisiana the levee system is of comparative antiquity, having had its beginning in the earlier years of the eighteenth century, and the embankments long ago came under the jurisdiction of local and State government and assumed the dignity of public works. In Mississippi and Arkansas, however, the reclamation of the swamp was an enterprise of much more modern date, having its origin almost within memory of persons now living, and at first—and, indeed, for a long time—it was exploited solely by individual effort.

The earlier settlements on the river between Memphis and Vicksburg—generally wood-yards with small appurtenant corn-fields—were made upon unusually high spots, which, although really formed by antecede-



FEEDING STOCK ON THE LEVEE.



A CYPRESS SWAMP.

ent inundation, obtained, absurdly enough, the reputation of being "above overflow," because, for a number of years, they had not been actually submerged. They were prized accordingly, and the corn-fields of the wood-choppers were gradually transformed into cotton plantations, at first, of course, of very limited dimensions. Similar elevated spots were sought out and subjected to culture, and, before any leveeing operations had been attempted, the river bank on both sides was dotted with settlements of pioneer planters, who sought to utilize the fertile soil by cultivation. A very few years, however, sufficed to demonstrate the fallacy of the "above-overflow" pretension; the planter's mind relinquished the delusion that land should be *high*,—it was sufficient that it should be *dry*,—and the proprietors deemed it expedient to fortify against their common enemy. The water-marks left by the flood upon trees, stumps, and fences were as plain as paint; these indicated the level of the water and supplied the want of engineering science. A make-shift levee of primitive style was constructed, very near the river bank, because less land was thereby thrown out,

and because the ground is always highest upon the margin of the river, sloping thence inland. As the plantations increased in number and approximated each other, the principle of coöperation appeared; levees were built across unoccupied lands until there were disconnected strings ten, twelve, or fifteen miles long. The construction of these was far from satisfactory. The operatives were generally the plantation negroes. At that time the Irish ditchers and levee-builders had scarcely made their appearance in the country. The colored people are not usually distinguished for their skill in the use of the spade, and cannot at all compete with the Hibernian. Some years there was high water, carrying dismay to the planter's heart; some years there was low water, inspiring confidence and security; occasionally there was no "water" at all—the river did not get out of its banks, and was therefore held in contempt. In 1844, however, the Mississippi, having apparently lost all patience with this persistent intrusion upon its domains, "spread itself," to use a vulgarism singularly descriptive of the operation, and treated its unbidden guests to a first-class "big overflow," the like of



A SIMILITUDE TO VENICE.

which had not been seen since 1828. The river rose early and went down late; it overflowed the whole country, and filled up the entire swamp; ruined all the levees, great and small; remained at or near high-water mark week after week and month after month until late in July, and did not finally retire within its banks until nearly the middle of August.

Life in the Mississippi swamp is unique, but perhaps never so much so as during that memorable summer. The shallowest water, for indefinite miles in any direction, was two feet deep, the nearest land, the "Hills of the Arkansaw," thirty miles away. The mules were quartered on the upper floor of the gin-house; the cattle had been all drowned long ago; planter, negroes, and overseer were confined in their respective

domiciles; the grist-mill was under water, and there was no means of preparing corn for culinary purposes except a wooden hominy-mortar. The hog-and-hominy diet (so highly extolled by some people who have never lived on it) was adopted of necessity, the former being represented by mess pork, saltier than tongue can tell. There were no visitors, except now and then a sociable snake, which, no doubt bored by swimming around indefinitely in the overflow, and craving even human companionship, would glide up on the gallery of some of the houses. There was no means of locomotion except the skiff and the humble but ever serviceable dug-out—nowhere to go and nobody within a day's journey otherwise or more comfortably situated. The only sense of sympathy from without was



GRABBING FOR CRAW-FISH HOLES.

had from remote and infrequent glimpses of the gallant steamer *J. M. White*, which, leaping from point to point, made better time from New Orleans to St. Louis than was ever made before or for many years after.

That year, nineteen plantations out of twenty failed to produce a single pound of cotton or a single bushel of corn, and when the flood was over and the swamp Noahs came out of their respective arks, they were, to say the least, malcontent. They were not ruined, of course, but they had lost a whole year's gross income. Moreover, the prestige of the swamp as a cotton country was woefully diminished. The planters in the "Hills," as the uplands are denominated, began to hold up their heads, no longer overcrowded by the extraordinary crops alleged to have been heretofore produced in the swamp.

The swamp-planters set to work to redeem the disaster, and to provide, as far as possible, against its recurrence. With the purpose of retrieving their financial fortunes they took some unique measures. There is a tradition that, at a public meeting held in Greenville, Miss., in October, 1844, among other more commonplace resolutions, one was gravely and unanimously adopted to the effect that a demand of payment within twelve months from that date of any debt, great or small, upon any planter who had been overflowed that year, should be considered distinctly "personal"—a clear case for pistols and coffee. The code was certainly a curious institution, but probably this is the only instance in which it was expected to do duty as a stay-law.

After 1844, it became evident to the meanest capacity that, if any use was to be made of the swamp country, the Mississippi River must be kept out of it. To effect this end the efforts of the people were systematized; funds were raised by local taxation of lands; levee boards and other official bodies were duly organized and installed; professional engineers made their appearance; the Irish multiplied and the work went bravely on, always in advance of the supply of money which, *non passibus æquis*, came toddling on behind. The proprietors in every bend wanted their levee built first, and to gratify this very natural and reasonable desire the officials, exhausting with the utmost ease their ready money, drew upon futurity after the manner of such bodies, issuing certificates and levee bonds bearing eight or ten per cent. interest, which were receivable in payment of levee taxes, and, if not so ab-

sorbed, payable in money three, four, or five years after date. Of course such payment in cash, according to the tenor and effect of the instrument, was from the beginning regarded on all hands as a pleasant figure of speech; the bonds had a certain value simply because they were receivable in payment of levee taxes.

Besides the funds derived from the levee tax and the credit which it supported, the levee boards were endowed by State or national benefaction—it is not worth while to inquire or remember which—with certain lands that up to that time could not be sold at any price and were therefore given away. These were called "overflowed" lands, and the word in this connection was not only descriptive but intensative, indicating that, of all lands which habitually "went under," these went under the deepest and staid under the longest. To a limited extent they were purchased by prescient capitalists, and were found to be very good lands—to keep, to pay taxes on, or, in default of that ceremony, to hold until the back taxes had so far accumulated as to exceed in amount the market value of the lands, which in most instances came to pass at an early day.

Notwithstanding their very limited resources in money and credit, the levee authorities pressed forward their work with great energy and remarkable success. It is wonderful how much was done to reclaim the swamp, and with what limited means, between the great overflow of water in 1844 and the great overflow of blood in 1861—especially within the last half-dozen years of that period. Among the manifold disadvantages under which this work was prosecuted, the greatest was the fact that much of it was necessarily temporary. That lawless habit of the river in undermining and carrying away huge slices of the levees rendered it necessary to renew these structures frequently, or else to place them at a considerable distance from the river, and, if possible, out of its reach. And hereupon arose a most perplexing dilemma. There was always a question, and often a violent controversy, between the levee board and the planter upon whose premises the new levee had become a necessity. To him it was a very serious misfortune; like *Hotspur*, he naturally objects to the river which

— "comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out"

And his disgust is much intensified when the location of the line of the levee anticipates and greatly enlarges the encroachments of the river. If his front is, for example, a mile, building the new levee will involve the loss of at least one hundred and sixty acres of his best land, for, in a caving bend, the new line is rarely placed nearer the old one than a quarter of a mile, and if, out of abundant caution, it should be located still farther back, the loss is increased in proportion; for all land outside the levee becomes as valueless for planting purposes as if already careering in suspension toward the Gulf of Mexico. The proprietor, grieving over his prospective loss of land, is recalcitrant; he cannot be made to understand why so large a margin is necessary; he fights against it as long and as hard as he can, and even resorts to chancery suits and injunctions.

Besides the opposition, active or passive, of local interests, there were weighty considerations moving the levee authorities to a moderate policy. Anxious as they might be to put the public money where it would last the longest, there was no absolute certainty that it was necessary to place the levee so very far from the bank. The river is nothing if not capricious; the caving bank of one season is often perfectly solid the next; on this point the prognosis of the oldest inhabitant is of as little worth as that of the latest arrival. One thing was certain—the farther from the river a levee may be built, the more it will cost. A pure scientist, authorized to draw upon unlimited funds, might disregard such considerations, but they had much weight with practical business men whose objects were, first, present immunity from overflow, and, second, such permanent reclamation as was attainable with the means at their command.

When levees were built *en amateur* by planters, the methods were less scientific and the work far less effective than later, when they became the business of civil engineers and Irishmen. The received idea of a levee, for a long time, was an embankment sloping from the surface, at an angle of even forty-five degrees, to a line a foot or two above high-water mark. It was usually made by casting with the spade from each side, so that in front and rear, close to the base of the levee, was an irregular trench two spades deep, usually full of water from which the earth had been taken. There was no "seep-water" ditch, and whenever the river stood against the levee, the "transpira-

tion water" which oozed through it filled the trench along the line of the levee, and rendered any work upon it in case of storm or other emergency a matter of great difficulty. The levee was built on the natural earth; stumps and even logs were often left in it—a cause of much peril, as the earth, in settling, would shrink away from the wood and leave a cavity, which the insinuating water soon enlarged to dangerous proportions. Now and then a root-hole just below the surface would form the primordium of a crevasse, and sometimes the levee, being on and in no degree incorporated with the earth upon which it rested, would slide bodily away and let in the importunate river. That such structures should have resisted any water, not to say a "big water," could only be regarded as a fortunate accident.

The mode of building a levee which superseded the primitive style just described is this: The space which it is to occupy is first carefully cleaned off; trees, roots, stumps, logs, weeds, even grass and leaves, are removed. Then in the middle of the space, extending longitudinally the whole length of the proposed work, is dug a ditch three feet wide and three feet deep, which is to be straightway filled up again. This is called a mock-ditch, or, as some people say, a "muck-ditch," but why "muck" is one of the things that has not yet been found out. The object of this is twofold—to close all root-holes and to mortise the superstructure into the natural earth, thus preventing any sliding under the pressure of the water. As the levee is built of loose earth, its mass coalesces with the loose earth with which the mock-ditch was filled, and when the levee has been completed and settled it forms, with the contents of the mock-ditch, a homogeneous mass anchored three feet all along the line in the solid ground. The next process is to build the levee. The material is to be taken only from the outside or side next to the river, and should not be cut nearer than twenty feet from the base of the levee; the earth is carried in wheelbarrows upon run-plank. The dimensions of levees have varied from time to time, according to the amount of funds available for their construction. In any case, the top of the levee should be three feet perpendicular above high-water mark; the base line should be five, six, or seven feet, according to the ratio in force, for every foot of perpendicular height; the top should be level, and

as broad as the levee is high. Thus where high-water mark is four feet above the level of the natural bank, the perpendicular height of the levee should be seven feet, the breadth at the top should be seven feet and its thickness at the bottom thirty-five feet, forty-two feet, or forty-nine feet, as the ratio of five to one, six to one, or seven to one might be in force. Taking, for illustration, a seven-foot levee constructed upon this last ratio, it will be observed that, with the water standing four feet deep, there will be on a horizontal line twenty-five feet of solid earth between the surface of the water outside and the air inside, and forty-nine feet between the bottom of the water without and the air at the natural surface of the earth within.

The last but indispensable step in the process of levee-building is the "seep-water" ditch, which is dug some thirty or forty feet from the inner margin of the levee, and parallel with it. The function of this ditch is to receive and conduct away the seep-water, or transpiration-water, which oozes in considerable quantities through even the most compact of levees. If permitted to remain it would render the ground about the inner base of the levee intolerably muddy, and would operate as a great disadvantage in case of emergency. The seep-water ditch must be connected with plantation ditches or otherwise put into communication with the swamp in the rear, so that the water can be carried away. Finally, as a finishing touch to the new levee, it should be planted with Bermuda grass. If tufts of this grass be set two or three feet apart all over the surface of the levee it will, in a year or two, cover it completely with a very dense sod, and by its interlacing roots add materially to its water-resisting capacity. When water stands for a long time against a levee, the current and the waves seriously abrade its surface, cutting in sometimes so deep that an inopportune wind-storm would assuredly break it. A heavy coat of Bermuda sod is a very efficient preventive of this kind of disaster. I have seen, at the end of a long period of high water, a piece of levee deeply indented all along the line, and, in some places, cut more than half through, while adjoining it was a strip of Bermuda-covered levee, subject to the same exposure to wave, wind, and current, which had not, apparently, lost a pound of earth or a tuft of grass.

The levee-building season lasts from Oc-

tober until the river, by rising out of its banks in the spring, shall serve notices to quit. The laborers, collected by the contractors in St. Louis, Cincinnati, or Cairo, are chiefly Irish, with a few English and Scotch, an occasional German or Scandinavian, and rarely a native American. When the season closes, all except a few who have been employed as ditchers return to the upper country, and the swamp knows "the Irish" no more until the fall. Levee work is paid for by the cubic yard, usually twenty-five to thirty-five cents per yard. The payment is made in money or its current equivalent in levee bonds, which are cashed either directly by tax-payers or by brokers who buy them to sell to tax-payers. The cost of levees varies, of course, with their dimensions; a good seven-foot levee with ample base would cost from eight thousand dollars to eleven thousand dollars per mile, higher levees costing in a much greater and lower in a much less proportion. The height of levees varies with the relative elevation of the bank, ranging from five to thirteen feet in perpendicular height, averaging perhaps nine or possibly ten feet.

The season of peril to levees is variable, ranging from the first of April to the first of July. I have known a levee broken by equinoctial storms about the 20th of March, but usually the evil day comes later. It depends greatly upon the weather in the upper country: a mild winter brings an early "water"; a hard winter, keeping the rivers long closed with ice, delays the coming of the floods. There is a general impression that heavy snows above portend and produce very high water in the Mississippi. This is a mistake; snow is not formidable because there is very little water in it, as anybody can discover by melting a cupful, and because it usually passes away gradually unless dissolved by heavy rains; in that case, it is the rain that does the mischief. A kindred delusion prevails that the floods in the Mississippi are caused by the melting of snows on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains. To this source is due only what is known as the "June rise," but it is usually so late that it has no coadjutors, and of itself is rarely formidable. It is, besides, so gradual that, even when superimposed upon a pretty full river, it adds little to the height of the water though much to its duration.

The most dangerous floods come from the Ohio and its affluents. When all these up to the "head of the hollow" conspire



ALL UNDER WATER IN '44.

and do their wickedest, the aggregate of water is enormous and the result is a long season of suspense, anxiety, labor, and peril. The upper Mississippi and Missouri with their tributaries are not capable of equal mischief. Usually there is a succession of high waters; and the result is that during the whole critical season, April, May, June, the river is generally bank-full, and often stands against the levee in a most threatening attitude for three, four, five, or six weeks together. At high stages the Mississippi falls very slowly, and as a rise travels much more rapidly than a fall, the rivers relieve each other in keeping up the water. The Arkansas is *sui generis*; it rises very rapidly, and several times in the course of a season an immense flood comes down, rushing with great velocity quite across the Mississippi, dyeing the turbid yellow waters with its peculiar red for a hundred miles below. Whenever its boom coincides with a very high stage of the Mississippi, disagreeable things are likely to happen almost anywhere from its mouth to Vicksburg.

It must not be supposed that an overflow is always as universal and disastrous as that of 1844. When the general line of levee stands firm, and there are only a few crevasses, each has its own area of devastation limited by the topographical configuration of the country. All land back from the river is lower than that upon its margin,

but there is no little diversity in the relative depression of these lower levels. The lagoons are lowest, then the cypress brake, the open swamp, the green-brier ridge, the switch-cane ridge. All these are lower by three to ten feet than the cane ridge of the interior, which is itself lower than the land on the margin of the river. Where there is a bayou the land on one side or both is relatively high. Some bayous were originally outlets from the river, and were filled up at their heads either by deposits before the reclamation era or by levees since. Other bayous are the outlets of the larger lakes, such as were portions of the bed of the river, and in most instances the banks of the lakes are comparatively high and communicate by ground of similar elevation with the margin of the river. Thus, at irregular intervals all along the banks of the Mississippi, are strips of higher ground, extending in a measure parallel with the general course of the river for a great distance. As a sort of inchoate natural levees, they divide the country into a number of sections partially independent of one another in the matter of protection from inundation. If a crevasse takes place below one of these natural breakwaters, the lands above it are comparatively safe. As long as there remains within reach of the errant flood a space adequate to the receipt and discharge of the volume of water admitted by the

crevasse, the higher levels are not invaded. If, however, the break takes place above the ridge the security is not so perfect, because of the normal tendency downward of the water; but it often happens that the natural elevation of the ridge, especially if reinforced by a volunteer side levee, protects the plantations below, throws off the water, compels it to disport itself in the open swamp and deep cypress-brakes of the interior, and to seek through the usual outlets of the swamp a pass-way to its ultimate destination.

In the immediate vicinity of a crevasse the action of the water upon the land is direct, flowing over it with great velocity toward the lower levels of the swamp, spreading, of course, on either side. In its rapid descent it often cuts holes in places, and elsewhere covers spots of considerable extent with sand a foot or more deep. In 1846 I saw large patches of this character, white as the sands of Florida, barren as Sahara, the souvenirs of 1844. In time the winds dispersed the sands in some measure, and persistent and very deep plowing partially restored the fertility of the soil. The great body of overflowed lands, however, is differently affected; the water, having filled the adjacent swamps, and unable to find adequate outlets into still lower depths, backs up on the higher lands and quietly takes possession, continuing to rise until it has reached the highest level it can attain with the volume imparted by the crevasse. Thus, at a short distance below and *a fortiori* above a crevasse, the highest ground, usually alongside the levee, remains for a long time and often altogether untouched by the water.

The width of a crevasse varying from a hundred feet to half a mile or more depends upon the height of the water above the surface of the earth, the slope in the rear, and the tenacity of the soil of which the levee is composed. As the space afforded by the breach for the escape of the water increases, the abrading force operating upon the levee diminishes, and when it falls below the cohesive strength of the material of the levee the abrasion ceases. Sometimes the work of destruction is limited by securing the ends of the broken levee (this is effected by driving down heavy stakes and depositing masses of gunny-bags filled with earth), and sometimes the same result takes place when the critical point is masked by a thicket of willows, or cotton-wood, or even a fortuitous drift-log.

Closing a crevasse becomes practicable when its current has been so far diminished by a fall of the river without, or the rising of the overflow water within, that stakes can be driven with good hope that they will remain where they have been placed. The difficulty is that, as the width is diminished by the operation, the velocity of the current is increased, and up to the very last it is uncertain whether the break can be closed at all; contrary to the proverb, it is here the last step that costs. This process is, except perhaps in Louisiana, less frequently attempted than it should be. It is not a very easy thing, of course; the cost is considerable, the result always problematical; it may be wholly superfluous, for the river may retire within its banks so that the levee can be rebuilt after the ordinary fashion. On the other hand, the river may not recede—may indeed rise so high that the operation will be utterly impracticable; in view of that probability it is wise to seize the opportunity to close the crevasse while it can be done, and save to the community perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars. Under favorable circumstances very useful work is sometimes done with apparently inadequate means. I once saw a crevasse three or four hundred yards wide, where water was running through from two and a half to three feet deep, closed in five or six hours by sixty men operating with a dozen skiffs, a row-boat, a lot of stakes, and a supply of gunny-bags.

The amount of damage inflicted by an overflow varies greatly; sometimes the fright is the worse result, but generally there is ample and substantial cause for lamentation. Buildings are rarely injured; they might be upset or washed away if a crevasse should occur at a convenient point for that purpose, but somehow levees do not break in front of people's houses. Cattle in considerable numbers are often drowned, but the great damage is the loss of time and the consequent injury to crop prospects. If relief comes in May or early in June, cotton is planted, and a half-crop is a fortunate result. After an overflow, cut-worms are especially numerous, active, and malicious, and seldom permit a full stand of any crop to be obtained. If planting becomes practicable later in June, corn only is grown, and that, too, is generally scanty; after the first of July it is hardly worth while to plant anything.

Sometimes, but rarely, the same body of land has suffered an overflow and produced

a full cotton crop the same year. In a certain land in Mississippi, on the first day of April, 1858, everybody was ready to plant cotton, and on that night the levee was broken. It was a bad crevasse, six hundred yards wide and nearly or quite five feet deep, and admitted an immense volume of water. The roar of the rushing torrent could be heard more than a mile in every direction, and the overflow was general and complete. After two weeks the river fell rapidly, and about the twenty-third of the month was well within its banks; another flood, however, was coming, and the river, already under its influence, was beginning again to rise. The levee authorities and the planters interested seized the opportunity, all the hands in the district subject to levee duty were ordered out, two hundred men were put to work, and in five days the breach was closed. The new levee was not a little after the old style, being tall and slender, but experts thought it might survive if the river should not stand against it more than two or three weeks. Whether the Mississippi had permitted it to be built from complaisance or inadvertence will, probably, never be known; it is certain that for two months no reasonable efforts were spared to break it. From the first of May until after the first of July the river stood against it, usually at a high stage, and at one time higher than that which had proved fatal to its predecessor. The people who had had it built and its friends—it had many friends all along down the river, for seventy-five or a hundred miles, who would suffer severely if it should come to grief—were almost in despair; the neighbors sat up with it night after night. Time wore on; cotton was growing rapidly; the river stood high upon the very steep slope of the levee; the levee, tough and stanch though a light weight, stood up against the river, each apparently determined to fight it out on that line if it should take all summer. At last the river, beaten for once, retired from the contest, King Cotton was in the ascendant, the elements had been propitious, and, though planted a month later than usual, the crop was a full one. The work of two hundred men for five days in building that inartistic levee saved a cotton crop worth more than a million of dollars.

There are various perils to which levees are exposed during the season of their usefulness, but it must not be supposed that every part of the line is equally in jeopardy

or requires the same kind or degree of attention. Levees built after the more modern fashion, with ample height and base, can usually be trusted to take care of themselves with only a general supervision even when the river stands at high-water mark. Numerous strings, however, not so well constructed or unfortunately located need, during the critical season, constant watching and frequent mending and patching. The dangers are either in the levee itself or its position with reference to the river-bank.

Some old levees are, to speak hyperbolically, "full of craw-fish." These little animals make their way through and come out on the inner side near the base, and in a levee so affected are numerous little round holes an inch or two in diameter, through each of which flows a brisk stream. While the water runs clear there is no danger, but when a craw-fish hole runs muddy water disintegration is taking place in the interior, and at any moment the undermined levee may sink below the water-line and a crevasse may follow. There are two modes of treating craw-fish holes: first, to grope in the water outside the levee till the hole is found, then stop it with a sand-bag or otherwise. This is the best way if the hole can be found; otherwise the surest plan is to build around the inner hole a miniature circular levee rising to the level of the river, and in this, as in a bowl, the water remains tranquil.

Some levees are leaky because of their deficiency in dimensions, others on account of the permeable character of the earth of which they are composed; these are always in danger. Others are in danger because of their exposed position—the wind having a clear sweep for many miles, and hurling water against the embankment during the prevalence of heavy storms.

What to do for an endangered levee depends, of course, upon the circumstances of each particular case. The materials employed are stakes, boards, brush, earth—loose and in gunny-bags. These last, though costly, are in the end the cheapest and best ammunition for "fighting water." They should always be held in readiness and used profusely in cases of emergency.

From what has been said, it is apparent that the protection afforded by the levee system, so far as it has yet been developed, was and is essentially imperfect and precarious. A very grave danger of overflow annually recurs, and the partial security which has been attained is held only by

vigilance of a most trying character. The lapse of time adds little or nothing to the security of the country. The crisis of one year safely overpast affords no augury for like immunity in the next, which may be a "big-water" year. If the banks were stable the levees might be gradually increased in dimensions, thus adding to the security which they afford; as it is, the reproduction of levees annually absorbed by the insatiate river exhausts the local resources of the country.

The levee systems of the past and the present have been considered from a strictly practical and unprofessional standpoint. What of the levee of the future? Since the reclamation of the swamp by the action of the general Government has become a possibility, plans for that region have taken a wider range. Formerly engineers, accepting the existing system, confined themselves to its amelioration. Now the old ideas are modified, and new and utterly diverse theories of reclamation are promulgated. The commission of 1874 designed an elaborate levee system, by which the lines in the more northern portion of the region to be leveed would be placed at a great distance from the immediate margin, so as to postpone as long as possible the ultimate doom of the works—falling into the river. This was an old idea, but it was modified by the new idea of an auxiliary system more closely following the banks. This last is a concession to mercy, for without the auxiliary line the riparian proprietors would probably find themselves wholly unprotected, because, under most of the plans for extra permanent levees, the lines would be placed *behind* their plantations, not in front. Under such circumstances they could appreciate vividly *Æsop's* fable of the frogs and their two kings,—Log and Stork,—and, like the frogs, they would, after trying both, infinitely prefer King Log.

Besides the long-range levee with its auxiliary line, two modes of reclamation have been proposed which reduce the levees to a very subordinate element, and, indeed, may make it possible to dispense with them altogether. The first of these, called the "outlet system," is, in effect, that the river be relieved of its superfluous waters by making outlets which will carry off a large proportion of the floods through the delta to the gulf; it has also been suggested that the course of the Red River be diverted so that its floods may reach the Gulf of Mexico by

another route, not contributing to the superabundance of the Mississippi. The withdrawal of so much water would, it is insisted, lower the flood-line for an indefinite distance up the river, preventing overflows in future and keeping the river easily under the control of the levees.

The system offered by Captain Eads is the precise opposite of the "outlet system." He would close all outlets and all island chutes, permit no water to escape, confine it all closely, and make it work its passage to the gulf by diligently dredging out the bottom of the river. He proposes to bring the channel to a uniform width and thereby, as he asserts, secure a uniform depth and uniform velocity, these three constituting, according to his theory, the great *desiderata*.

During the session of Congress of 1878-79, Captain Eads, at the request of a member, appeared before the House Committee on Commerce and expressed his views on this subject at some length. From his remarks it appears that his plan is very ambitious and exhaustive, including everything that could be desired as well for the perfect navigation of the river as for the reclamation of the swamp. He says:

"By bringing the river channel to an approximately uniform width a uniform depth of channel must result. A channel of uniform width will not be subject to these constant alterations of current velocity, and the caving of the banks must necessarily cease. A uniform width of the river, therefore, implies a uniform depth, and this means at least twenty feet of water, at all seasons of the year, through eleven hundred miles of navigation to the sea. But a uniform width of channel means more than this; it means the prevention of caving banks and the loss of valuable farms and improvements thereon. It means far more than this; it implies the reclamation and protection of thirty-seven thousand square miles of the richest alluvial territory on the face of the earth, for a uniformity of channel width also implies a lower flood-line, which is equivalent to lifting this vast and fertile area above the level and beyond the devastation of the annual floods of the river."

Again—as if to make assurance doubly sure—he says:

"Any further reduction in the flood-line which might be found necessary after the correction of the river, could be obtained by one or two, or possibly three, judicious cut-offs somewhere above the mouth of Red River. The effect of each cut-off would be to lower the flood-line throughout the entire alluvial region above it."

To kill two birds with one stone is considered excellent marksmanship, but Captain Eads proposes to surpass this ballistic

performance by bringing down three, birds in high feather at that—i. e., to convert the Mississippi River into a veritable "inland sea," with a perennially perfect stage of water; fully to reclaim a vast territory equivalent in area to two or three of our smaller States; to "correct" the Mississippi, break it of its bad habit of carving off its banks, and teach it to deport itself like other respectable rivers. He leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. Only exacting and unreasonable people could demand of him in addition the extirpation of chills, mosquitoes, and cotton-worms. If he will perform what is promised in this programme he will "outdo his former outdoings"—the St. Louis bridge and the jetties at the mouth of the river.

However, luxuries must be paid for—the cost will be fearful. On this point Captain Eads is re-assuring, though a trifle vague. Speaking of the whole project, he says:

"This can be accomplished for a sum entirely within the ability of the Government, and one really insignificant when compared with the magnitude of the benefits which would flow from such improvement."

Of course, "facts and figures" must come later. Even approximate estimates can-

not be furnished until after a thorough and accurate survey of the whole proposed work shall have been made.

It is needless to say that each of these theories encounters hostile criticism. Against the outlet system it is alleged that the permanent effect of an outlet is to raise, not to depress, the flood-line of the river for indefinite distances above it. Of the Eads plan a very material feature is that the river, confined in a channel of uniform width, shall scour out its own bottom, and, thus deepening the channel, reduce the flood-line. The objection is that the true bottom of the river, underlying gravel, sand, and silt deposited upon it, is composed of tough blue clay, which is not likely to yield to the abrasion of the current. Its refractory character, it is insisted, would put a stop to the contemplated deepening process before any useful results had been accomplished.

Which of these projects is the true ideal scientific way by which the great river is destined to be ultimately bridled, bitted, tamed, and run in harness, it is difficult to say. They constitute, with the objections urged against each, an interesting scientific problem worthy of the careful consideration of engineers and legislators.

AN OLD VIRGINIAN.

COLONEL HARTRIGHT, of "Hartright Hall," in Surrey County, on James River, is a Virginian of the old *régime*. I speak of him in the present tense, going back in memory a score of years, and fancying that the worthy gentleman is still alive,—the type of a race which has disappeared, or is every hour assuming a new phase and different characteristics.

Let us leave the dust and din of cities, and, descending the broad current of the James, land at the wharf running far into the stream, and walk up to the old manor-house, embowered in the foliage of its ancient oaks. It is a plain weather-board building of large size, with wings, a long veranda, innumerable outhouses, a great barn and stables in the rear; and the extensive grounds, covered with the greenest turf, are overshadowed by clumps of trees, whose leaves whisper low as the breeze stirs them.

Everything about the place is old. The stone steps are worn by the feet of many

generations, and moss grows in the interstices. Some plaster has fallen from the ceiling of the veranda. The heavy door, which, winter and summer, stands hospitably open, and is scarcely secured at night (for the huge, rusty key turns with difficulty in the huge, rusty lock), has made a deep furrow in the floor; and within, all is equally suggestive of old times. The hall, which runs through the house, is broad and roomy, with cane-bottomed lounges on each side; and its walls are wainscoted with dark oak. On this wainscoting hang branching stags'-horns, game-bags, fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, engravings of famous race-horses, and a number of portraits, in plain oaken frames, of members of the family who flourished in the palmy days of the Hartridges. Here is the likeness of Colonel William Hartright, of the time of Queen Anne, who went to England, knew Bolingbroke and Addison, and was a gay wit and gallant, as you might, indeed, fancy

from his sparkling eyes, his gracious smile, and his handsome face, framed in the flowing curls of his peruke. Beside him is the portrait of his daughter,—a little flower of the spring-time, with a rose in her hair and twin roses in her cheeks,—the blue silk bodice running down into a long point, and clearly defining her slender figure. Next to these you may see another old colonel, Carter Hartright, who "fought for King Charles," and found Virginia thereafter a safer place than England; and further on, the Hartridges male and female of many generations, including the brave young captain who fell at Brandywine. These portraits are the only evidences that the family was once wealthy and distinguished. All else in the house is plain and unpretending. The furniture is old-fashioned;—the hard, round-armed sofas, the tall-backed chairs, and discolored sideboard, belong to another age. The high, narrow mantel-piece rises above a broad fire-place with plain old andirons on which a thousand wagon-loads of wood have burned away. On the small window-panes are scratched the names of youths and maidens long crumbled to dust. All about the Hall is antique, plain, unassuming, home-like, and takes you back to the past time and its people.

I linger in memory over these details of the honest old country-house, thinking of the frolic, the laughter, the gay carnival of old days there when I was young.

But to speak more especially of the master of the mansion—Colonel Hartright. Here he is, seated in his easy-chair on the porch, reading his newspaper; let me attempt to draw his portrait. The colonel is tall, thin, and nearly seventy years of age, but still hale and hearty. His hair is gray, but still abundant, and is pushed back behind his ears, and falls on his shoulders. The expression of his face is charming. The kindest smile habitually lights it up, and when he speaks his voice can only be described by the word *caressante*. It is full of simplicity, mildness, and sweetness; but a glance at the penetrating eyes of the colonel is sufficient to convince you that he is a man of extraordinary force of character. His dress is the plainest of the plain. It consists of an old, shabby, short-waisted dress coat, with a high collar, a long waistcoat, worn with use, drab pantaloons, and buckled shoes. Beside him is an ancient beaver hat, discolored by exposure, while his face and old hands are tanned by sun and wind.

You would not imagine from his plain almost poor, appearance that he is the largest land-holder of the region, or from his age that he is still an ardent fox-hunter. But such is the fact. On the coldest morning of winter the old master of Hartright Hall may still be seen in the saddle by daybreak, and his large, dappled hunter, requiring knees and wrists of iron, still leads the sport, over every obstacle, in the wake of the hounds yonder, bay-ing hoarsely as they drag the blocks to which they are attached. Once the colonel was a famous cock-fighter, taking huge pride in his "spangles," and boasting that his breed was the finest in Virginia. But this he has long since given up.

Still his old taste lingers, and now and then he disappears in a mysterious manner, for a few days, and on his return gives no account of himself. He has ridden twenty miles to see a main of cocks, and has enjoyed it with the ardor of youth; as he still enjoys a fox-hunt with his old neighbor, Mr. Stratton. Mr. Stratton is an enthusiast in hounds, and our old colonel will tell you, with admiration, how he acted when his favorite, Romulus, "cut"—that is to say, did not follow the scent, but, seeing the fox doubling, took a short cut to reach him. Mr. Stratton drew rein thereupon, groaning out:

"Romulus has *cut*, gentlemen!"

"No matter, Mr. Stratton," was the reply; "don't take it so much to heart."

But the old fox-hunter shook his head, pathetically.

"I appreciate your kindness, gentlemen," he said, mournfully, "but my feelings are too much for me. Romulus has cut. I am going home, gentlemen!"

Which anecdote old Colonel Hartright relates with evident admiration of the feeling exhibited by his neighbor.

He is a strong Southerner and Democrat, swearing by the "Richmond Enquirer," whose founder, "old Tom Ritchie," he considers the greatest of all editors, dead or alive; and it is refreshing to hear him talk politics with old Phil Warrington, a neighbor, who is an ardent Whig. When these two worthies discuss political affairs, they pass by slow degrees from the courteous and friendly to the indignant, and from the indignant to the quarrelsome. They scowl at each other; they both talk at once in a very loud tone; and the resolutions of '98, and the characters of Adams, Jefferson, Calhoun, and Jackson are the topics of angry argu-

ment. When the friends have fought thus for two hours with indignant wrath, they quietly begin to laugh, and drop the discussion. The colonel temporarily disappears, comes back followed by a youthful African, bearing on a waiter a pitcher of iced toddy, and the foes proceed to hobnob peacefully.

The old colonel is hospitable to the echo, and is never so well pleased as when the Hall is crammed with guests. It is never quite full, for if all the chambers are occupied, mattresses are spread in the drawing-room, the dining-room, everywhere. In the memory of man, the mansion has scarcely ever been entirely without guests. Throughout the entire summer and autumn, the broad mahogany dining-table—dark with age, but shining like a mirror—is crowded. It groans with a profusion of every edible of the land and water; and the more his guests consume, the greater the colonel's pleasure and satisfaction. Without visitors, he seems to miss something and is not happy; especially young people, for they are his particular favorites, and love him dearly in return. It is a pleasant sight to see him seated in the large parlor, watching them play "fox and geese," "blind-man's-buff," or "hunt the slipper." He looks on with pleased smiles over the top of his newspaper, never complains of the noise and confusion, and is even reported, on one occasion, to have suffered himself to be blindfolded, and joined in the blind man's game. If the young people wish to dance, they beg him to play for them—for one of the colonel's accomplishments is his performance on the violin. He resists *pro forma*, and begs to be left in peace. But the young people know what the result will be, and redouble their urging. Whereupon the colonel yields, declaring that they are the greatest of pests; takes his ancient fiddle from its case, and soon the "Snow-bird on the ash-bank," or some other famous reel, fills the large apartment with its contagious mirth. The lines are formed; the young men and maidens dart from end to end of the room, with glowing cheeks; and the loud, rejoicing music roars on without cessation, the colonel swaying from side to side, patting his foot, and sawing away with all the ardor of youth. When the reel ends, the young maidens rush to him, throw their arms around his neck, and kiss him energetically, by way of thanks. They then form a group around him, and demand "a story," which the colonel proceeds to tell. It is sometimes a ghost

story, related with imposing solemnity; sometimes a love affair, when his tone is full of a lurking humor. The latter he follows with advice to the youths. A young man, he says, should never omit an opportunity of squeezing his sweetheart's hand. The boys, he adds, are not as ardent now as they were in his time. When he was young, he more than once swam swollen streams on horseback to see his sweetheart, and had galloped twenty miles at night, thrown a nosegay into her open chamber-window, and galloped back. To dance a reel with her, he would have ridden through the woods on fire! Once, he says, it was the fashion to approach a young lady with an air of deference, bow to the ground, and request, in a tone of deep respect, the honor and pleasure of her hand in the minuet. Now the young men lounged up lazily, ducked their heads, and asked carelessly if the maidens "wanted to dance." Shocking, shocking! It was not so in *his* time, and everything and everybody seemed to be deteriorating more and more!

No one has ever charged the colonel with being an "aristocrat," which his plain old house, his plain old manners, and his uniform and equal courtesy to high and low, rich and poor, seemed to render absurd. Still, he has a great regard for the "good old families," and repudiates as a ridiculous fallacy the doctrine that all men are equal. "If Mr. Jefferson, who originated that idea in this country," he says, "meant that all honest men had a right to a voice in the government, he was right; if he meant that all men are equal in another and the general sense, he uttered an absurdity. Men are like animals—the character of the parents descends to the offspring. The colt of a thorough-bred is a racer, and the child of an honest man is apt to be honest, as the child of a sneak is likely to be a sneak. A gentleman is a gentleman; money and fine clothes do not make a man one, nor family, either, for some of the best gentlemen in reality I've ever known have been poor and humble. And as to money, who attaches any importance to that? There's old Tom Lackland, across the river, who has an execution served on him every month in the year, and lives in an old rat-trap of a house that scarcely keeps the rain out—is he less of a gentleman than Mr. Threepcent, his neighbor? Mr. Threepcent could buy him out easily; but if the British marched into Virginia, old Tom

would shoulder a musket, and Threepercent would not. Tom would give a poor creature his last dollar in the world, and Mr. Threepercent would turn the unfortunate one away from his door with a curse. Which is the better gentleman, the purse-proud shaver, in his glossy broadcloth, or old Tom, in his shabby coat? It is the kindly, honest heart that makes the gentleman, my son, and if the owner of it wears a homespun coat and digs a ditch or drives the plane, what matter is it? The gentleman is there."

Thus does the worthy colonel discourse as to classes in society, and he seems to take pleasure in illustrating his views by reference to Mr. Threepercent. He does not like that worthy. He frowns as he passes by the land once old Tom Lackland's, now Mr. Threepercent's, and I fear is at such times a terrible aristocrat.

But the aged colonel gives himself little trouble about the outside world and its pursuits. His world is Hartright Hall and the fields around it; his children, from young Hopeful, the future head of the house, to the little maiden of ten, who spends half the time on his lap; and Mrs. Hartright, the tall, gray-haired, sweetly smiling old dame, with whom he has journeyed through life, from the era when they were both rosy-cheeked and in their teens, to the present. With the old Hall and its inmates the colonel is quite content. He means to live and die here, keeping up the family, and preserving, as far as possible, all the old habits and traditions of the past. Of these, the Christmas festivities are the most interesting and delightful. At this famous season, you may see Hartright Hall in all its splendor. The whole great Hartright clan, from far and near, assemble, and the venerable mansion blooms like a flower-bed with brilliant dresses, rosy

cheeks, and smiles and laughter. For days preceding, dances, sleigh-rides, great dinners, and endless games are the order of the day and night, and all look forward to the crowning festivity. The Hall is half buried in evergreens, which crown the portraits, festoon the wainscoting, and make bowers for lovers in the alcoves. At night, on Christmas eve, the colonel himself hangs up the stockings and acts the part of old St. Nick, waking early, and listening to the laughter and delight of the young ones as they seize the stockings and retire to bed again to examine their hidden treasure. The day follows: everybody "catches" everybody; breakfast, and attendance at the neighboring church succeed, and this is followed by the grand Christmas dinner, lighted by candles in the old silver branches, heirlooms in the family. A great crowd fills the table, there is an uproar of voices mingled with laughter, the colonel pushes the sherry and Madeira ("honest old wines," he says), and the very sleek-faced Africans, who come and go with endless plates and dishes, grin in delighted sympathy with the time.

Such is the old Virginian of the old *régime*, in his old Virginia homestead. He has his whims and foibles, his eccentricities and prejudices, but almost all of them are kindly and amiable. Here and there, in remote localities, these old worthies of another age still linger, striving to preserve the traditions of the past, but alas! that whole generation is going. Soon the Colonel Hartridges will be extinct. The strong hands which shaped the Republic have crumbled—the sons of the sires are passing away, also. As the lofty forms defile before us, on their way to the grave, let us salute them. There is time enough, even in the midst of the whirl and bustle, to murmur a "Hail and farewell!"

UNDOWERED.

Thou hast not gold? Why, this is gold
All clustering round thy forehead white;
And were it weighed, and were it told,
I could not say its worth to-night!

Thou hast not wjt? Why, what is this
Wherewith thou capturest many a wight
Who doth forget a tongue is his—
As I well-nigh forgot to-night!

Nor station? Well, ah, well! I own
Thou hast no place assured thee quite;
So now I raise thee to a throne;
Begin thy reign, my Queen, to-night.

MADAME DELPHINE.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

Author of "Old Creole Days," and "The Grandissimes."

CHAPTER XII.

THE MOTHER BIRD.

ONE afternoon, some three weeks after Captain Lemaitre had called on Madame Delphine, the priest started to make a pastoral call and had hardly left the gate of his cottage, when a person, overtaking him, plucked his gown:

"Père Jerome —"

He turned.

The face that met his was so changed with excitement and distress that for an instant he did not recognize it.

"Why, Madame Delphine —"

"Oh, Père Jerome! I wan' see you so bad, so bad! *Mo oulé dit qui'ose*,—I godd some' to tell you."

The two languages might be more successful than one, she seemed to think.

"We had better go back to my parlor," said the priest, in their native tongue.

They returned.

Madame Delphine's very step was altered, —nervous and inelastic. She swung one arm as she walked, and brandished a turkey-tail fan.

"I was glad, yass, to kedge you," she said, as they mounted the front, outdoor stair; following her speech with a slight, unmusical laugh, and fanning herself with unconscious fury.

"*Fé chaud*," she remarked again, taking the chair he offered and continuing to ply the fan.

Père Jerome laid his hat upon a chest of drawers, sat down opposite her, and said, as he wiped his kindly face:

"Well, Madame Carraze?"

Gentle as the tone was, she started, ceased fanning, lowered the fan to her knee, and commenced smoothing its feathers.

"Père Jerome —". She gnawed her lip and shook her head.

"Well?"

She burst into tears.

The priest rose and loosed the curtain of one of the windows. He did it slowly—as slowly as he could, and, as he came back, she lifted her face with sudden energy, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Père Jerome, de law is brogue! de law is brogue! I brogue it! 'Twas me! 'Twas me!"

The tears gushed out again, but she shut her lips very tight, and dumbly turned away her face. Père Jerome waited a little before replying; then he said, very gently:

"I suppose dad muss 'ave been by accyden', Madame Delphine?"

The little father felt a wish—one which he often had when weeping women were before him—that he were an angel instead of a man, long enough to press the tearful cheek upon his breast, and assure the weeper God would not let the lawyers and judges hurt her. He allowed a few moments more to pass, and then asked:

"*N'est-ce-pas*, Madame Delphine? Daz ze way, aint it?"

"No, Père Jerome, no. My daughter —oh, Père Jerome, I bethroath my lill' girl —to a w'ite man!" And immediately Madame Delphine commenced savagely drawing a thread in the fabric of her skirt with one trembling hand, while she drove the fan with the other. "Dey goin' git marry."

On the priest's face came a look of pained surprise. He slowly said:

"Is dad possib', Madame Delphine?"

"Yass," she replied, at first without lifting her eyes; and then again, "Yass," looking full upon him through her tears, "yass, 'tis tru'."

He rose and walked once across the room, returned, and said, in the Creole dialect:

"Is he a good man—without doubt?"

"De bez in God's world!" replied Madame Delphine, with a rapturous smile.

"My poor, dear friend," said the priest, "I am afraid you are being deceived by somebody."

There was the pride of an unswerving faith in the triumphant tone and smile with which she replied, raising and slowly shaking her head:

"Ah-h, no-o-o, Miché! Ah-h, no, no! Not by Ursin Lemaitre-Vignevielle!"

Père Jerome was confounded. He turned again, and, with his hands at his back and his eyes cast down, slowly paced the floor.

"He *is* a good man," he said, by and by, as if he thought aloud. At length he halted before the woman.

"Madame Delphine——"

The distressed glance with which she had been following his steps was lifted to his eyes.

"Suppose dad should be true w'at doze peop' say 'bout Ursin."

"*Qui ci ça ?* What is that?" asked the quadroone, stopping her fan.

"Some peop' say Ursin is crezzie."

"Ah, Père Jerome!" She leaped to her feet as if he had smitten her, and putting his words away with an outstretched arm and wide-open palm, suddenly lifted hands and eyes to heaven, and cried: "I wizh to God—I wizh to God—de whole worl' was crezzie dad same way!" She sank, trembling, into her chair. "Oh, no, no," she continued, shaking her head, "'tis not Miché Vignevielle w'at's crezzie." Her eyes lighted with sudden fierceness. "'Tis dad *law*! Dad *law* is crezzie! Dad *law* is a fool!"

A priest of less heart-wisdom might have replied that the law is—the law; but Père Jerome saw that Madame Delphine was expecting this very response. Wherefore he said, with gentleness:

"Madame Delphine, a priest is not a bailiff, but a physician. How can I help you?"

A grateful light shone a moment in her eyes, yet there remained a piteous hostility in the tone in which she demanded:

"*Mais, pou'quoi yé fé cette méchanique là ?* What business had they to make that contraption?"

His answer was a shrug with his palms extended and a short, disclamatory "Ah." He started to resume his walk, but turned to her again and said:

"Why did they make that law? Well, they made it to keep the two races separate."

Madame Delphine startled the speaker with a loud, harsh, angry laugh. Fire came from her eyes and her lip curled with scorn.

"Then they made a lie, Père Jerome! Separate! No-o-o! They do not want to keep us separated; no, no! But they *do* want to keep us despised!" She laid her hand on her heart, and frowned upward with physical pain. "But, very well! from which race do they want to keep my daughter separate? She is seven parts white! The law did not stop her from being that; and now, when she wants to be a white man's good and honest wife, shall

that law stop her? Oh, no!" She rose up. "No; I will tell you what that law is made for. It is made to—punish—my—child—for—not—choosing—her—father! Père Jerome—my God, what a law!" She dropped back into her seat. The tears came in a flood, which she made no attempt to restrain.

"No," she began again—and here she broke into English—"fo' me I don' kyare; but, Père Jerome,—'tis fo' dat I come to tell you,—*dey shall not* punizh my daughter!" She was on her feet again, smiting her heaving bosom with the fan. "She shall marrie oo she want!"

Père Jerome had heard her out, not interrupting by so much as a motion of the hand. Now his decision was made, and he touched her softly with the ends of his fingers.

"Madame Delphine, I want you to go at 'ome. Go at 'ome."

"Wad you goin' mague?" she asked.

"Nottin'. But go at 'ome. Kip quite; don' put you'se'f sig. I goin' see Ursin. We trah to figs dat law fo' you."

"You kin figs dad!" she cried, with a gleam of joy.

"We goin' to try, Madame Delphine. Adieu!"

He offered his hand. She seized and kissed it thrice, covering it with tears, at the same time lifting up her eyes to his and murmuring:

"De bez man God evva maque!"

At the door she turned to offer a more conventional good-bye; but he was following her out, bareheaded. At the gate they paused an instant, and then parted with a simple adieu, she going home and he returning for his hat, and starting again upon his interrupted business.

Before he came back to his own house, he stopped at the lodgings of Monsieur Vignevielle, but did not find him in.

"Indeed," the servant at the door said, "he said he might not return for some days or weeks."

So Père Jerome, much wondering, made a second detour toward the residence of one of Monsieur Vignevielle's employés.

"Yes," said the clerk, "his instructions are to hold the business, as far as practicable, in suspense, during his absence. Everything is in another name." And then he whispered:

"Officers of the Government looking for him. Information got from some of the prisoners taken months ago by the United

States brig *Porpoise*. But"—a still softer whisper—"have no fear; they will never find him: Jean Thompson and Evariste Varrilat have hid him away too well for that."

CHAPTER XIII.

TRIBULATION.

THE Saturday following was a very beautiful day. In the morning a light fall of rain had passed across the town, and all the afternoon you could see signs, here and there upon the horizon, of other showers. The ground was dry again, while the breeze was cool and sweet, smelling of wet foliage and bringing sunshine and shade in frequent and very pleasing alternation.

There was a walk in Père Jerome's little garden, of which we have not spoken, off on the right side of the cottage, with his chamber window at one end, a few old and twisted, but blossom-laden, crape-myrtles on either hand, now and then a rose of some unpretending variety and some bunches of rue, and at the other end a shrine, in whose blue niche stood a small figure of Mary, with folded hands and uplifted eyes. No other window looked down upon the spot, and its seclusion was often a great comfort to Père Jerome.

Up and down this walk, but a few steps in its entire length, the priest was walking, taking the air for a few moments after a prolonged sitting in the confessional. Penitents had been numerous this afternoon. He was thinking of Ursin.

The officers of the Government had not found him, nor had Père Jerome seen him; yet he believed they had, in a certain indirect way, devised a simple project by which they could at any time "figs dad law," providing only that these Government officials would give over their search; for, though he had not seen the fugitive, Madame Delphine had seen him, and had been the vehicle of communication between them. There was an orange-tree, where a mocking-bird was wont to sing and a girl in white to walk, that the detectives wot not of. The law was to be "figs" by the departure of the three frequenters of the jasmine-scented garden in one ship to France, where the law offered no obstacles.

It seemed moderately certain to those in search of Monsieur Vignevelle (and it was true) that Jean and Evariste were his harborers; but for all that the hunt, even for

clues, was vain. The little banking establishment had not been disturbed. Jean Thompson had told the searchers certain facts about it, and about its gentle proprietor as well, that persuaded them to make no move against the concern, if the same revelations did not even induce a relaxation of their efforts for his personal discovery.

Père Jerome was walking to and fro, with his hands behind him, pondering these matters. He had paused a moment at the end of the walk furthest from his window, and was looking around upon the sky, when, turning, he beheld a closely veiled female figure standing at the other end, and knew instantly that it was Olive.

She came forward quickly and with evident eagerness.

"I came to confession," she said, breathing hurriedly, the excitement in her eyes shining through her veil, "but I find I am too late."

"There is no too late or too early for that; I am always ready," said the priest. "But how is your mother?"

"Ah! —"

Her voice failed.

"More trouble?"

"Ah, sir, I have *made* trouble. Oh, Père Jerome, I am bringing so much trouble upon my poor mother!"

Père Jerome moved slowly toward the house, with his eyes cast down, the veiled girl at his side.

"It is not your fault," he presently said. And after another pause: "I thought it was all arranged."

He looked up and could see, even through the veil, her crimson blush.

"Oh, no," she replied, in a low, despairing voice, dropping her face.

"What is the difficulty?" asked the priest, stopping in the angle of the path, where it turned toward the front of the house.

She averted her face, and began picking the thin scales of bark from a crape-myrtle.

"Madame Thompson and her husband were at our house this morning. He had told Monsieur Thompson all about it. They were very kind to me at first, but they tried —" She was weeping.

"What did they try to do?" asked the priest.

"They tried to make me believe he is insane."

She succeeded in passing her handkerchief up under her veil.

"And I suppose then your poor mother grew angry, eh?"

"Yes; and they became much more so, and said if we did not write, or send a writing, to *him*, within twenty-four hours, breaking the —"

"Engagement," said Père Jerome.

"They would give him up to the Government. Oh, Père Jerome, what shall I do? It is killing my mother!"

She bowed her head and sobbed.

"Where is your mother now?"

"She has gone to see Monsieur Jean Thompson. She says she has a plan that will match them all. I do not know what it is. I begged her not to go; but oh, sir, she is crazy,—and—I am no better."

"My poor child," said Père Jerome, "what you seem to want is not absolution, but relief from persecution."

"Oh, father, I have committed mortal sin,—I am guilty of pride and anger."

"Nevertheless," said the priest, starting toward his front gate, "we will put off your confession. Let it go until to-morrow morning; you will find me in my box just before mass; I will hear you then. My child, I know that in your heart, now, you begrudge the time it would take; and that is right. There are moments when we are not in place even on penitential knees. It is so with you now. We must find your mother. Go you at once to your house; if she is there, comfort her as best you can, and *keep her in, if possible*, until I come. If she is not there, stay; leave me to find her; one of you, at least, must be where I can get word to you promptly. God comfort and uphold you. I hope you may find her at home; tell her, for me, not to fear,"—he lifted the gate-latch,—"*that she and her daughter are of more value than many sparrows; that God's priest sends her that word from Him. Tell her to fix her trust in the great Husband of the Church, and she shall yet see her child receiving the grace-giving sacrament of matrimony. Go; I shall, in a few minutes, be on my way to Jean Thompson's, and shall find her, either there or wherever she is. Go; they shall not oppress you. Adieu!*"

A moment or two later he was in the street himself.

CHAPTER XIV.

BY AN OATH.

PÈRE JEROME, pausing on a street-corner in the last hour of sunlight, had wiped his brow and taken his cane down from under

his arm to start again, when somebody, coming noiselessly from he knew not where, asked, so suddenly as to startle him:

"*Miché, commin yé 'pellé la rie ici?*—how do they call this street here?"

It was by the bonnet and dress, disordered though they were, rather than by the haggard face which looked distractedly around, that he recognized the woman to whom he replied in her own *patois*:

"It is the Rue Burgundy. Where are you going, Madame Delphine?"

She almost leaped from the ground.

"Oh, Père Jerome! *mo pas conné*,—I dunno. You know w're's dad 'ouse of Miché Jean Tomkin? *Mo courri 'ci, mo courri là,—mo pas capabe li trouvè*. I go (run) here—there—I cannot find it." She gesticulated.

"I am going there myself," said he; "but why do you want to see Jean Thompson, Madame Delphine?"

"I 'blige' to see 'im!" she replied, jerking herself half around, one foot planted forward with an air of excited preoccupation; "I god some' to tell 'im wad I 'blige' to tell 'im!"

"Madame Delphine —"

"Oh! Père Jerome, fo' de love of de good God, show me dad way to de 'ouse of Jean Tomkin!"

Her distressed smile implored pardon for the rudeness.

"What are you going to tell him?" asked the priest.

"Oh, Père Jerome,"—in the Creole *patois* again,—"*I am going to put an end to all this trouble—only I pray you do not ask me about it now; every minute is precious!*"

He could not withstand her look of entreaty.

"Come," he said, and they went.

Jean Thompson and Doctor Varrillat lived opposite each other on the Bayou road, a little way beyond the town limits as then prescribed. Each had his large, white-columned, four-sided house among the magnolias,—his huge live-oak overshadowing either corner of the darkly shaded garden, his broad, brick walk leading down to the tall, brick-pillared gate, his square of bright, red pavement on the turf-covered sidewalk, and his railed platform spanning the draining-ditch, with a pair of green benches, one on each edge, facing each other crosswise of the gutter. There, any sunset hour, you were sure to find the householder sitting beside his cool-robed matron, two or three

slave-nurses in white turbans standing at hand, and an excited throng of fair children, nearly all of a size.

Sometimes, at a beckon or call, the parents on one side of the way would join those on the other, and the children and nurses of both families would be given the liberty of the opposite platform and an ice-cream fund! Generally the parents chose the Thompson platform, its outlook being more toward the sunset.

Such happened to be the arrangement this afternoon. The two husbands sat on one bench and their wives on the other, both pairs very quiet, waiting respectfully for the day to die, and exchanging only occasional comments on matters of light moment as they passed through the memory. During one term of silence Madame Varrillat, a pale, thin-faced, but cheerful-looking lady, touched Madame Thompson, a person of two and a half times her weight, on her extensive and snowy, bare elbow, directing her attention obliquely up and across the road.

About a hundred yards distant, in the direction of the river, was a long, pleasantly shaded green strip of turf, destined in time for a sidewalk. It had a deep ditch on the nearer side, and a fence of rough cypress palisades on the farther, and these were overhung, on the one hand, by a row of bitter-orange trees inside the inclosure, and, on the other, by a line of slanting china-trees along the outer edge of the ditch. Down this cool avenue two figures were approaching side by side. They had first attracted Madame Varrillat's notice by the bright play of sunbeams which, as they walked, fell upon them in soft, golden flashes through the chinks between the palisades.

Madame Thompson elevated a pair of glasses which were no detraction from her very good looks, and remarked, with the serenity of a reconnoitering general:

"Père Jerome et cette milatriaise."

All eyes were bent toward them.

"She walks like a man," said Madame Varrillat, in the language with which the conversation had opened.

"No," said the physician, "like a woman in a state of high nervous excitement."

Jean Thompson kept his eyes on the woman, and said:

"She must not forget to walk like a woman in the State of Louisiana,"—as near as the pun can be translated. The company laughed. Jean Thompson looked at

his wife, whose applause he prized, and she answered by an asseverative toss of the head, leaning back and contriving, with some effort, to get her arms folded. Her laugh was musical and low, but enough to make the folded arms shake gently up and down.

"Père Jerome is talking to her," said one. The priest was at that moment endeavoring, in the interest of peace, to say a good word for the four people who sat watching his approach. It was in the old strain:

"Blame them one part, Madame Delphine, and their fathers, mothers, brothers, and fellow-citizens the other ninety-nine."

But to everything she had the one amiable answer which Père Jerome ignored:

"I am going to arrange it to satisfy everybody, all together. *Tout à fait.*"

"They are coming here," said Madame Varrillat, half articulately.

"Well, of course," murmured another, and the four rose up, smiling courteously, the doctor and attorney advancing and shaking hands with the priest.

No—Père Jerome thanked them—he could not sit down.

"This, I believe you know, Jean, is Madame Delphine —"

The quadroone courtesied.

"A friend of mine," he added, smiling kindly upon her, and turning, with something imperative in his eye, to the group. "She says she has an important private matter to communicate."

"To me?" asked Jean Thompson.

"To all of you; so I will — Good-evening." He responded nothing to the expressions of regret, but turned to Madame Delphine. She murmured something.

"Ah! yes, certainly." He addressed the company: "She wishes me to speak for her veracity; it is unimpeachable. Well, good-evening." He shook hands and departed.

The four resumed their seats, and turned their eyes upon the standing figure.

"Have you something to say to us?" asked Jean Thompson, frowning at her law-defying bonnet.

"*Oui,*" replied the woman, shrinking to one side, and laying hold of one of the benches, "*mo oulé di' tou' çose*—I want to tell everything. *Miché Vignevelle la plis bon homme di' mouné*—the best man in the world; *mo pas capable li fé tracas*—I cannot give him trouble. *Mo pas capable non ; m'olé di' tous çose.*" She attempted to fan herself, her face turned away from the attorney, and her eyes rested on the ground.

"Take a seat," said Doctor Varrillat, with

some suddenness, starting from his place and gently guiding her sinking form into the corner of the bench. The two ladies rose up; somebody had to stand; the two races could not both sit down at once—at least not in that public manner.

"Your salts," said the physician to his wife. She handed the vial. Madame Delphine stood up again.

"We will all go inside," said Madame Thompson, and they passed through the gate and up the walk, mounted the steps, and entered the deep, cool drawing-room.

Madame Thompson herself bade the quadroone be seated.

"Well?" said Jean Thompson, as the rest took chairs.

"*C'est drole*—it's funny," said Madame Delphine, with a piteous effort to smile, "that nobody thought of it. It is so plain. You have only to look and see. I mean about Olive." She loosed a button in the front of her dress and passed her hand into her bosom. "And yet, Olive herself never thought of it. She does not know a word."

The hand came out holding a miniature. Madame Varrillat passed it to Jean Thompson.

"*Ouala so popa*," said Madame Delphine. "That is her father."

It went from one to another, exciting admiration and murmured praise.

"She is the image of him," said Madame Thompson, in an austere under-tone, returning it to her husband.

Doctor Varrillat was watching Madame Delphine. She was very pale. She had passed a trembling hand into a pocket of her skirt, and now drew out another picture, in a case the counterpart of the first. He reached out for it, and she handed it to him. He looked at it a moment, when his eyes suddenly lighted up and he passed it to the attorney.

"*Et là*"—Madame Delphine's utterance failed—"et là, ouala sa moman." (That is her mother.)

The three others instantly gathered around Jean Thompson's chair. They were much impressed.

"It is true beyond a doubt!" muttered Madame Thompson.

Madame Varrillat looked at her with astonishment.

"The proof is right there in the faces," said Madame Thompson.

"Yes! yes!" said Madame Delphine, excitedly; "the proof is there! You do not want any better! I am willing to swear to it!"

VOL. XXII.—34.

But you want no better proof! That is all anybody could want! My God! you cannot help but see it!"

Her manner was wild.

Jean Thompson looked at her sternly.

"Nevertheless, you say you are willing to take your solemn oath to this."

"Certainly——"

"You will have to do it."

"Certainly, Miché Thompson, of course I shall; you will make out the paper and I will swear before God that it is true! Only"—turning to the ladies—"do not tell Olive; she will never believe it. It will break her heart! It——"

A servant came and spoke privately to Madame Thompson, who rose quickly and went to the hall. Madame Delphine continued, rising unconsciously:

"You see, I have had her with me from a baby. She knows no better. He brought her to me only two months old. Her mother had died in the ship, coming out here. He did not come straight from home here. His people never knew he was married!"

The speaker looked around suddenly with a startled glance. There was a noise of excited speaking in the hall.

"It is not true, Madame Thompson!" cried a girl's voice.

Madame Delphine's look became one of wildest distress and alarm, and she opened her lips in a vain attempt to utter some request, when Olive appeared a moment in the door, and then flew into her arms.

"My mother! my mother! my mother!"

Madame Thompson, with tears in her eyes, tenderly drew them apart and let Madame Delphine down into her chair, while Olive threw herself upon her knees, continuing to cry:

"Oh, my mother! Say you are my mother!"

Madame Delphine looked an instant into the upturned face, and then turned her own away with a long, low cry of pain, looked again, and laying both hands upon the suppliant's head, said:

"*Oh, chère piti à moin, to pa' ma fie!*" (Oh, my darling little one, you are not my daughter!) Her eyes closed, and her head sank back; the two gentlemen sprang to her assistance, and laid her upon a sofa unconscious.

When they brought her to herself, Olive was kneeling at her head, silently weeping.

"*Maman, chère maman!*" said the girl softly, kissing her lips.

"*Ma courri c'ez moi*" (I will go home), said the mother, dearly.

"You will go home with me," said Madame Varrillat, with great kindness of manner—"just across the street here; I will take care of you till you feel better. And Olive will stay here, with Madame Thompson. You will be only the width of the street apart."

But Madame Delphine would go nowhere but to her home. Olive she would not allow to go with her. Then they wanted to send a servant or two to sleep in the house with her for aid and protection; but all she would accept was the transient service of a messenger to invite two of her kinspeople—man and wife—to come and make their dwelling with her.

In the course of time these two—a poor, timid, helpless pair—fell heir to the premises. Their children had it after them; but, whether in those hands or these, the house had its habits and continued in them; and to this day the neighbors, as has already been said, rightly explain its close-sealed, uninhabited look by the all-sufficient statement that the inmates "is quadrooms."

CHAPTER XV.

KYRIE ELEISON.

THE second Saturday afternoon following was hot and calm. The lamp burning before the tabernacle in Père Jerome's little church might have hung with as motionless a flame in the window behind. The lilies of St. Joseph's wand, shining in one of the half-opened panes, were not more completely at rest than the leaves on tree and vine without, suspended in the slumbering air. Almost as still, down under the organ-gallery, with a single band of light falling athwart his box from a small door which stood ajar, sat the little priest, behind the lattice of the confessional, silently wiping away the sweat that beaded on his brow and rolled down his face. At distant intervals the shadow of some one entering softly through the door would obscure, for a moment, the band of light, and an aged crone, or a little boy, or some gentle presence that the listening confessor had known only by the voice for many years, would kneel a few moments beside his waiting ear, in prayer for blessing and in review of those slips and errors which prove us all akin.

The day had been long and fatiguing.

First, early mass; a hasty meal; then a business call upon the archbishop in the interest of some projected charity; then back to his cottage, and so to the banking-house of "Vignevielle," in the Rue Toulouse. There all was open, bright, and re-assured, its master virtually, though not actually, present. The search was over and the seekers gone, personally wiser than they would tell, and officially reporting that (to the best of their knowledge and belief, based on evidence, and especially on the assurances of an unexceptionable eye-witness, to wit, Monsieur Vignevielle, banker) Capitaine Lemaître was dead and buried. At noon there had been a wedding in the little church. Its scenes lingered before Père Jerome's vision now—the kneeling pair: the bridegroom, rich in all the excellences of man, strength and kindness slumbering interlocked in every part and feature; the bride, a saintly weariness on her pale face, her awesome eyes lifted in adoration upon the image of the Saviour; the small knots of friends behind: Madame Thompson, large, fair, self-contained; Jean Thompson, with the affidavit of Madame Delphine showing through his tightly buttoned coat; the physician and his wife, sharing one expression of amiable consent; and last—yet first—one small, shrinking female figure, here at one side, in faded robes and dingy bonnet. She sat as motionless as stone, yet wore a look of apprehension, and in the small, restless black eyes which peered out from the pinched and wasted face, betrayed the peacelessness of a harrowed mind; and neither the recollection of bride, nor of groom, nor of potential friends behind, nor the occupation of the present hour, could shut out from the tired priest the image of that woman, or the sound of his own low words of invitation to her, given as the company left the church—"Come to confession this afternoon."

By and by a long time passed without the approach of any step, or any glancing of light or shadow, save for the occasional progress from station to station of some one over on the right who was noiselessly going the way of the cross. Yet Père Jerome tarried.

"She will surely come," he said to himself; "she promised she would come."

A moment later, his sense, quickened by the prolonged silence, caught a subtle evidence or two of approach, and the next moment a penitent knelt noiselessly at the window of his box, and the whisper came

tremblingly, in the voice he had waited to hear:

"*Bénissez-moi, mo' Père, pa'ce que mo' péché.*" (Bless me, father, for I have sinned.)

He gave his blessing.

"*Ainsi soit-il—Amen,*" murmured the penitent, and then, in the soft accents of the Creole *patois*, continued:

"I confess to Almighty God, to the blessed Mary, ever Virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and to all the saints, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, *through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault!* I confessed on Saturday, three weeks ago, and received absolution, and I have performed the penance enjoined. Since then —" There she stopped.

There was a soft stir, as if she sank slowly down, and another as if she rose up again, and in a moment she said:

"Olive is my child. The picture I showed

to Jean Thompson is the half-sister of my daughter's father, dead before my child was born. She is the image of her and of him; but, O God! Thou knowest! Oh Olive, my own daughter!"

She ceased, and was still. Père Jerome waited, but no sound came. He looked through the window. She was kneeling, with her forehead resting on her arms—motionless.

He repeated the words of absolution. Still she did not stir.

"My daughter," he said, "go to thy home in peace." But she did not move.

He rose hastily, stepped from the box, raised her in his arms, and called her by name:

"Madame Delphine!" Her head fell back in his elbow; for an instant there was life in the eyes—it glimmered—it vanished, and tears gushed from his own and fell upon the gentle face of the dead, as he looked up to heaven and cried:

"Lord, lay not this sin to her charge!"

THE END.

A RAINY DAY WITH UNCLE REMUS.

(AFTERNOON.)

VI.

MR. RABBIT SECURES A MANSION.

THE rain continued to fall to such an extent that Uncle Remus's "Miss Sally" was compelled to send her little boy his dinner. Glancing at the waiter, Uncle Remus was moved to remark:

"I 'clar' ter gracious, hit look like Miss Sally done got my name in de pot dis time, sho'. I des wish you look at dat pone er co'n-bread, honey, en at dat plate er greens over dar, en see ef dey aint got Remus writ some'rs on um. Dat ar chick'n fixin's, dey look like deyer good, yet 'taint fam'ious wid me like dat ar bile ham. Dem ar sweet-taters, dey stan's fa'r fer dividjun, but dem ar puzzuv,* I lay dey fit yo' palate mo' samer dan dey does mine. Dish yer hunk er beef, we kin talk 'bout dat w'en de time come, en dem ar biscuits, I des nat'ally knows Miss Sally put um in dar fer some little chap w'ich his name I aint gwinter call in comp'ny."

* Preserves.

It was easy to perceive that the sight of the dinner had put Uncle Remus in rare good humor. He moved around briskly, taking the plates from the waiter and distributing them with exaggerated carefulness around upon his little pine table. Meanwhile he kept up a running fire of conversation.

"Folks w'at kin set down en have der vittles brung en put down right spang und' der nose—dem kinder folks aint got no needs er no umbrell. Night 'fo' las', w'iles I wuz settin' dar in de do', I year dem Willis-whistlers, en den I des knowed we 'uz gwinter git a season."

"The Willis-whistlers, Uncle Remus," exclaimed the little boy; "what are they?"

"Youer too hard for me now, honey. Dat wat I knows I don't min' tellin', but w'en you ax me 'bout dat w'at I dunno, den youer too hard fer me, sho'. Deze yer Willis-whistlers, dey bangs my time, en I bin knockin' 'roun' in dish yer low-groun' now gwine on eighty year. Some folks wantar make out deyer frogs, yit I wish dey p'int out unter me how frogs kin holler so

dat de nigher you come t'um, de fudder you is off; I be mighty glad ef some un um 'ud come 'long en tell me dat. Many en many's de time is I gone atter deze yer Willis-whistlers, en, no diffunce whar I goes, deyer allers off yander. You kin put de shovel in de fier en make de squinch-owl hush his fuss, en you kin go out en put yo' han' on de trees en make deze yer locus'-bugs quit der racket, but dem ar Willis-whistlers deyer allers 'way off yander.*

Suddenly Uncle Remus paused over one of the dishes, and exclaimed:

"Gracious en de goodness! W'at kinder doin's is dis Miss Sally done gone en sont us?"

"That," said the little boy, after making an investigation, "is what mamma calls a floating island."

"Well, den," Uncle Remus remarked, in a relieved tone, "dat's diffunt. I wuz 'mos' fear'd it 'uz some er dat ar sillerbug, w'ich a whole jugful aint ska'cely 'nuff fer ter make you seem like you dremp 'bout smell-in' dram. Ef I'm gwineter be fed on foam," continued the old man, by way of explaining his position on the subject of syllabub, "let it be foam, en ef I'm gwineter git dram, lemme git in reach un it w'ile she got some strenk lef. Dat's me up and down. W'en it come ter yo' floatin' ilun, des gimme a hunk er ginger-cake en a mug er 'simmon-beer, and dey wont fine no nigger w'at's got no slicker feelin' dan I is."

"Miss Sally mighty cu'us w'ite 'oman," Uncle Remus went on. "She sendin' all deze doin's en fixin's down yer, en I 'speck deyer monst'us nice, but no longer'n las' Chuseday she had all de niggers on de place, big en little, gwine squallin' 'roun' fer Remus. Hit 'uz Remus yer en Remus dar, en, lo en beholes, w'en I come ter fine out, Miss Sally want Remus fer ter whul in en cook 'er wunner deze yer ole-time ash-cakes. She bleedzd ter have it den en dar; en w'en I git it done, Miss Sally, she got a glass er buttermilk, en tuck'n' sot right flat

down on de flo', des like she useter w'en she wuz little gal." The old man paused, straightened up, looked at the child over his spectacles, and continued, with emphasis: "En I be bless ef she aint eat a hunk er dat ash-cake mighty nigh ez big ez yo' head, en den she tuck'n' make out 'twa'n't cook right."

"Now, den, honey, all deze done fix. You set over dar, and I'll set over yer, en 'twix' en 'tween us we'll sample dish yer truck en see w'at is it Miss Sally done gone en sont us; en w'iles we er makin' 'way wid it, I'll sorter rustle 'roun' wid my 'membunce, en see ef I kin call ter min' de tale 'bout how ole Brer Rabbit got 'im a two-story house widout layin' out much cash."

Uncle Remus stopped talking a little while and pretended to be trying to remember something—an effort that was accompanied by a curious humming sound in his throat. Finally, he brightened up and began:

"Hit tu'n out one time dat a whole lot er de creeturs tuck a notion dat dey'd go in cohorts wid buil'n' un um a house. Ole Brer B'ar, he was 'mong's um, en Brer Fox, en Brer Wolf, en Brer 'Coon, en Brer 'Possum. I wont make sho', but it seem like ter me dat plum down ter ole Brer Mink 'uz 'mong's um. Leas'ways, dey wuz a whole passel un um, en dey whul in, dey did, en dey buil' de house in less'n no time. Brer Rabbit, he make like it make his head swim fer ter climb up on de scaffle, en likewise he say it make 'im ketch de palsy fer ter wuk in de sun, but he got 'im a squar', en he stuck a pencil behime his year, en he went 'roun' medjun* en markin'—medjun en markin'—en he wuz dat bizzzy dat de yuther creeturs say ter deys'e'f he doin' monst'us sight er wuk, en folks gwine 'long de big road say Brer Rabbit doin' mo' hard wuk dan de whole kit en bilin' un um. Yit all de time Brer Rabbit aint doin' nothin', en he des well bin layin' off in de shade scratchin' de fleas off'n 'im. De yuther creeturs, dey buil' de house, en, gentermens! she 'uz a fine un, too, mon. She'd 'a' bin a fine un deze days, let 'lone dem days. She had 'er upsta'rs en down-sta'rs, en chimbleys all 'roun', en she had rooms fer all de creeturs w'at went inter cohorts en hope make it."

"Brer Rabbit, he pick out wunner de upsta'rs rooms, en he tuck'n' got 'im a gun, en wunner deze yer brass cannon, en he

* The excursions of John Burroughs are made in the day-time, and Walt Whitman is to be pardoned if he refuse to trust his sixty-odd years to the winds that rise and shake their wings after dark; but it is a pity that one of these, or some other genial explorer, has not taken the trouble to investigate this mystery of the night which Uncle Remus fantastically names the "Willis-whistlers." It is a far-away sound that might be identified with one of the various undertones of silence, but it is palpable enough (if the word may be used) to have attracted the attention of the humble philosophers of the old plantation.

* Measuring.

tuck'n' put um in dar w'en de yuther creeturs aint lookin', en den he tuck'n' got 'im a tub er nasty slop-water, w'ich likewise he put in dar w'en dey aint lookin'. So den, w'en dey git de house all fix, en w'iles dey wuz all a-settin' in de parlor atter supper, Brer Rabbit, he sorter gap en stretch hisse'f, en make his 'skuses en say he b'lieve he'll go ter his room. W'en he git dar, en w'iles all de yuther creeturs wuz a laughin' en a chattin' des ez sociable ez you please, Brer Rabbit, he stick his head out er de do' er his room en sing out:

"W'en a big man like me wanten set down, wharbouts he gwineter set?" sezee.

"Den de yuther creeturs dey laugh, en holler back:

"Ef big man like you can't set in a cheer, he better set down on de flo'."

"Watch out down dar, den," sez ole Brer Rabbit, sezee. "Kaze I'm a gwineter set down," sezee.

"Wid dat, *bang!* went Brer Rabbit gun. Co'se, dis sorter 'stonish de creeturs, en dey look 'roun' at wunner n'er much ez ter say, W'at in de name er gracious is dat? Dey lissen en lissen, but dey don't year no mo' fuss, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' dey got ter chattin' en jabberin' some mo'. Bimeby, Brer Rabbit stick his head outer his room do', en sing out:

"W'en a big man like me wanten sneeze, wharbouts he gwineter sneeze at?"

"Den de yuther creeturs, dey tuck'n' holler back:

"Ef big man like you aint a gone gump, he kin sneeze anywhar he please."

"Watch out down dar, den," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. "Kaze I'm gwineter tu'n loose en sneeze right yer," sezee.

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit let off his cannon—*bulderum-m-m!* De winder-glass dey shuck en rattle, en de house shuck like she gwineter come down, en ole Brer B'ar, he fell out de rockin'-cheer—*kerblump!* W'en de creeturs git sorter settle, Brer 'Possum en Brer Mink, dey up'n 'low dat Brer Rabbit got sech a monst'us bad cole, dey b'leeve dey'll step out and git some fresh a'r, but dem yuther creeturs, dey say dey gwine-ter stick it out; en atter w'ile, w'en dey git der h'ar smooove down, dey 'gun ter jower 'mong' deyse'f. 'Bout dat time, w'en dey git in a good way, Brer Rabbit, he sing out:

"W'en a big man like me take a chaw terbacker, wharbouts he gwine spit?"

"Den de yuther creeturs, dey holler back, dey did, sorter like deyer mad:

"Big man er little man, spit whar you please."

"Den Brer Rabbit, he squall out:

"Dis de way a big man spit!" en wid dat he tilt over de tub er slop-water, en w'en de yuther creeturs year it come a sloshin' down de sta'r-steps, gentermens! dey des histed deyse'f outer dar. Some un um went out de back do', en some un um went out de front do', en some un um fell out de winders; some went one way en some went n'er way; but dey all went sailin' out."

"But what became of the Rabbit?" the little boy asked.

"Brer Rabbit, he des tuck'n' shot up de house en fassen de winders, en den he go ter bed, he did, en pull de coverlid up over his years, en he sleep like a man w'at aint owe nobody nuthin'; en needer do he owe um, kaze ef dem yuther creeturs gwine git skeer'd en run off fum der own house, w'at bizness is dat er Brer Rabbit? Dat w'at I like ter know." *

VII.

MR. LION HUNTS FOR MR. MAN AND FINDS HIM.

UNCLE REMUS sighed heavily as he lifted the trivet on the end of his walking-cane, and hung it carefully by the side of the griddle in the cavernous fire-place.

"Folks kin come 'long wid der watcher-maycollums," he said, presently, turning to the little boy, who was supplementing his dinner by biting off a chew of shoe-maker's-wax, "en likewise dey kin fetch 'roun' der watziznames. Dey kin walk biggity en dey kin talk biggity, en, mo'n dat, dey kin feel biggity, but yit all de same deyer gwineter git kotch up wid. Dey go 'long en dey go 'long, en den bimeby yer come trouble en snatch um slonchways, en de mo' bigger w'at dey is, de wusser does dey git snatched."

The little boy didn't understand this harangue at all, but he appreciated it because he recognized it as the prelude to a story.

"Dar wuz Mr. Lion," Uncle Remus went

* This story was new to me until Mr. W. P. Garrison, of New York, sent me the outlines of a version current in Demerara. It was immediately recognized by a negro in Atlanta to whom it was recited, and he repeated it in a somewhat different shape. In the Demerara version, the Rabbit arms himself with a gun, a small cannon, and a tank of vile liquids. He wants to sneeze, cough, and spit. He fires the gun and the cannon, but distributes the contents of the tank by means of a hose. As a matter of course, I have adhered to the Georgia negro's version.

on; "he tuck'n' sot hisse'f up fer ter be de boss er all de yuther creeturs, en he feel so biggity dat he go ro'in' en rampin' 'roun' de neighborhoods wuss'n dat ar speckle bull w'at you see down at yo' Unk' Jeems Abercrombie place las' year. He went ro'in' 'roun', he did, en eve'ywhar he go he year talk er Mr. Man. Right in de middle er his braggin', some un 'ud up'n' tell 'im 'bout w'at Mr. Man done done. Mr. Lion, he say he done dis, en den he year 'bout how Mr. Man done dat. Hit went on dis way twel bimeby Mr. Lion shake his mane, he did, en he up'n' say dat he gwineter s'arch 'roun' en 'roun', en high en low, fer ter see ef he can't fine Mr. Man, en he 'low, Mr. Lion did, dat w'en he do fine 'im, he gwineter tu'n in en gin Mr. Man sech n'er larrupin' w'at nobody aint never had yit. Dem yuther creeturs, dey tuck'n' tell Mr. Lion dat he better let Mr. Man 'lone, but Mr. Lion say he gwineter hunt 'im down spite er all dey kin do.

"Sho' nuff, atter he done tuck some res', Mr. Lion, he put out down de big road. Sun, she rise up en shine hot, but Mr. Lion, he keep on; win', hit come up en blow, en fill de elements full er dust; rain, hit drif' up en drizzle down; but Mr. Lion, he keep on. Bimeby, w'iles he gwine on dis away, wid his tongue hangin' out, he come up wid Mr. Steer, grazin' 'long on de side er de road. Mr. Lion, he up'n' ax 'im howdy, he did, monst'us perlite, en Mr. Steer likewise he bow en scrape en show his manners. Den Mr. Lion, he do like he wantar have some confab wid im, en he up'n' say, sezee:

"Is dey anybody 'roun' in deze parts name Mr. Man?' sezee.

"Tooby sho' dey is,' sez Mr. Steer, sezee; 'anybody kin tell you dat. I knows 'im mighty well,' sezee.

"Well, den, he de ve'y chap I'm atter,' sezee.

"W'at mout be yo' bizness wid Mr. Man?' sez Mr. Steer, sezee.

"I done come dis long ways fer ter gin 'im a larrupin,' sez Mr. Lion, sezee. 'I'm gwineter show 'im who de boss er deze neighborhoods,' sezee, en wid dat Mr. Lion, he shake his mane, en switch his tail, en strut up en down wuss'n wunner deze yer town niggers.

"Well, den, ef dat w'at you come atter,' sez Mr. Steer, sezee, 'you des better slew yo'se'f 'roun' en pint yo' nose todes home, kaze you fixin' fer ter git in sho' nuff trouble,' sezee.

"I'm gwineter larrup dat same Mr. Man,'

sez Mr. Lion, sezee; 'I done come fer dat, en dat w'at I'm gwine ter do,' sezee.

"Mr. Steer, he draw long breff, he did, en chaw his cud slow, en atter w'ile he say, sezee:

"You see me stannin' yer front er yo' eyes, en how big I is, en w'at long, sharp hawns I got. Well, big ez my heft is, en sharp dough my hawns be, yit Mr. Man, he come out yer en he ketch me, en he put me und' a yoke, en he hitch me up in a kyart, en he make me haul his wood, en he drive me anywhar he min' ter. He do dat. Better let Mr. Man 'lone,' sezee. 'Ef you fool 'long wid 'im, watch out dat he don't hitch you up en have you prancin' 'roun' yer pullin' his kyart,' sezee.

"Mr. Lion, he fotch a ro', en put out down de road, en 'twa'n't so mighty long fo' he come up wid Mr. Hoss, w'ich he wuz a-nibblin' en a-croppin' de grass. Mr. Lion make hisse'f know'd, en den he tuck'n' ax Mr. Hoss do he know Mr. Man.

"Mighty well,' sez Mr. Hoss, sezee, 'en mo'n dat, I bin a-knowin' 'im a long time. W'at you want wid Mr. Man?' sezee.

"I'm a-huntin' 'im up fer ter larrup 'im,' sez Mr. Lion, sezee. 'Dey tells me he mighty stuck up,' sezee, 'en I gwine take 'im down a peg,' sezee.

"Mr. Hoss look at Mr. Lion like he sorry, en bimeby he up'n' say, sezee:

"I 'speck you better let Mr. Man 'lone,' sezee. 'You see how big I is, en how much strenk w'at I got, en how tough my foots is,' sezee; 'well, dish yer Mr. Man, he kin take'n' take me en hitch me up in his buggy, en make me haul 'im all 'roun', en den he kin take'n' fassen me ter de plow en make me break up all his new groun', sezee. 'You better go 'long back home. Fus' news you know, Mr. Man'll have you breakin' up his new groun', sezee.

"Spite er all dis, Mr. Lion, he shake his mane en say he gwineter larrup Mr. Man anyhow. He went on down de big road, he did, en bimeby he come up wid Mr. Jack Sparrer, settin' up in de top er de tree. Mr. Jack Sparrer, he whul 'roun' en chirp, en flutter 'bout up dar, en 'pariently make a great 'miration.

"Heyo yer!' sezee; 'who'd er 'speckted fer ter see Mr. Lion 'way down yer in dis neighborhoods?' sezee. 'Whar you gwine, Mr. Lion?' sezee.

"Den Mr. Lion ax ef Mr. Jack Sparrer know Mr. Man, en Mr. Jack Sparrer say he know Mr. Man mighty well. Den Mr. Lion, he ax ef Mr. Jack Sparrer know whar he

stay, w'ich Mr. Jack Sparrer say dat he do. Mr. Lion ax wharbouts is Mr. Man, en Mr. Jack Sparrer say he right over dar in de new groun', en he up'n' ax Mr. Lion w'at he want wid 'im, w'ich Mr. Lion 'spon' dat he gwine larrup Mr. Man, en wid dat, Mr. Jack Sparrer, he up'n' say, sezee:

"You better let Mr. Man 'lone. You see how little I is, en likewise how high I kin fly; yit, spite er dat, Mr. Man, he kin fetch me down w'en he git good en ready," sezee. 'You better tuck yo' tail en put out home,' sez Mr. Jack Sparrer, sezee, 'kaze bimeby Mr. Man'll fetch you down,' sezee.

"But Mr. Lion des vow he gwine atter Mr. Man, en go he would, en go he did. He aint never see Mr. Man, Mr. Lion aint, en he dunner w'at he look like, but he go on todes de new groun'. Sho' 'nuff, dar wuz Mr. Man, out dar maulin' rails fer ter make 'im a fence. He 'uz rippin' up de butt cut, Mr. Man wuz, en he druv in his wedge en den he stuck in de glut. He 'uz splittin' 'way, w'en bimeby he year rustlin' out dar in de bushes, en he look up, en dar wuz Mr. Lion. Mr. Lion ax 'im do he know Mr. Man, en Mr. Man 'low dat he know 'im mo' samer dan ef he wer' his twin brer. Den Mr. Lion 'low dat he want see 'im, en den Mr. Man say, sezee, dat ef Mr. Lion will come stick his paw in de split fer ter hol' de log open twel he git back, he go fetch Mr. Man. Mr. Lion he march up en slap his paw in de place, en den Mr. Man, he tuck'n' knock de glut out, en de split close up, en dar Mr. Lion wuz. Mr. Man, he stan' off en say, sezee:

"Ef you'd 'a' bin a steer er hoss, you mout er run, en ef you'd 'a' bin a sparrer, you mout er flew, but yer you is, en you kotch yo'se'f,' sezee.

"Wid dat, Mr. Man s'unter out in de bushes en cut 'im a hickory, en he let in on Mr. Lion, en he frail en frail 'im twel frailin' un 'im wuz a sin. En down ter dis day," continued Uncle Remus, in a tone calculated to destroy all doubt, "you can't git no Lion ter come up whar dey's a Man a-maulin' rails en put his paw in de split. Dat you can't!"

VIII.

THE STORY OF THE PIGS.

UNCLE REMUS relapsed into silence again, and the little boy, with nothing better to do, turned his attention to the bench upon which the old man kept his shoe-maker's

tools. Prosecuting his investigations in this direction, the youngster finally suggested that the supply of bristles was about exhausted.

"I dunner w'at Miss Sally want be sendin' un you down yer fer, ef you gwine-ter be stirr'n' en bodderin' 'longer dem ar things," exclaimed Uncle Remus, indignantly. "Now don't you scatter dem hog-bristle! De time wuz w'en folks had a mighty slim chance fer ter git bristle, en dey aint no tellin' w'en dat time gwine come ag'in. Let 'lone dat, de time wuz w'en de breed er hogs wuz done run down ter one po' little pig, en it look like mighty sorry chance fer dem w'at was 'bleeged ter have bristle."

By this time, Uncle Remus's indignation had vanished, disappearing as suddenly and as unexpectedly as it came. The little boy was curious to know when and where and how the bristle famine occurred.

"I done tole you 'bout dat too 'long 'go ter talk 'bout," the old man declared, but the little boy insisted that he had never heard about it before, and he was so persistent that at last Uncle Remus, in self-defense, consented to tell the story of the Pigs.

"One time, 'way back yander, de ole Sow en 'er chilluns wuz all livin' longer de yuther creeturs. Hit seem like ter me dat de ole Sow wuz a widder 'oman, en ef I don't run inter no mistakes, hit look like ter me dat she got five chilluns. Lemme see," continued Uncle Remus, with the air of one determined to justify his memory by a reference to the record, and enumerating with great deliberation,—“dar wuz Big Pig, en dar wuz Little Pig, en dar wuz Speckle Pig, en dar wuz Blunt, en, las' en lonesomes', dar wuz Runt.

"One day, dese yer Pig ma she know she gwine kick de bucket, en she tuck'n' call up all 'er chilluns en tell um dat de time done come w'en dey gotter look out for deyse'f, en den she up'n' tell um good ez she kin, dough 'er breff mighty short, 'bout w'at a bad man is ole Brer Wolf. She say, sez she, dat ef dey kin make der 'scape from ole Brer Wolf, dey'll be doin' monst'us well. Big Pig 'low he aint skeer'd, Little Pig low she aint skeer'd, Speckle Pig 'low she aint skeer'd, Blunt, he say he mos' big a man ez Brer Wolf hisse'f, en Runt, she des tuck'n' root 'roun' in de straw en grunt. But ole Widder Sow, she lay dar, she did, en keep on tellin' un um dat dey better keep der eye on Brer Wolf, kaze he mighty mean en 'seetful man.

"Not long atter dat, sho' 'nuff ole Miss

Sow lay down en die, en all dem ar chilluns er hern wuz flung back on deysef, en dey whul in, dey did, en dey buil' um all a house fer ter live in. Big Pig, he tuck'n' buil' 'im a house outer bresh; Little Pig, she tuck'n' buil' a stick house; Speckle Pig, she tuck'n' buil' a mud house; Blunt, he tuck'n' buil' a plank house; en Runt, she don't make no great ter-do, en no great brags, but she went ter wuk, she did, en buil' a rock house.

"Bimeby, w'en dey done got all fix, en marters wuz sorter settle, soon one mawnin' yer come ole Brer Wolf, a-lickin' un his chops en a-shakin' un his tail. Fus' house he come ter wuz Big Pig house. Brer Wolf walk up ter de do', he did, en he knock sorter saf'—*blim-blim-blim!* Nobody aint answer. Den he knock loud—*blam! blam! blam!* Dis wake up Big Pig, en he come ter de do', en he ax who dat. Brer Wolf 'low it's a fr'en', en den he sing out:

"Ef you'll open de do' en let me in,
I'll wom my han's en go home ag'in."

"Still Big Pig ax who dat, en den Brer Wolf, he up'n' say, sezee:

"How yo' ma?' sezee.

"My ma done dead,' sez Big Pig, sezee, 'en 'fo' she die she tell me fer ter keep my eye on Brer Wolf. I sees you thoo de crack er de do', en you look mighty like Brer Wolf,' sezee.

"Den ole Brer Wolf, he draw long breff like he feel mighty bad, en he up'n' say, sezee:

"I dunner w'at change yo' ma so bad, less'n she 'uz out'n 'er head. I year tell dat ole Miss Sow wuz sick, en I say ter mysef dat I'd kinder drap 'roun' un see how de old lady is, en fetch 'er dish yer bag er roas'n'-years. Mighty well does I know dat ef yo' ma wuz yer right now, en in 'er min', she'd take de roas'n'-years en be glad ter git um, en mo'n dat, she'd take'n' ax me in by de fire for ter wom my han's,' sez ole Brer Wolf, sezee.

"De talk 'bout de roas'n'-years make Big Pig mouf water, en bimeby, atter some mo' palaver, he open de do' en let Brer Wolf in, en bless yo' soul, honey! dat uz de las' er Big Pig. He aint had time fer ter squeal en needer fer ter grunt 'fo' Brer Wolf gobble 'im up.

"Nex' day, ole Brer Wolf put up de same game on Little Pig; he go en he sing his song, en Little Pig, she tuck'n' let 'im in, en den Brer Wolf he tuck'n' 'turn de compelerments* en let Little Pig in."

* Compliments.

Here Uncle Remus laughed long and loud at his conceit, and he took occasion to repeat it several times.

"Little Pig, she let Brer Wolf in, en Brer Wolf, he let Little Pig in, en w'at mo' kin yo' ax dan dat? Nex' time Brer Wolf pay a call, he drop in on Speckle Pig, en rap at de do' en sing his song:

"Ef you'll open de do' en let me in,
I'll wom my han's en go home ag'in."

"But Speckle Pig, she kinder 'spicion sump'n', en she 'fuse ter open de do'. Yit Brer Wolf mighty 'seetful man, en he talk mighty saf' en he talk mighty sweet. Bimeby, he git his nose in de crack er de do' en he say ter Speckle Pig, sezee, fer ter des let 'im git one paw in, en den he wont go no fudder. He git de paw in, en den he beg fer ter git de yuther paw in, en den w'en he git dat in, den he beg fer ter git his head in, en den w'en he git his head in, en his paws in, co'se all he got ter do is ter shove de do' open en walk right in; en w'en marters stan' dat away, 'twan't long 'fo' he done make fresh meat er Speckle Pig.

"Nex' day, he make 'way wid Blunt, en de day atter, he 'low dat he make a pass at Runt. Now, den, right dar whar ole Brer Wolf slip up at. He like some folks w'at I knows. He'd 'a' bin mighty smart, ef he hadn't er bin too smart. Runt was de littles' one er de whole gang, yit all de same news done got out dat she 'uz pestered wid sense like grown folks.

"Brer Wolf, he crope up ter Runt house, en he got un'need de winder, he did, en he sing out:

"Ef you'll open de do' en let me in,
I'll wom my han's en go home ag'in."

"But all de same, Brer Wolf can't coax Runt fer ter open de do', en needer kin he break in, kaze de house done made outer rock. Bimeby Brer Wolf make out he done gone off, en den atter while he come back en knock at de do'—*blam, blam, blam!*

"Runt, she sot by de fier, she did, en sorter scratch 'er year, en holler out:

"Who dat?' sez she.

"Hit's Speckle Pig,' sez ole Brer Wolf, sezee, 'twix' a snort en a grunt. 'I fotch some peas fer yo' dinner!'

"Runt, she tuck'n' laugh, she did, en holler back:

"Sis' Speckle Pig aint never talk thoo dat many toofoes."

"Brer Wolf go off 'g'in, en bimeby he

come back en knock. Runt, she sot en rock, en holler out:

"Who dat?"

"Big Pig," sez Brer Wolf. "I fotch some sweet-co'n fer yo' supper."

"Runt, she look thoo de crack un'need de do', en laugh en say, sez she:

"Brer Big Pig aint had no ha'r on his huff."

"Den ole Brer Wolf, he git mad, he did, en say he gwine come down de chimbley, en Runt, she say, sez she, dat de onliest way w'at he kin git in; en den, w'en she year Brer Wolf climbin' up on de outside er de chimbley, she tuck'n' pile up a whole lot er broom-sage front er de h'a'th, en w'en she year 'im climbin' down on de inside, she tuck de tongs en shove de straw on de fier, en de smoke make Brer Wolf head swim, en he drap down, en 'fo' he know it, he 'uz done bu'n't ter a cracklin'; en dat wuz de las' er ole Brer Wolf. Leas'ways," added Uncle Remus, putting in a cautious proviso to fall back upon in case of an emergency, "leas'ways, hit 'uz de las' er dat Brer Wolf."

IX.

MR. BENJAMIN RAM AND HIS WONDERFUL FIDDLE.

"I 'SPECK you done year tell er ole man Benjermun Ram," said Uncle Remus, with a great affectation of indifference, after a pause.

"Old man who?" asked the little boy.

"Old man Benjermun Ram. I 'speck you done year tell er him too long 'go ter talk 'bout."

"Why, no, I haven't, Uncle Remus!" exclaimed the little boy, protesting and laughing. "He must have been a mighty funny old man."

"Dat's ez may be," responded Uncle Remus, sententiously. "Fun deze days wouldn't er counted fer fun in dem days; en many's de time w'at I see folks laughin'," continued the old man, with such withering sarcasm that the little boy immediately became serious,— "many's de time w'at I sees um laughin' en laughin' w'en I lay dey aint kin tell w'at deyer laughin' at deyse'f. En 'taint der laughin' w'at pesters me, nudder," —relenting a little,— "hit's dish yer ev'last-in' snickle en giggle, giggle en snickle."

Having thus mapped out, in a dim and uncertain way, what older people than the little boy might have been excused for accepting as a sort of moral basis, Uncle Remus proceeded:

"Dish yer Mr. Benjermun Ram, w'ich he done come up inter my min', wuz wunner deze yer ole-timers. Dey tells me dat he 'uz a fiddler fum away back yander—wunner dem ar kinder fiddlers w'at can't git de chune down fine 'less dey pats der foot. He stay all by his own-alone se'f 'way out in de middle un a big new-groun', en he sech a handy man fer ter have at a frolic dat de yuther creeturs like 'im mighty well, en w'en dey tuck a notion fer ter shake der foot, w'ich de notion tuck'n' struck um eve'y once in a w'ile, nuthin' 'ud do but dey mus' sen' fer ole man Benjermun Ram en his fiddle; en dey do say," continued Uncle Remus, closing his eyes in a sort of ecstasy, "dat w'en he squar' hisse'f back in a cheer, en git in a weavin' way, he kin des snatch dem ole-time chunes fum who lay de rail.* En den, w'en de frolic wuz done, dey'd all fling in, dem yuther creeturs would, en fill up a bag er peas fer ole Mr. Benjermun Ram fer ter kyar home wid 'im.

"One time, des 'bout Christmas, Miss Meadows en de gals, dey up'n' say dat dey'd sorter gin a blow-out, en dey got wud ter ole man Benjermun Ram w'ich dey 'speckted 'im fer ter be on han'. W'en de time done come fer Mr. Benjermun Ram fer ter start, de win' blow cole en de cloud 'gun ter spread out 'cross de elements—but no mar-ter fer dat; ole man Benjermun Ram tuck down his walkin'-cane, he did, en tie up his fiddle in a bag, en sot out fer Miss Meadows. He thunk he know de way, but hit keep on gittin' col'er en col'er, en mo' cloudy, twel bimeby, fus' news you know, ole Mr. Benjermun Ram done lose de way. Ef he'd er kep' on down de big road fum de start, it mouter bin diffunt, but he tuck a nigh-cut, en he aint git fur 'fo' he done los' sho' 'nuff. He go dis away, en he go dat away, en he go de yuther way, yit all de same he wuz done los'. Some folks would er sot right flat down whar dey wuz en study out de way, but ole man Benjermun Ram aint got wrinkle on his hawn fer nothin', kaze he done got de name er ole Billy Hardhead long 'fo' dat. Den a'g'in, some folks would er stop right still in der tracks en holler en bawl fer ter see ef dey can't rouse up some er de neighbors, but ole Mr. Benjermun Ram, he des stick his jowl in de win', he did, en he march right on des 'zackly like he know he aint gwine de wrong way. He keep on, but 'twa'n't long 'fo' he 'gun ter feel right lonesome, mo' speshually

* That is, from the foundation, or beginning.

w'en hit come up in his min' how Miss Meadows en de gals en all de comp'ny be 'bleeged fer ter do de bes' dey kin widout any fiddlin'; en hit kinder make his marrer git cole w'en he study 'bout how he gotter sleep out dar in de woods by hisse'f.

"Yit, all de same, he keep on twel de dark 'gun ter drap down, en den he keep on still, en bimeby he come ter a little rise whar dey wuz a clay-gall. W'en he git dar he stop en look 'roun', he did, en 'way off down in de holler, dar he see a light shinin', en w'en he see dis, ole man Benjermun Ram tuck his foot in his han', en make his way todes it des like it de ve'y place w'at he bin huntin'. 'Twa'n't long 'fo' he come ter de house whar de light is, en, bless you soul, he don't make no bones er knockin'. Den somebody holler out:

"Who dat?"

"I'm Mr. Benjermun Ram, en I done lose de way, en I come fer ter ax you ef you can't take me in fer de night,' sezee.

"In common," continued Uncle Remus, "ole Mr. Benjermun Ram wuz a mighty rough-en-spoken somebody, but you better b'leeve he talk monst'us perlite dis time.

"Den some un on t'er side er de do' ax Mr. Benjermun Ram fer ter walk right in, en wid dat he open de do' en walk in, en make a bow like fiddlin' folks does w'en dey goes in comp'ny; but he aint no sooner make his bow en look 'roun' twel he 'gun ter shake en shiver like he done bin stricken wid de swamp-ager, 'kaze, settin' right dar 'fo' de fier wuz ole Brer Wolf, wid his tooxies showin' up all w'ite en shiny like dey wuz bran new. Ef ole Mr. Benjermun Ram aint bin so ole en stiff I boun' you he'd er broke en run, but 'mos' 'fo' he had time fer ter study 'bout gittin' 'way, ole Brer Wolf done bin jump up en shet de do' en fassen 'er wid a great big chain. Ole Mr. Benjermun Ram, he know he in fer't, en he tuck'n' put on a bol' face ez he kin, but he des nat'ally hone* fer ter be los' in de woods some mo'. Den he make 'n'er low bow, en he hope Brer Wolf en all his folks is well, en den he say, sezee, dat he des drap in fer ter wom hisse'f, en 'quire up de way ter Miss Meadows', en ef Brer Wolf be so good ez ter set 'im in de road ag'in, he be off putty soon en be much 'blige in de bargains.

"Tooby sho', Mr. Ram,' sez Brer Wolf, sezee, w'iles he lick his chops en grin; 'des

put yo' walkin'-cane in de cornder over dar, en set yo' bag down on de flo', en make yo'se'f at home,' sezee. 'We aint got much,' sezee, 'but w'at we is got is yone w'iles you stays, en I boun' we'll take good keer un you,' sezee; en wid dat Brer Wolf laugh en show his tooxies so bad dat ole man Benjermun Ram come mighty nigh havin' 'n'er ager.

"Den Brer Wolf tuck'n' flung 'n'er light-er'd-knot on de fier, en den he slip inter de back room, en, present'y, w'iles ole Mr. Benjermun Ram wuz settin' dar shakin' in his shoes, he year Brer Wolf whispun' ter his ole 'oman:

"Ole 'oman! ole 'oman! Fling 'way yo' smoke meat—fresh meat fer supper! Fling 'way yo' smoke meat—fresh meat fer supper!"

"Den ole Miss Wolf, she talk out loud, so Mr. Benjermun Ram kin year:

"Tooby sho' I'll fix 'im some supper. We er 'way off yer in de woods, so fur fum comp'ny dat goodness knows I'm mighty glad fer ter see Mr. Benjermun Ram."

"Den Mr. Benjermun Ram year ole Miss Wolf whettin' 'er knife on a rock—*shirrah! shirrah! shirrah!*—en eve'y time he year de knife say *shirrah!* he know he dat much nigher de dinner-pot. He know he can't git way, en w'iles he settin' dar studyin', hit come 'cross his min' dat he des mout ez well play one mo' chune on his fiddle 'fo' de wuss come ter de wuss. Wid dat he ontie de bag en take out de fiddle, en 'gun ter chune 'er up—*plink, plunk, plunk, plink! plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk!*"

Uncle Remus's imitation of the tuning of a fiddle was marvelous enough to produce a startling effect upon a much less enthusiastic listener than the little boy. It was given in perfect good faith, but the serious expression on the old man's countenance was so irresistibly comic that the child laughed until the tears ran down his face. Uncle Remus very properly accepted this as a tribute to his wonderful resources as a story-teller, and continued, in great good humor:

"W'en ole Miss Wolf year dat kinder fuss, co'se she dunner w'at is it, en she drap 'er knife en lissen. Ole Mr. Benjermun Ram aint know dis, en he keep on chunin' up—*plank, plink, plunk, plank!* Den ole Miss Wolf, she tuck'n' hunch Brer Wolf wid 'er elbow, en she say, sez she:

"Hey, ole man! w'at dat?"

"Den bofe un um cock up der years en lissen, en des 'bout dat time, ole Mr. Ben-

* To pine or long for anything. This is a good old English word, which has been retained in the plantation vocabulary.

jermun Ram, he sling de butt er de fiddle up under his chin, en struck up wunner dem ole-time chunes."

"Well, what tune was it, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked, with some display of impatience.

"Ef I aint done gone en fergit dat chune off'n my min'," continued Uncle Remus, "hit sorter went like dat ar song 'bout 'Sheep shell co'n wid de rattle er his ho'n,' en yit hit mout er been dat ar yuther one 'bout 'Hol' de key, ladies, hol' dem keys.' Brer Wolf en ole Miss Wolf, dey lissen en lissen, en de mo' w'at dey lissen de skeerder dey git, twel bimeby dey tuck ter der heels en make a break fer de swamp at de back er de house like de patter-rollers wuz atter um.

"W'en ole man Benjermun Ram sorter let up wid his fiddlin', he don't see no Brer Wolf, en he don't year no ole Miss Wolf. Den he look in de back room; no Wolf dar. Den he look in de back po'ch; no Wolf dar. Den he look in de closet en in de cubberd; no Wolf aint dar yit. Den ole Mr. Benjermun Ram, he tuck'n' shot all de do's en lock um, en he s'arch 'roun' en he fine some peas en fodder in de lof, w'ich he et um fer his supper, en den he lie down front er de fier en sleep soun' ez a log.

"Nex' mawnin' he 'uz up en stirrin' monst'us soon, en he put out fum dar, en he fine de way ter Miss Meadows', time 'nuff fer ter play at de frolic. W'en he git dar, Miss Meadows en de gals, dey run ter de gate fer ter meet 'im, en dis un tuck his hat, en dat un tuck his cane, en t'er'n tuck his fiddle, en den dey up'n' say:

"'Lor', Mr. Ram! whar de name er goodness is you bin? We so glad you come. Stir 'roun' yer, folks, en git Mr. Ram a cup er hot coffee."

"Dey make a mighty big ter-do 'bout Mr. Benjermun Ram, Miss Meadows and de gals did, but 'twix' you en me en de bed-pos', honey, dey'd er had der frolic wh'er de ole chap 'uz dar er not, kaze de gals done make 'rangements wid Brer Rabbit fer ter pat fer'm, en in dem days Brer Rabbit wuz a patter, mon. He mos' sho'ly wuz."

X.

MR. RABBIT'S RIDDLE.

"COULD the Rabbit pat a tune, sure enough, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, his thoughts apparently dwelling upon the new accomplishment of Brother Rab-

bit at which the old man had hinted in his story of Mr. Benjamin Ram. Uncle Remus pretended to be greatly surprised that any one could be so unfamiliar with the accomplishments of Brother Rabbit as to venture to ask such a question. His response was in the nature of a comment:

"Name er goodness! w'at kinder pass dis yer we comin' ter w'en a great big grow'd up young un axin' 'bout Brer Rabbit? Bless yo' soul, honey! dey wa'n't no chune gwine dat Brer Rabbit can't pat. Let 'lone dat, w'en dey wuz some un else fer ter do de pattin', Brer Rabbit kin jump out inter de middle er de flo' en des nat'ally shake de eyeleds offen dem yuther creeturs. En 'twa'n't none er dish yer bowin' en scrapin', en slippin' en slidin', en han's all 'roun' w'at folks does deze days. Hit uz dish yer up en down kinder dancin', whar dey des lips up in de a'r fer ter cut de pidjin-wing, en lights on de flo' right in de middle er de double-shuffle. *Shoo!* Dey aint no dancin' deze days; folks' shoes too tight, en dey aint got dat limbersomeness in de hips w'at dey useter is. Dat dey aint.

"En yit," Uncle Remus continued, in a tone which seemed to imply that he deemed it necessary to apologize for the apparent frivolity of Brother Rabbit,—"en yit de time come w'en ole Brer Rabbit 'gun ter put dis en dat tergedder, en de notion strike 'im dat he better be home lookin' atter de intruss er his fambly, 'stidder trapesin' en trollopin' 'roun' ter all de frolics in de settlement. He tuck'n' study dis in his min', twel bimeby he sot out 'termin' fer ter 'arn his own livelihoods, en den he up'n' lay off a piece er groun' en plant 'im a tater-patch.

"Brer Fox, he see all dis yer gwine on, he did, en he 'low ter hisse'f dat he speck Brer Rabbit rashfulness done 'bin supjued kaze he skeerd, en den Brer Fox make up his min' dat he gwineter pay Brer Rabbit back fer all er his 'seetfulness. He start in, Brer Fox did, en fum dat time forrerd he aggravate Brer Rabbit 'bout his tater-patch. One night, he leave de draw-bars down, 'n'er night he fling off de top rails, en nex' night, he t'ar down a whole panel er fence, en he keep on dis away twel 'pariently Brer Rabbit dunner w'at ter do. All dis time Brer Fox keep on foolin' wid de tater-patch, en w'en he see w'ich Brer Rabbit aint makin' no motion, Brer Fox 'low dat he dun skeer'd sho' 'nuff, en dat de time done come fer ter gobble 'im up widout lief er license. So he call on Brer Rabbit, Brer

Fox did, en he ax 'im will he take a walk. Brer Rabbit, he ax wharabouts. Brer Fox say right out yander. Brer Rabbit, he ax w'at is dey right out yander. Brer Fox say he know w'ar dey some mighty fine peaches, en he want Brer Rabbit fer ter go 'long en climb de tree en fling um down. Brer Rabbit say he don't keer ef he do, mo' speshually fer ter 'blige Brer Fox.

"Dey sot out, dey did, en atter w'ile, sho' 'nuff, dey come ter de peach-orchud, en Brer Rabbit, w'at do he do but pick out a good tree, en up he clum. Brer Fox, he sot hisse'f at de root er de tree, kaze he 'low dat w'en Brer Rabbit come down he hatter come down backerds, en den dat 'ud be de time fer ter nab 'im. But, bless yo' soul, Brer Rabbit dun see w'at Brer Fox atter 'fo' he clum up. W'en he pull de peaches, Brer Fox say, sezee:

"Fling um down yer, Brer Rabbit—fling um right down yer so I kin ketch um,' sezee.

"Brer Rabbit, he sorter wunk de furdest eye fum Brer Fox, en he holler back, he did:

"Ef I fling um down dar whar you is, Brer Fox, en you misses um, dey'll git squshed,' sezee, 'so I'll des sorter pitch um out yander in de grass whar dey wont git bus',' sezee.

"Den he tuck'n' fling de peaches out in de grass, en w'iles Brer Fox went atter um, Brer Rabbit, he skint down outer de tree, en hustle hisse'f twel he git elbow-room. W'en he git off little ways, he up'n' holler back ter Brer Fox dat he got a riddle he want 'im ter read. Brer Fox, he ax w'at is it. Wid dat, Brer Rabbit, he gun it out ter Brer Fox like a man sayin' a speech:

"Big bird rob en little bird sing,
De big bee zoon en little bee sting,
De little man lead en big hoas foller—
Kin you tell w'at's good fer a head in a holler?"

"Ole Brer Fox scratch his head en study, en study en scratch his head, but de mo' he study de wuss he git mix up wid de riddle, en atter w'ile he tuck'n' tell Brer Rabbit dat he dunno how in de name er goodness ter onriddle dat riddle.

"Come en go 'longer me,' sez ole Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en I boun' you I show you how ter read dat same riddle. Hit's wunner dem ar kinder riddle,' sez ole man Rabbit, sezee, 'w'ich 'fo' you read 'er, you gotter eat a bait er honey, en I done got my eye sot on de place whar we kin git de honey at,' sezee.

"Brer Fox, he ax wharabouts is it, en Brer

Rabbit, he say up dar in ole Brer B'ar cotton-patch, whar he gotter whole passel er bee-gums. Brer Fox, he 'low, he did, dat he aint got no sweet-toof much, yit he wanten git at de innerds er dat ar riddle, en he don't keer ef he do go 'long.

"Dey put out, dey did, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' dey come ter ole Brer B'ar bee-gums, en ole Brer Rabbit, he up'n' gun um a rap wid his walkin'-cane, des like folks thumps water-millions fer ter see ef dey er ripe. He tap en he rap, en bimeby he come ter one un um w'ich she soun' like she plum full, en den he go 'roun' behime it, ole Brer Rabbit did, en he up'n' say, sezee:

"I'll des sorter tilt 'er up, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'en you kin put yo' head und' dar en git some er de drippin's,' sezee.

"Brer Rabbit, he tilt 'er up, en, sho' 'nuff, Brer Fox, he jam his head un'need de gum. Hit make me laugh," Uncle Remus continued, with a chuckle, "fer ter see w'at a fresh man is Brer Fox, kaze he aint no sooner stuck his head un'need dat ar bee-gum, dan Brer Rabbit turnt 'er aloose, en down she come—*ker-swoosh!*—right on Brer Fox neck, en dar he wuz. Brer Fox, he kick; he squeal; he jump; he squall; he dance; he prance; he beg; he pray; yit dar he wuz, en w'en Brer Rabbit git 'way off, en tu'n 'roun' fer ter look back, he see Brer Fox des a wigglin' en a squ'min', en right den en dar Brer Rabbit gun one ole-time whoop, en des put out fer home.

"W'en he git dar, de fus' man he see wuz Brer Fox gran'daddy, w'ich folks all call 'im Gran'sir' Gray Fox. W'en Brer Rabbit see 'im, he say, sezee:

"How you come on, Gran'sir' Gray Fox?"

"I still keeps po'ly, I'm 'blige ter you, Brer Rabbit,' sez Gran'sir' Gray Fox, sezee. 'Is you seed any sign er my gran'son dis mawnin'?' sezee.

"Wid dat Brer Rabbit laugh en say w'ich him en Brer Fox bin a ramblin' 'roun' wid wunner 'n'er havin' mo' fun dan w'at a man kin shake a stick at.

"We bin a rigg'in' up riddles en a read-in' un um,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Brer Fox is settin' off some'rs in de bushes right now, aimin' fer ter read one w'at I gun 'im. I'll des drap you one,' sez ole Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'w'ich ef you kin read it, hit'll take you right spang ter whar yo' gran'son is, en you can't git dar none too soon,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Den ole Gran'sir' Gray Fox, he up'n' ax w'at is it, en Brer Rabbit, he sing out, he did:

"De big bird rob en little bird sing,
De big bee zoon en little bee sting,
De little man lead en big hoss foller—
Kin you tell w'at's good fer a head in a holler?"

"Gran'sir' Gray Fox, he tuck a pinch er
snuff en cough easy ter hisse'f, en study en
study, but he aint make it out, en Brer
Rabbit, he laugh en sing:

"Bee-gum mighty big fer ter make Fox collar,
Kin you tell w'at's good fer a head in a holler?"

"Atter so long a time, Gran'sir' Gray Fox
sorter ketch a glimpse er w'at Brer Rabbit
tryin' ter gin * 'im, en he tip Brer Rabbit

* Give. The *g* is pronounced hard, like the last
syllable of *begin*.

good-day, en shuffle off fer ter hunt up his
gran'son."

"And did he find him, Uncle Remus?"
asked the little boy.

"Tooby sho', honey. Brer B'ar year de
racket w'at Brer Fox kickin' up, en he go
down dar fer ter see w'at de marter is.
Soon ez he see how de lan' lay, co'se he
tuck a notion dat Brer Fox bin robbin'
his bee-gums, en he got 'im a han'ful er
hick'ries, Brer B'ar did, en he let 'in on
Brer Fox en he wom his jacket scanner-
lous, en den he tuck'n' tu'n 'im loose;
but 'twa'n't long 'fo' all de neighbors git
wud dat Brer Fox bin robbin' Brer B'ar
bee-gums."

OWL AGAINST ROBIN.

FROWNING, the owl in the oak complained him
Sore, that the song of the robin restrained him
Wrongly of slumber, rudely of rest.

"From the north, from the east, from the south and the west,
Woodland, wheat-field, corn-field, clover,
Over and over and over and over,
Five o'clock, ten o'clock, twelve, or seven,
Nothing but robin-songs heard under heaven:
How can we sleep?

"Peep! you whistle, and cheep! cheep! cheep!
Oh, peep, if you will, and buy, if 'tis cheap,
And have done; for an owl must sleep.
Are ye singing for fame, and who shall be first?
Each day's the same, yet the last is worst,
And the summer is cursed with the silly outburst
Of idiot red-breasts peeping and cheeping
By day, when all honest birds ought to be sleeping.
Lord, what a din! And so out of all reason.
Have ye not heard that each thing hath its season?
Night is to work in, night is for play-time;
Good heavens, not day-time!

"A vulgar flaunt is the flaring day,
The impudent, hot, unsparing day,
That leaves not a stain nor a secret untold,—
Day the reporter,—the gossip of old,—
Deformity's tease,—man's common scold—
Poh! Shut the eyes, let the sense go numb
When day down the eastern way has come.
'Tis clear as the moon (by the argument drawn
From Design) that the world should retire at dawn.

Day kills. The leaf and the laborer breathe
 Death in the sun, the cities seethe,
 The mortal black marshes bubble with heat
 And puff up pestilence; nothing is sweet
 Has to do with the sun: even virtue will taint
 (Philosophers say) and manhood grow faint
 In the lands where the villainous sun has sway
 Through the livelong drag of the dreadful day.
 What Eden but noon-light stares it tame,
 Shadowless, brazen, forsaken of shame?
 For the sun tells lies on the landscape,—now
 Reports me the *what*, unrelieved with the *how*,—
 As messengers lie, with the facts alone,
 Delivering the word and withholding the tone.

“ But oh, the sweetness, and oh, the light
 Of the high-fastidious night!
 Oh, to awake with the wise old stars—
 The cultured, the careful, the Chesterfield stars,
 That wink at the work-a-day fact of crime
 And shine so rich through the ruins of time
 That Baalbec is finer than London; oh,
 To sit on the bough that zigzags low
 By the woodland pool,
 And loudly laugh at man, the fool
 That vows to the vulgar sun; oh, rare,
 To wheel from the wood to the window where
 A day-worn sleeper is dreaming of care,
 And perch on the sill and straightly stare
 Through his visions; rare, to sail
 Aslant with the hill and a-curve with the vale,—
 To flit down the shadow-shot-with-gleam
 Betwixt hanging leaves and starlit stream,
 Hither, thither, to and fro,
 Silent, aimless, dayless, slow
 (*Aimless? Field-mice?* True, they're slain,
 But the night-philosophy hoots at pain,
 Grips, eats quick, and drops the bones
 In the water beneath the bough, nor moans
 At the death life feeds on). Robin, pray
 Come away, come away
 To the cultus of night. Abandon the day.
 Have more to think and have less to say.
 And *cannot* you walk now? Bah, don't hop!
 Stop!
 Look at the owl, scarce seen, scarce heard,
 O irritant, iterant, maddening bird!”

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Our Charming Politics.

THE people of the United States, at the time of this present writing, are having an exhibition of party politics of the most suggestive and instructive character. About how many exhibitions of this kind they must have before they will demand a reform in the civil service we cannot tell, because they have learned so slowly hitherto; but, if downright insult can possibly stir their blood—if being slapped in the face and spit upon can waken them to a sense of their degradation—it would seem as if reform could not long be delayed. Never within our memory have we seen a more insolent outrage upon the executive of the Government and upon the popular forbearance than has been perpetrated by a United States Senator from New York, in his attempt to dictate an appointment to the President. The latter, in the exercise of his prerogative, nominated to the collectorship of New York a well-known and highly esteemed gentleman—so well known and so highly esteemed that the Legislature of the State, acting honestly and freely, most promptly and heartily indorsed the nomination. The nomination was made in accordance with the President's policy to recognize all the elements of the Republican party which had assisted in his election. It was a nomination most fit to be made, but it did not suit the Senator. This gentleman assumes to be the "boss" of his party in this State, and Judge Robertson, the President's nominee, refuses to recognize him in this exalted capacity. He has not been "bossed" by him, and does not propose to be. "Hence the trade-winds." The collectorship of New York is so influential an office in party politics that the "boss" does not like to have it pass beyond his manipulations; so he relies first upon the "courtesy of the Senate" to defeat Judge Robertson's confirmation, and second upon the reversal of the indorsement of the Legislature. "The courtesy of the Senate," be it remembered, is the tacit agreement supposed to prevail in that body of legislators to give to one another the practical control of the Federal appointments in their respective States. That is, if Mr. Conkling does not approve of an appointment in his own State, he relies upon his fellow-senators to defeat it, on the consideration that he will do them a similar good turn on occasion. In other words, "the courtesy of the Senate" is a little machine for robbing the President of his power of appointing his own agents, and for passing it over to the hands of individual senators. Mr. Conkling wants one of his men in the collector's office, and does not want the President's man. What is more, he intends, apparently, to have his man there, or not to have any, if he can help it. If it were not pitiful, it would be ludicrous to see the effort that was made to reverse the verdict of the Legislature. There were a few poor fellows who were sorry they had not consulted the boss before speaking their

honest minds, and who signed a paper acknowledging as much, but the vote could not be reversed; so we have been saved from such a show of truckling servility as that would have given us.

Mr. Conkling was handsomely whipped at Chicago, but he does not seem to have learned that his old office of "boss" is not perpetual. If he is not handsomely whipped in this new matter, the President ought never to be forgiven. His position is an insult equally to the President, the Legislature of New York, and the people of the United States, who, a hundred to one, refuse to regard him as a boss at all. The presumption of his attitude and action should be met with indignant rebuke from every press and every platform, and should do much to hasten the day when such overbearing insolence will be impossible. Our hope, and, indeed, our opinion, is that the Senate will make quick work with his pretensions if they ever get to a vote, for we cannot conceive what object it can have in gratifying Mr. Conkling, to the embarrassment and defeat of the President. He is not so popular a man with his *confidés* that they will make haste to gratify his ambition or his spleen.

Another exhibition of our charming politics we have had in the treatment of our Street-cleaning Bill. New York found itself, as the winter drew to a close, literally floundering in the mud. With the consciousness that money enough was paid, and had for years been paid, to keep the streets clean, they saw them in such a condition that the public health was not only menaced,—it had already been seriously damaged. Hot weather was approaching, and a pestilence was not only possible—it was probable. Under the circumstances the citizens, without regard to party, held a meeting and appointed a large committee to give shape to a scheme for cleaning the streets and keeping them clean. This committee, composed of some of our best and most intelligent citizens, devised their scheme and went to the Legislature with it to get it enacted as a law. They brought to bear upon that body all the influence in their power, but party politics were immediately roused into opposition. What national politics have to do with the condition of the streets of New York, it would trouble any but a party politician to tell. They are made to have a great deal to do, however, and all the considerations of the health of a great city are of no moment compared with the party interests of a lot of hacks sent to Albany to do the people's business, but only careful to attend to their own and that of their political bosses. The city of New York, carrying a large portion of the taxes of the State, becomes frightened and disgusted with the results of party politics in taking care of its sanitary interests, and goes to the Legislature for assistance. Instead of getting it, it seems likely to get its old curse confirmed upon it, and receive an insult for all its painstaking.

The outcome of both of these matters will probably be manifest before this article can see the light, but at this present writing it is altogether uncertain. We wish the President could know how entirely the people are with him in this struggle with the boss of the machine, and how much obliged they would be to him for killing him off as a power in the State of New York. Bosses and machine politics are constantly in the way. They are not only in the President's way; they are in the people's way. The President cannot get the men he wants to execute his will, and the people are denied their most earnest wishes, all out of deference to the supposed interests of the machine. If President Garfield wishes to make himself unmistakably and undeniably the most popular man in America, he will make short work with every political boss who lays his insolent hands on him and his prerogatives. There is no mistaking the temper of the people in this matter. They are tired of the dictation of the machine, and they resent its interference with the legitimate sphere of power upon which the man of their choice has entered. Men may hereafter try to ruin where they cannot rule, from revenge, but the edifice which they may succeed in pulling down is sure to crush them in its fall, and so accomplish one great public good, much needed and warmly desired.

P. S.—Since the above was placed in type, Mr. Conkling has resigned his place as Senator, and in his absence from the Senate Chamber, Judge Robertson has been confirmed by acclamation; and, at this writing, the question whether Mr. Conkling is to be returned to the Senate, "vindicated" by a legislature that took early occasion to indorse the nomination of Robertson, is undecided. We devoutly trust that he will receive liberty to remain at home. He has been a hindrance, a burden, a political nuisance, ever since the inauguration of Mr. Garfield's administration, and in his voluntary withdrawal from a fight in which he foresaw that he would be worsted, he has given a fearful blow to the machine of which he was the "boss." The talk that some of even Mr. Garfield's friends have indulged in, in regard to the anti-civil-service reform attitude of the President as illustrated in the dismissal of Gen. Merritt, does not seem forcible to us. Anything that mends the machine is in favor of reform. Anything that cripples Conkling is in favor of reform. Gen. Merritt's services in public life have been retained in another field, and a man fully his equal has been appointed as collector. The President, for reasons sufficient for himself, preferred Judge Robertson to Gen. Merritt for this office, and there is no good reason why, preferring him, he should not appoint him. We cannot see how the good of the public service has in any way been compromised by this change.

The Comstock Laws.

WE publish in this number of the magazine an article from the pen of Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, on what are called "The Comstock Laws." He writes

in opposition to those laws, in the interest of "Liberalism," and we publish his article, not because we are convinced by his arguments, but in the interest of fair play; and because the article is, on the whole, the best we have seen on that side of the question. Of the argument on the unconstitutionality of the laws we have nothing to say. There are tribunals where that matter can be settled. It can hardly be settled between Mr. Palmer and the editor; but there are other points that call for comment. The plea that it is difficult to define obscenity is, it seems to us, quite frivolous. Laws against obscenity have long existed. The test of obscenity was long ago established by the highest court in England, and the decision has been sustained in America in all the cases tried under our laws. Mr. Palmer's illustration of the prudish maiden and the traveled dame proves, if it prove anything, that one may get so used to dirt that he will not recognize it when he sees it. Mr. Palmer is a man of pure instincts, and there could hardly be a difference of opinion between him and any sensible Christian on any given case involving a charge of obscenity. Practically it is not at all a hard crime to define, and the danger that any one would ever suffer from a loose definition of the word is not worth considering. The difference between a sound apple and a rotten one is too great to permit mistakes to be made.

It is frequently the case that the reasoning of the *doctrinaire* seems plausible and even sound when facts are kept out of view. If the readers of Mr. Palmer's article will notice the omission, they will see that not one of the evils which, in his view, are involved in the Comstock laws, has been realized. Mr. Comstock, as special agent of the Post-Office, has never profaned a seal in the prosecution of his work, and, so far as individuals or the public are concerned, nobody has been unjustly dealt by. No innocent man has suffered through the Comstock laws, but it is quite demonstrable that great good has come to the great public through them. Schemes of fraud that were cruelly preying upon the community have been broken up and banished, in repeated instances. Villains who were robbing their dupes far and wide have been detected through the mails, and the mails themselves have been purged of their lies and their wares, by the aid of these laws. Theoretically, we do not doubt that Mr. Palmer sees great danger in these laws; practically, there is none. Practically, they have demonstrably done great good. If Mr. Palmer will look through Mr. Comstock's recent book, he will find that by the aid of the laws which he condemns great evils have been remedied.

There should something be said, too, in regard to the matter of decoy, of which Mr. Palmer says so much. It so happens that the decoy business is all on the other side. When a man sends a missive through the mails, offering to the simpleton who reads it something very valuable or very desirable for quite an inadequate consideration, his offer is a decoy, as much as the wooden duck which the hunter places in the water to attract the silly flock. When a man accepts his offer, he is befooled by the

decoy. If Mr. Comstock, mistrusting the decoy, tests it by the means which the advertiser himself establishes, it is ridiculous to call him a "decoy" and a tempter. Nothing, in our judgment, can be more legitimate than to catch a rogue in his own trap; and to speak of the performance as mean or immoral is to trifle with the facts. The iniquities that have been stopped by this means—the floods of fraud and impurity that have been turned back on their inventors through this machinery—are sufficiently notable to earn the gratitude of the public, and vindicate the right of the Comstock laws to remain upon the statute-book.

It is through the means of these laws that Mr. Comstock has been enabled to do his beneficent work in this community. There has been a great reform in the matter of obscene publications,—in their production and their dissemination,—and this reform has been wrought almost entirely by Mr. Comstock and the society which he represents, through the instrumentality of the laws with which Congress and the State legislature have armed them. We are sorry that Rev. Dr. Potter should sneer at the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and furnish thus an argument against the Society for the Suppression of Vice. It is all very well to pass the maintenance of the laws over to the officers of the law, but suppose the officers of the law do not care, and will not, or do not, do their duty? How important an office did the Committee of Seventy perform in ridding this city of "the Ring"? Why should such a committee have been formed? The laws against speculation and bribery were all in existence, and all the necessary machinery of justice was established. What an impertinence the Committee of Seventy must have been! There is, while we write, a committee of twenty-one in existence, who have undertaken to get the streets cleaned. But there are laws relating to this business, and there are men already whose duty it is to have the streets cleaned. Why not put the work where it belongs? We cannot, for the life of us, see why citizens may not associate themselves for special purposes in securing good laws and looking after their enforcement by the appointed officers. Mr. Wakeman's proposed bill against obscenity does not improve the laws already in existence, but shows its purpose in the fourth clause, which wipes out the legal functions of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Mr. Palmer is displeased with our identification of "liberalism" with the love of moral dirt. Will he pardon us if we call his attention to what one of his brethren has been careful to speak upon the subject, as a man inside of the liberal host, knowing the element intimately that was engaged in the movement for the repeal of the Comstock laws? In speaking of the efforts of those advocating the repeal, President Abbott said in 1879:

"For some time they [the repealers] had looked with longing eyes at the National Liberal League, whose growing size and importance began to make it a prize in their estimation. The cunning demand for 'repeal of the postal-law,' originally inspired by

Wakeman, and industriously echoed by Bennett, and his free-love associates, was exactly what they needed to carry their point. By a year of such unscrupulous falsification as we never saw equaled, and such as can be appreciated only by those who have waded through it, the vicious and sensual type of liberalism contrived most absurdly to identify itself in myriad credulous minds with the love of liberty; the higher type of liberalism remained apathetic and indifferent to clear and repeated warnings; and the consequence was that the National Liberal League, with all its splendid possibilities of service to the liberal cause, was suffered to fall into the hands of the free-love ring by the mere abstention of those who ought to have been present. From that day, it sank lower, until now it threatens to render its name of 'liberal' a hissing and a by-word for years."

Has anybody among Christian people said anything harder than this? Has anybody more thoroughly identified the majority of liberals with the love of obscenity than the old president of the liberals themselves? "The vicious and sensual type of liberalism" went against the Comstock laws. Repeal was the rallying cry by which they carried their victory. Their prominent organ announced "Our platform" to be—"Immediate, unconditional, and permanent repeal of all laws against obscenity, whether municipal, State, or national." Pure and honest as Mr. Palmer undoubtedly is, we quote Mr. Abbott's authority for the statement that he is in bad company—in the company of those who have no sympathy with his pure aims, and who scorn his careful argument in their behalf in the support of a position which they take through natural taste and vicious inclination.

The Rich and the Poor.

THERE are many and various indications, in the state of affairs all over the civilized world, that a struggle has been initiated, on the part of the poor, for a better chance to win competence or wealth. The trades unions and their influence form one of these indications. We have no faith in them whatever. They have been in the main mischievous. They are wrong in principle, and particularly wrong in method and operation. They have been led by demagogues, and led more frequently to disaster than to any other issue. They have been short-sighted, despotic, illiberal, and inconsiderate. Their tendency has always been to make a breach between labor and capital, and destroy the sympathy between employers and employed; and there is no question that any agency is bad and impolitic that tends to alienate the sympathy of these two classes from each other. Still, it is a notable indication of the deep discontent of the laborer with his lot, and, as such, deserves the serious attention of all political economists and all patriots.

The granger movement in the West was, in its very recent day, a significant indication in the same direction. The producers of grain saw the profits of their labor melt away under the grasping demands of great corporations—corporations which enriched their stockholders and left the farming and produc-

ing interest insufficiently rewarded. It is true that demagogues seized upon this movement, as they do upon all movements of the kind, for the furthering of their own selfish purposes, but, after all, the indication of discontent was genuine, however much of injustice may have been involved in the considerations on which it was based. The farmers worked hard and did not get rich—did not get the mortgages off their farms—while railroad men grew into railroad kings, with millions at their command, and with the power, by the writing of their names, or by breathing a word, or by making a combination with other kings, to squeeze every bushel that passed through their hands still tighter in their exactions of toll.

A few weeks or months ago, a large meeting was held in this city in the interest of an "anti-monopoly" movement. No matter how unwise its declarations may have been, it was an indication of the same discontent in which the granger movement originated. It was the protest of private persons, helpless against the exactions and despotisms of monopolies and combinations of monopolies. They had seen great corporations doubling their capital-stock, and insisting on filching dividends out of the people for that which cost them absolutely nothing. They had seen this again and again. They had seen men made superfluously rich at their expense. They had felt the exercise of the power of monopolies upon their prosperity, and they protested against this power. They felt that they had no chance against these gigantic combinations, which not only had the power at any moment to deprive them of the profits of their industry, but also to purchase or dictate the laws necessary to keep them secure in their enormous privileges.

A more notable indication of popular discontent is the present position of what is known as the Irish Land Question. Not that the Irish land question is very different from the land question in any country, for the Irish are not sinned against more than others—more, indeed, than the English and the Welsh. The Irish laborer finds that he cannot possibly get a living out of the land of Ireland in the way in which he is obliged to manage and work it; and, with plenty all around him, he starves because he has absolutely nothing to buy food with. That is what makes the Irish land question, and that is what is destined to keep it a question until it is settled in such a way that Pat and Bridget can get a living off the land. No temporizing measure can settle this question. Not even good harvests can settle it for long, for a people living on the frightful edge of starvation cannot possibly be quiet, particularly if they live out-of-doors. Mr. Henry George has a prescription for this evil, but it is quite too radical for this generation, and it is doubtful whether the world will ever be ready for it, namely, the relegation of all landlord rights to the state, and making Ireland and all lands public property, with the absolute destruction of all private property in land. We have no space here to give a sketch of

the reasoning by which he arrives at this startling conclusion, but his pamphlet on "The Irish Land Question" is worth any man's reading. One thing is certain: this question will never be settled until it is settled right. It may take many years for the British Government to find out what the right mode of settlement is, but it may be certain that there is constant trouble before it until the right mode shall be found.

Coöperation is another indication of the popular discontent. This indication is one of an encouraging, rather than a menacing, character. In Great Britain, coöperation in production and commerce has made great headway, and is now recognized as an important feature of the national life. The people saw that manufacturers and merchants became rich on the profits of goods sold to them, while they remained poor and helpless. So they set their brains to work to secure for themselves the fruit of their own labor, and the coöperative stores and factories are the healthful and fruitful result. The day for the exercise of irresponsible power over the souls, bodies, and material interests of men has passed by. The body of the dead Tsar bears witness to this, and the protests that come to us from the various movements to which we have called attention are a warning to governments and monopolies that henceforward the people are to be considered; that universal human right to the products of the soil must be recognized, and that every man must have a fair chance to win for himself and his family a competent portion of the world's goods.

We believe the winning of wealth to be a perfectly legitimate pursuit. Wealth has great and beneficent uses, and the world would go very slowly if money could not be accumulated in wise and enterprising hands; but wealth may be used to make all men near it prosperous and happy, or it may be used to make them poor and miserable. When a rich man is only excited by his wealth with the desire to be richer, and goes on to exact larger profits and to grind the faces of the poor, in order that he may be superfluously rich, he becomes inhuman and unchristian. The Christian use of wealth is what we need in this country and in all countries. It is not that wealth does not give in charity. It is not that wealth is not sufficiently taxed for the support of those who are wrecked in health or fortune, but it is that wealth does not give the people a chance to escape from poverty; that it does not share its chances with the poor, and point the pathway for the poor toward prosperity. As a rule, wealth is only brotherly toward wealth, and the poor man feels himself cut off from sympathy with those who have the power of winning money. We may rest assured of one thing, namely, that the poor in the future will insist on being recognized. If they are not recognized—if they are ignored in the mad greed for wealth at any cost to them—they will make the future a troubled and terrible one for our children and our children's children.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Comstock Postal-Laws.

A REPLY.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: IN SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for April, page 950, in a notice of Mr. Anthony Comstock's book, "Frauds Exposed," occurs the following passage:

"He [Mr. Comstock] has done these things [*i. e.* suppress obscenity] with great faithfulness, and deserves the thanks of all good people for his beneficent work. For this he has been persecuted, not only by the men and women whose business he has disturbed or destroyed, but by a large class of people who call themselves 'liberals.' 'Liberalism,' as the word is used by those who profess it, is another name for infidelity, and if infidelity naturally sympathizes with dirt, it is well that we all know it. At any rate, 'liberals' are the only professed and open defenders of dirt, as it is represented by the men who are interested in pushing impure literature through the mails and distributing the means of debauching the children of the country through the same channels. They are the only people who have labored for the repeal of what are called 'the Comstock laws'—laws which form the only barriers between a set of unclean scoundrels and the youthful innocence of the land. No class in society defends the swindler; a large class defends the dispenser of moral filth, and raves about his right to make of the United States mails a gutter through which to pour his abominations upon the youth of the country. They are all as bad as the man they defend. They are not only sympathetic with his foul spirit, but they do their best to defend and help him. Christianity can afford this exhibition of the spirit and tendency of infidelity; can 'liberalism'? If giving up Christianity means taking on dirt, among 'long-haired men and short-haired women,' then it strikes us that 'liberalism' has not a very brilliant prospect in America."

This extract is of the same character as a longer article published in a previous issue of SCRIBNER, entitled "The Apotheosis of Dirt," and both are a fair exemplification of the general and complete misunderstanding concerning the position of the liberals on this subject—a misunderstanding which is natural enough on the mere superficial presumption that the Comstock postal-laws "form the only barriers between a set of unclean scoundrels and the youthful innocence of the land."

The writer for two years was the treasurer of the National Liberal League, which is the special liberal organization referred to in the above quotation. He is so reported in Mr. Comstock's book, and he feels that it is due to the public and to himself that the motives, aims, and objects of the liberals in this matter should be correctly represented; so in default of an abler champion, he proposes herewith, as best he can, and in as an impersonal and dispassionate manner as possible, to state the liberals' side of the question.

The writer will take it for granted, in common with the panegyrist of Mr. Comstock and his book,

that Christianity indorses the Comstock postal-laws and that liberalism opposes them.

That the liberals are, from the stand-point of Christian orthodoxy, "infidels," they do not hesitate to acknowledge, but they maintain that they, therefore, no more sympathize with "dirt" than do the great masters they variously learn of, such as Herbert Spencer, Auguste Comte, Victor Hugo, George Eliot, Harriet Martineau, Prof. Draper, Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and the immortal poet, Goethe, not to mention others of the greatest souls of our times, whose minds and hearts are, and have been, given to mankind. All true liberals are quite willing to be stigmatized as "infidels" in such companionship, but in none less noteworthy.

Let me now, in a categorical manner, state some of the reasons why liberals and infidels oppose Mr. Comstock's methods. I say his methods, for they do not oppose his aims and objects. In no announcement or official publication of the National Liberal League can any indorsement or support of indecency or obscenity be found. On the contrary, in every resolution that bears upon this subject, the utmost detestation of all such nastiness is expressed in the strongest terms. I proceed, then, to state, one by one, the objections which liberals entertain toward these so-called Comstock postal-laws.

First. Liberals believe them to be unconstitutional. In spite of the general belief to the contrary, these laws have not yet been authoritatively pronounced constitutional by the Supreme Court sitting in full bench. They have only been sustained by what lawyers call an *obiter dictum*, delivered in another, and we think irrelative, case, on the subject of lotteries. We feel convinced that, when they come to be fairly argued, this *obiter dictum* will be reversed, or, in default of that, that the people themselves will reverse it as they did the Dred Scott decision.

And liberals believe this because our great charter of American liberty simply confers on Congress in this connection the power "to establish post-offices and post-roads," and no more. Of course, the duty to do this carries with it every incidental and necessary power to conduct that department, but gives no authority beyond. For postal reasons, that is, for the "convenience" of the service, the Government may properly discriminate concerning mailable matter. "Dynamite may be excluded; liquors may be excluded, because they endanger the fulfillment of the contract with all other senders of mail matter. But the Government is not called upon to sit in judgment upon the moral character or intellectual quality of the parcels intrusted to it." The efficiency and not the morality of the post-office is what the Government has alone to consider. If these words are insufficient on this point, let me cite in their support the authority of some of America's most notable men.

Judge Story says in his work on the Constitu-

tion that "Congress cannot use this power [viz., "to establish post-offices and post-roads"] for any other ulterior purpose." In 1836, the principle involved in this exclusion of obscene matter from the mails was brought up in Congress when alleged attempts to circulate insurrectionary matter among the slaves was charged. "Mr. John C. Calhoun, though he evidently wished for power to exclude such publications and supervise the mails in the interest of slavery, still felt that the most that he could ask was that, by 'the comity of nations,' the United States should restrain the postmasters from delivering such matter in the States which had made its circulation illegal. The question was fully discussed in a Senate of unequaled ability, and even this limited restraint, as proposed by Mr. Calhoun, was held by a vote of twenty-five to nineteen to be impossible under the Constitution. ('Con. Globe,' 1836, pp. 36, 150, 237, 239, 288, etc.) In the debate, Henry Clay said:

"When I saw that the exercise of a most extraordinary and dangerous power had been announced by the head of the post-office, and that it had been sustained by the President's message, I turned my attention to the subject and inquired whether it was necessary that the General Government should, under any circumstances, exercise such a power, and whether they possessed it. After much reflection, I have come to the conclusion that they could not pass any law interfering with the subject in any shape or form whatever. The evil complained of was the circulation of papers having a certain tendency. The papers, unless circulated, and while in the post-office, could do no harm; it is the circulation solely—the taking out of the mail and the use to be made of them—that constitutes the evil. Then it is perfectly competent to the State authorities to apply the remedy. The instant that a prohibited paper is handed out, whether to a citizen or to a sojourner, he is subject to the laws which compel him either to surrender or burn it."

To the question of Senator Buchanan of Pennsylvania, to the effect that the post-office did give Congress the right to regulate morally what shall be carried in the mails, he replied in the negative, saying if such doctrine prevailed, the Government may designate the persons or parties or classes who shall have the benefit of the mails, excluding all others. "Honest John" Davis said, during this debate:

"It would be claiming, on the part of the Government, a monopoly and exclusive right either to send such papers as it pleased or to deny the privilege of sending them through the mail. Once establish the precedent and where will it lead to? The Government may take it into its head to prohibit the transmission of political, religious, or even moral or philosophical publications, in which it might fancy there was something offensive; and under this reserved right, contended for in this report, it would be the duty of the Government to carry it into effect."

Daniel Webster expressed himself as "shocked" at the unconstitutional character of the whole proceeding, and said:

"Any law distinguishing what shall or shall not

go into the mails, founded on the sentiments of the paper, and making the deputy-postmaster a judge, he should say was expressly unconstitutional."

Second. Because, even were the Comstock postal-laws constitutional, their operation and enforcement involve the methods of all others most hateful to freemen—I mean a system of decoy and espionage such as the "Sun" newspaper, in its issue of March 22, 1881, in a leading article entitled "The Espionage of the Mails," said "the British people would not quietly submit to for a single week." By these obnoxious methods the special agent of the post-office (Mr. Comstock), "or any other officer of the postal service," instead of being limited in his postal duty to seeing that the weight and postage are correct, etc., etc., has also imposed upon him the moral duty of censor of the press; that is, he or the deputy-postmaster is, "upon his own inspection,"—so says the dictum of the Supreme Court in the Jackson case,—to see that the printed matter "is not objectionable." If this is not an inquisition, by what name can it be called?

Third. These laws are useless. The forbidden articles can be sent everywhere by express, by railroad, by mercantile agencies, by commercial travelers, and even by the mails themselves when sent as first-class matter, that is, in sealed envelopes; though some contend that the Government, in certain instances, invades and disregards even the sanctity of a seal.

Fourth. Because these laws involve the inherent difficulty of reaching any proper definition of what obscenity is.

Chancellor Livingston, one of the greatest of American jurists, in his task of codifying the laws of Louisiana, confessed, on this very point, that one of his embarrassments arose from "the difficulty of defining the offense." It is certain that the prim and prudent village maiden will blush in shame at a group like the Laocoön or a statue like the Venus of Melos, before which the traveled metropolitan dame would stand enraptured. Mr. James Parton aptly says in this regard that "it is not possible to put into human language a definition of the word obscene which shall let the Song of Solomon, Rabelais, Juvenal, and Tom Jones pass, and keep out works intended and calculated to corrupt."

Fifth. Because these laws confer upon the United States courts a dangerous, because indefinite, enlargement of their criminal jurisdiction.

The criminal jurisdiction of the United States courts is very strictly defined, and it is only intended that such jurisdiction shall apply under the most exact constructions; but now comes in a law, hurriedly passed, I am told, at the close of an exciting session of Congress, which, among other clauses, prohibits from the mails "anything intended or adapted for any indecent or immoral use." Think of it! What vast indefiniteness! what ample opportunity for persecution! If the views of the village

* I have quoted all of the above commanding authorities from the Faneuil Hall speech of Mr. T. B. Wakeman, who has made an exhaustive examination of the whole subject. And I shall have occasion on other points to rely on his learning.

maiden before referred to on "indecency" and "immorality" should happen to prevail with judge and jury, the opinions of the cultured city woman would be banned. Chancellor Livingston, before referred to, in commenting on the English law against obscenity (a law much more strictly defined), feared it as "putting too much power in the hands of a fanatic judge with a like-minded jury."

I again quote from Mr. Wakeman:

"Our fathers feared nothing more than this—that is, the enlargement of criminal jurisdiction in the United States courts. The United States courts were regarded by them as in fact, what they are, namely, foreign tribunals to the mass of the people. The judges sit for life, without responsibility to the people; few lawyers know the practice; the juries are so selected that they are 'packed' in effect, if not by design. The districts are so large that even in the same State the accused has rarely a jury of his peers and of his vicinage; and, most surprising of all, in this criminal class of cases there is practically, owing to their method of procedure, nothing more than the semblance of an appeal. Think of one fallible man, under the most indefinite of laws, with the absolute power of fine and imprisonment, and even, in some cases, of life and death in his hands, and no practical appeal! As Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry and Luther Martin said, 'The United States will be constantly gaining power by construction and the people constantly losing; judge you in which way the balance will run; where an inch is given an ell will be taken.' The lesson is that if you would not have Liberty leave you she must be guarded in her home among the States and people, and not be trusted out to United States judges and officials."

Sixth. Because these laws are impolitic with regard to the very purpose they have in view, and tend to defeat themselves. As an example of this, I believe that no one influence has been one-hundredth part so great in advertising the impugned pamphlet around which this controversy has specially centered, as the prosecutions that have taken place in connection with it. But for the publicity thus given it would doubtless have fallen still-born. As it is, I am told that edition after edition is disposed of.

Seventh. Because these laws are unnecessary. "The State laws and municipal laws, previously and now existing, are sufficient for the detection and punishment of all real offenders against decency and good morals"—nay, not only sufficient, but, I am informed, on competent legal authority, much superior to the United States law. For one hundred years we did without the latter, and it is said that most of what Mr. Comstock has usefully effected has been done under the State laws. As Henry Clay said, "It is the circulation out of the post-office that makes the offense." The fact is that all the obscenity there was was suppressed, and can only be effectually suppressed, by State laws. Only the State laws that strike at the root and reach the printing, manufacture, and circulation in every form, including expresses and mercantile agencies as well as the mails, can be efficient. Postal-laws cannot prevent the circulation of obscenity, for it has a hundred means beyond them. There must be State

laws anyhow; they always were efficient—why not continue to use them until they fail? All these postal-laws have done is to introduce "espionage" and "decoy," which have outraged justice, liberty, and morality.

To show how very far liberals are from favoring obscenity, I herewith present the draft of a bill drawn by Mr. T. B. Wakeman and submitted by him to the New York Legislature through Assemblyman Andrews. Mr. Wakeman, be it understood, is the one liberal who, above all others, has been the head and front of Anti-Comstockism; yet here we find him proposing a law which, while it will not endanger American liberty, outdoes the Society for the Prevention of Vice in promoting purity through methods that are at once safer, more impartial and more effective:

"An Act to provide for the punishment of certain offenses therein named, and to amend chapter 527 of the laws of 1873, entitled 'An Act to Incorporate the Society for the Suppression of Vice,' passed May 16th, 1873."

"The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

"Section 1. The district attorneys of the several counties of this State shall hereafter have exclusive charge, control, and management of all informations, accusations, indictments, and prosecutions of or in regard to all offenses described in the Act to incorporate the Society for the Suppression of Vice, passed May 16th, 1873, and also of and in regard to all offenses under the laws of this State now passed, or which may be hereafter passed, in relation to raffling, lotteries, gaming, gambling schemes, and devices to deceive and defraud the public, or to obtain money by false pretenses, and obscene and indecent exhibitions and plays.

"§2. It shall be the duty of said district attorneys as prosecuting officers to make the enforcement of said laws effective, and of all citizens to aid them in so doing. The police force of the city of New York, as well as of all other places where police organizations exist within this State, and all sheriffs, constables, and citizens of this State who may hold the office of postmaster, shall, wherever required, to the extent of their power, aid the district attorney of their respective counties, or any deputy, officer, or detective appointed by him, in procuring evidence of violations of said laws, and in prosecuting the same.

"§3. Any district attorney who shall fail faithfully to prosecute a person charged with the violation in his county of any of the laws described in this Act, or who shall fail to faithfully prosecute any offense thereunder which may come or be brought to his knowledge, shall be removed from office by the Governor of the State after due notice, and an opportunity of being heard in his defense. As to the sufficiency of such notice and hearing, the Governor shall determine. Charges before the Governor under this section may be preferred by any citizen of the State, but each charge shall contain a particular statement of the facts complained of under the oath of the complainant.

"§4. Section 7 of chapter 527 of said Act, entitled 'An Act to Incorporate the Society for the Suppression of Vice,' is hereby repealed, and the objects and duties of that society shall hereafter be limited to the suppression of vice and the prevention of crime by the use of such persuasive, advisory, chari-

table, educational, missionary, and religious means as it may deem useful for those purposes.

"§5. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this Act are hereby repealed.

"§6. This Act shall take effect immediately."

But, over and above any laws, either State or national, it seems to the writer that the really effectual remedy is in a higher education and a deeper moral enthusiasm. Let children be taught anatomy and physiology, let them know how "fearfully and wonderfully they are made," let them be impressed with the dignity of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and even if they receive clandestinely the nasty literature to which we are referring they will turn from the vile trash as they would from the plague. For by keeping children healthily occupied with their studies at school and their art and pleasures at home, tastes antagonistic to all obscenity are engendered. Moreover, as the principal danger feared seems to be with the immature, it can be readily met and avoided by parents and school-teachers who, through proper arrangements with the postmasters where they reside, can readily exert a complete oversight in regard to mail matter directed to the young people.

Of the two sorts of offenses Government punishes, viz.: first, crimes against persons and property, and, second, against sentiment and opinion, it is curious to observe how the latter are passing away. They become dead letters, either because the people outgrow them or because they will not tolerate them. Such laws are those against sacrilege, blasphemy, Sabbath-breaking, taking the name of God in vain, etc., etc. Will not laws against obscenity and indecency be apt gradually to fall into the same category? Will they not die because they will be needless? But, as far as laws still remain necessary in this direction, State laws are all that are required. The citadel of liberty need not be invaded through espionage over the mails, for the sake of curing what State laws and the natural tendency of things will themselves correct.

Eighth. Because these laws tend toward the union of church and state, thus opposing the fundamental safeguard of American liberty, which is the separation of church and state. The function of the church is, or should be, moral, advisory, and educative. It is designed to act on the conscience, and on that only. To the state alone belongs force and compulsion. The question is one between the secular administration of the law—as established after centuries of travail both in England and America—and the tendency of ecclesiasticism to interfere and intermeddle with the same. Guizot, in his "History of Civilization," speaks as follows:

"In the present day, when the idea of government presents itself to our mind, we know, of whatever kind it may be, that it will scarcely pretend to any authority beyond the outward actions of men, beyond the civil relations between man and man. Governments do not profess to carry their rule further than this. With regard to human thought, to the human conscience, to the intellectual powers of man, with regard to individual opinions, to private morals—

with these they do not interfere; this would be to invade the domain of liberty. The Christian Church did, and was bent upon doing, exactly the contrary. What she undertook to govern was the human thought, human liberty, private morals, individual opinions."

Now, how are these thoughts applicable to the direct question under review? I think their application will be readily seen.

The Society for the Prevention of Vice and the Society for the Suppression of Crime—and, in fact, all similar institutions—are endeavors to supplement and supplant the regular processes of law by confiding the machinery of justice to special classes, under the influence of a special theological bias. Bad enough is it for the State to be obliged to resort to the club of the policeman and the arts of the detective, but for a religious society to undertake such tasks is simply monstrous. Yet here we have the lamentable spectacle of Mr. Comstock as agent at once of the Society for the Prevention of Vice and also special agent of the United States Post-office. Thus, under the cloak and with the sanction of religion, he is encouraged to invade private correspondence, and that, too, when it can only be unearthed by a system of espionage, which is the method of the sneak, and by a system of decoy, which is only another name for lying.

Such societies amount to a practical confession that republican administration of law is a failure and that nothing can be made to go right unless the church takes hold of it; and so the mere existence of such associations is a practical affirmation that a government of the people, for the people, and by the people must give way to a government over the people by these amateur theological organizations. It is Calvinism in politics, and the entering wedge to the destruction of our own hard-won American liberty.

And that liberals are not the only ones who thus judge, I here quote an extract from Dr. Henry C. Potter's sermon denunciatory of the sins of our metropolis, delivered at Grace Church in this city, Sunday, March 13th, as reported in the "New York Herald." He alludes particularly to the Society for the Suppression of Crime, but his words are as applicable to the Society for the Prevention of Vice. He says: "A voluntary society for the suppression of crime, whose very existence is a startling commentary on our sham civilization, since it has been forced into existence to do the work which the law and its executors are both sworn and paid to do,—a voluntary association like this, created for the suppression of crime, endeavors," etc., etc. And a sentence or two further on he remarks: "A quixotic divine [Dr. Crosby] strives in vain to rouse the public conscience against licensed stealing, and the friends of the thieves laugh in their sleeves at his folly, while the rest of the community think that he had better go back to his preaching. I think so, too, for surely the people, to awaken whom this John the Baptist cries so vainly in the wilderness of New York," etc., etc. If any church may claim to be the leading one of New York, Grace Church is that one, yet it

is the pastor of that congregation who thus expresses his criticism of the present confusion which exists between the administration of the spiritual and temporal powers; and the "Herald," commenting editorially on this discourse, thus speaks:

"Dr. Potter's sermon on 'The Perils of New York' calls attention to the fact, astounding to all who do not inhabit this city, that societies are organized to do the work that the law requires our officials to perform, and that the people do not seem to be indignant about it."

Ninth. Because these postal-laws are rife with tyranny. This is largely an inference, and a most unwelcome one, from the last point. Says the Constitution of the United States: "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." We cannot have a free country where freedom of thought is denied; and as a condition to freedom of thought, not only freedom of speech and of the press, but also freedom of the mails is essential. A censorship over our mails and a system of espionage and decoy in our post-office, therefore, seems to me utterly hateful to republicanism and consistent only with despotism. Some one condensed the whole subject in the curt inquiry, "Free mails or moral mails, which?" If moral mails, whose morals? This year Mr. Comstock's; at the next Congress, Cardinal McClosky's, if a Catholic majority controls, and after that, perhaps, the morals of Ah Sin, if within a few decades the yellow flood from the Celestial empire should overwhelm us. And suppose, as is by no means improbable, that at no distant day the liberals become supreme. Would the Christians then be quite willing to abide by the precedent of their own postal-laws? Would they be willing to have meted unto them the measure that they mete? Would they be willing to subject their own literature to the test of their own making? It seems to me the only safe course for each side is to adopt the good old Christian rule of doing as they would be done by. Equal rights for all, unequal privileges for none.

Tenth. Because this method of legislation is an irresponsible method. These amateur societies have the power of prosecution and arrest, but in no secular or republican sense are they or their agents directly amenable to the people; yet they form an indefinite nondescript governmental power. Our laws are supposed only to have their origin and source in the consent of the governed. To what general and public authority of this kind can these organizations point? A society or agent representing a special church or sect is certainly not a society or agent representing the people.

Eleventh. Because these laws, through their method of decoy, tempt men into the commission of the very crimes they seek to suppress. How many are the men who, under the fearful stress of competition and having a family to feed, can resist an order for an indecent publication, even if it be one of which they themselves may strongly disapprove? I do not, of course, justify such men, but affirm that these laws have this unhappy tendency.

A quotation from the Rev. Sydney Smith, of the

Established Church of England and editor of the "Edinburgh Review," comes in very appropriately under this head. The London Society for the Suppression of Vice was founded three-fourths of a century earlier than its namesake of New York, and was conducted by the same system of espionage, decoying, and informing that has characterized its modern successor. The authority referred to said:

"Men whose trade is rat-catching love to catch rats; the bug-destroyer seizes on his bug with delight; and the suppressor is gratified by finding his vice. The last soon becomes a mere tradesman like the others; none of them moralizes or laments that their respective evils should exist in the world. The public feeling is swallowed up in the pursuit of a daily occupation and in the display of a technical skill. An informer, whether paid by the week, like the agents of this society, or by the crime, as in common cases, is in general a man of very indifferent character. So much fraud and deception are necessary for carrying on his trade—it is so odious to his fellow-subjects that no man of respectability will ever undertake it. A man who receives pay for prying into the transgressions of mankind will always be hated by mankind, and the office must fall to the lot of some man of desperate fortunes and ambiguous character. If it be lawful for *respectable* men to combine for the purpose of turning informers, it is lawful for the lowest and most despicable race to do the same thing; and then it is quite clear that every species of wickedness and extortion would be the consequence."

Thus, self-interest both for decoyer and decoyed leads to the production and multiplication of these offenses.

It would be easy to show that in their practical outcome these laws have actually resulted in the unjust conviction and imprisonment of certain American citizens, but I have already consumed too much space and therefore desist.

Finally, and to sum up: Christianity it is which stands as sponsor to these postal-laws, in regard to which I have shown that they are useless, that they tend to create the offenses they would suppress, that they are impolitic, that they are unnecessary, that they are rife with tyranny, that they lean toward the union of church and state, that they confer on United States courts a dangerous power, that, in the opinion of some of America's ablest statesmen, expressed in an analogous case, they are unconstitutional, that they involve irresponsibility, and that decoy, espionage, lying, and deceit are interwoven with their very nature. To purchase deliverance from obscenity at such a cost, it seems to the writer, is straining at one gnat and swallowing half a dozen camels. It is selling our American birthright for a mess of pottage.

Not in the spirit of captious retort, but in all seriousness, nay, in sadness, I conclude my plea by thus reversing the words of the writer of the editorial with which I began my article: Liberalism can stand this exhibition of the spirit and tendency of orthodoxy; can Christianity?

COURTLANDT PALMER.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Mrs. Harrison's "Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes." *

THIS attractive and useful volume is the natural outgrowth of the author's practical experience and her wide acquaintance with the aesthetic difficulties and desires of housewives as revealed in the work of the Society of Decorative Art, with which she has been associated. It has a most comprehensive scope, dealing with aspects of the subject as diverse as The Union League Club Portières (the workmanship of Mrs. Wheeler), Pottery Underglaze, and Bandanna Waste-Baskets. In a volume covering so much ground it would be unreasonable to expect the author's opinion to have equal weight all through, and she has evidently cared more to make clear to the very large audience which the book will reach the practical details of approved methods in the use of needle and brush, than to pass judgment upon the proportionate value and adaptability to American life of the different new ideas now in vogue or likely to be so. In the endeavor to be historically comprehensive and up with the times she has, therefore, included some whimsicalities of fashion, such as painting on mirrors, which are not to be recommended for general use, but are likely to be prominent agents in the reaction against decoration which will presently set in. The book is altogether a very stimulating one, and we do not know of anything else that could have been treated of with advantage—unless in her catholicity the author could have added, as a brake upon the momentum which readers will receive from her suggestions, a short but much needed essay on "The Dangers to National Character in the Growth of Decorative Ideas."

The very practical aspect of the book may be seen in the following extracts:

"DOORS, AND HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM.

"Shut them, is no doubt the first method suggesting itself to the thoughtful head of a family! But this heroic treatment is not always imperative in the present reign of *portières*. Sometimes a door opening inward displays a surface totally inharmonious with the decoration of the interior; and many people submit to the annoyance with helpless resignation, seeking no remedy for what is really not a difficult matter.

"If the style of the room permit, a Japanese *kake-mono*, or picture on silk, may be hung upon the frame. A fine Eastern rug—say a prayer-carpet, with a pattern usually so arranged long ago by the pilgrim who owned it as to point in the direction of Mecca—or any other quaint product of an oriental loom in your possession, might be hung on the offending door, and would transform it into a most inviting point of observation. A plaque of Benares brass could be secured on this.

"An embroidered door-hanging has been of late a popular bit of needlework. One of these, in

width corresponding with the door, is made of Venetian yellow raw silk, crossed by brown velvet bands connected by an arabesque of blue silk and gold thread. Loose peacock's feathers are worked on the body of the stuff.

"The same idea carried out in olive momie-cloth, with plush to match, is extremely good. The *entredoux* of silk and gold thread may be worked in hap-hazard stitches, without regularity or purpose other than keeping in view the color to be displayed.

"Where you desire to paint upon your panels designs in oil or water-colors, with tinted or gilded background, always consider first the relation in color between wood-work and walls. The skirting-board, window-frames, and doors should be darker than the walls, and the walls in turn darker than the ceiling. If your papering, for example, be a decided birds'-egg blue, a rich effect in color may be gained by painting doors and wood-work with dull Indian red. If yellow prevails on the walls, a dark, low-toned Antwerp blue may be used on the wood-work; if Pompeian red, try dark bronze-green doors and skirting. With sage-green on the paper, tint your wood-work with two shades of gray-green, and outline it with red. Black, maroon, chocolate-brown, orange-green are all used, as the papering demands them. You need not fear these contrasts, knowing that decorative effect depends quite as much on contrast as on similarity of tint.

"Upon wood-work thus painted in somber flat color, the amateur may find pleasure in herself applying a new form of decoration, resembling the one still used for mural adornment in Italy. This consists of gilding through stencil-plates improvised by the operator, using a brush charged with liquid gold, which can be bought by the bottle of any dealer in artists' supplies. A variety of figures may be drawn upon card-board, then cut out with sharp scissors, leaving spaces and perforations through which to apply the gold over-sizing. Round, square, quatre-foil, lozenge-shaped, or crescent patterns may be used, which, when dotted irregularly over the door-frame and panels, not too close to each other, make a charming decoration.

"Oblongs of gray linen have been embroidered in crewel to insert in door-panels; and gold paper, painted over a ground of Chinese white with sketchy wild-flowers in water-color, is also used for this purpose.

"Painting with oils is a more durable style of decoration, to be executed in the ordinary way. The wood may be plain or gilded, the design either flowers, foliage, birds and butterflies, heraldic ornaments, or monograms. The design here taken for illustration from that fertile source of suggestion in household decorative art, the 'Art Amateur,' represents a tree with graceful branches of foliage-bearing, odd, Japanese-looking flowers, seen through the frame of the door. The stem of this slender tree, rising from the base of the left-hand lower panel, describes a curved line passing beneath the frame-work into the right-hand middle panel, and back to the left, where it tapers into feathery foliage. Grasses spring from below, while a bird or two and a few butterflies afford points of decided color. The tones of this decoration should be kept low,—the background green-gray, the foliage gray-green,—the flowers grayish-white and pale yellow. In all cases the frame of the door should be deeper in tint than the

* Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes. By Constance Cary Harrison. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

panel. The suggestion conveyed by this design may be varied with pleasing effect. Ascending from living-room to nursery, the doors offer a delightful opportunity to give pleasure to our little ones. The figures of Panch and Judy, with their well-known train of attendants, may be painted upon the panels, or a series of designs taken from the beloved "St. Nicholas." By those amateurs unable to trust themselves in sketching the design, it may be transferred to the panel by means of the ordinary red paper. The Marcus Ward or Walter Crane toy-books, with gilded background, are good models in color. This should be laid on flat, without shading, stippling, or cross-hatching.

"The same pictures are often used to paste upon nursery door-panels; or a grotesque mosaic of odds and ends of birds and beasts and figures—rescued from the wreck of children's books and cut out from their surroundings, to apply with paste just where the combination promises most amusement to the infant spectator—has proved a great success.

"OIL-COLORS UPON SILK OR SATIN.

"In using oil paints with silk or satin, begin by squeezing out the tube colors on blotting-paper, which will absorb the oil in the paint and prevent a stain upon the material. Lay ox-gall over the design you have drawn or transferred, before applying the paint. Then charge your brush with the highest general tone of color, and accomplish what you can with a single sweep, taken, if possible, parallel to the rib of the silk, not across the woof. A second application of color should supply the shading; a third, the deepest shadows. For blending colors use only the palette-knife upon the palette. Do not attempt this with your brush upon the silk or satin. Cake-magnesia, rubbed on the wrong side of the material, is said to be useful in absorbing oil. It can easily be brushed off when the paint is dry.

"OIL-COLORS UPON PLUSH.

"Charming effects are produced by the use of oil-colors upon plush. This can only be done by employing a stiff bristle-brush to stamp the color well in upon the body of the plush. A fire-screen of garnet plush, painted with a stalk of sunflowers, and another of dark-blue stamped plush with a luxuriant bough of dogwood in blossom, have been much admired.

"WATER-COLOR PAINTING ON SATEEN.

"This material is very satisfactory as a background for figures, painted in water-color. No

contributions to the rooms of the Society of Decorative Art have been more generally admired than the screen illustrating this method painted by Miss Kellogg. The color chosen in sateen is usually an old-gold or golden fawn; the designs, landscapes, and figures are tinted after the Watteau fashion. A screen in three panels has woodland scenes, where the sunshine streams through boughs of over-arching green. The first panel displays a dear little old-time damsel with poke-bonnet, mittens, and kerchief, straying through the woods, idly trailing a sunflower behind her—the impersonation of careless maidenhood for whom time stands still! On the next panel, two pretty gossips are twining each an arm around the other's waist; and on the third, a saucy, pink-ribboned girl with dimples and cherry cheeks stands waiting her lover in a forest glade.

"A banner screen, with the same background, represents Marguerite picking her daisy to pieces, while supposed to be murmuring, 'He loves me—he loves me not.'

"The peculiar softness of this style of work makes it deservedly a favorite among skillful colorists.

"CASHMERE SHAWLS IN DECORATION.

"Although it is popularly said that 'a cashmere shawl never goes out of fashion,' it has been a long time since those who pretend to lead in matters of dress have allowed them to appear unless in some costly wrap for which one of these lovely oriental webs has been ruthlessly cut up. The head-quarters of cashmere shawls at Bombay continues to send them out, however, in all grades and qualities; and the striped ones, in price from ten dollars to one hundred dollars, have been extensively used as curtains and *portières*. Firms in New York, and others in Boston, have sold large numbers of the cheaper kind for this purpose; and assuredly no one can go wrong in taste in employing them. Brass rings are sewn upon one end; and the drapery is suspended upon a rod of brass to flow free, or else to be looped back by cords made to match. Should the shawl be too long for door or window, one end can be turned over to form a sort of heading; and the rings can be sewn to a tape stitched on the shawl to prevent tearing.

"We suppose there are few enthusiastic amateurs in house-decoration who have not at some time been conscious of a mad ambition to employ some treasured round-center heirloom of a shawl in the guise of a table-cover, and have been reluctantly deterred from the project by qualms of conscientious reverence! Costly shawls have been utilized in this way more than once in New York, and in Paris they have served to upholster chairs and couches."

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Charles Barnard's "Coöperation."

It is much to be desired that we might have a book on coöperation by some economist who is competent to analyze and interpret the phenomena, and to criticise the various schemes. All the books and pamphlets on the subject which exist are written by enthusiasts; that is to say, either by persons

who are directly engaged in the coöperative system, or by those who have been captivated by it, and have given it a cursory examination from the outside. Coöperation undoubtedly has a sphere of great utility. It is capable of very many phases. What we want is such an analysis of the various projects as will set forth why, and by what forces, coöperation wins anything over competition. If this can be established, we can find the limits of the advantage of coöperation, and can get a criterion for judging

* Coöperation as a Business. By Charles Barnard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the various schemes proposed. It is certain that, at the present time, exaggerated hopes are built upon coöperation, and projects which are radically unsound and mischievous win confidence because they are, in name and appearance, coöperative.

Much of the book before us was published first in *SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY*. It contains a very interesting description of various coöperative projects, but no criticism. It is written from the stand-point of a sympathizing and enthusiastic observer, but it does not discriminate between forms and modes of coöperation, and it makes no attempt at financial or economic analysis.

It opens with a description of building societies of a type which has been especially developed in Philadelphia. Philadelphia is, in the first place, obviously fitted to be the arena of such an experiment. It is not a metropolis, but an enormous manufacturing town. Each new group of factories with its attendant dwellings is a town by itself. There is no high organization of the whole toward and around a center. The city has room to spread indefinitely on three sides. The often vaunted roominess of the city is a very simple consequence. The financial elements of the building-society scheme, however, are not quite clear on the surface. It is only when we note, on page 28, in the statement there quoted, that one-seventh of all the loans are forfeited, and when we learn, on page 52, that this means total loss by the forfeiters of all they have paid in, that we get a glimpse of the facts which it is essential to know. We then see that the extraordinary gains of some come from the extraordinary losses of others. There is a great readiness in the public mind to believe that some financial "scheme" is possible by which one dollar can be made equal to one dollar and ten cents, or by which double the current rate per cent. can be made without extra risk, or by which a man who has no capital can be made to be like unto the man who has capital in respect to the burdens and hardships of life. These are delusions, and what we want to know about any financial scheme is: by what economy of energy or of loss does it win a gain over older systems? The building associations group together a number of persons who are willing to work and save. Some of them lend to others. They have discovered the secret of credit. The scheme assumes entire freedom from accident, illness, dull times, or other drawbacks. Those who have such luck that the assumption proves true for them, gain. Those who have any drawback to contend with, lose and throw all their savings into the hands of the lucky ones. The average is not above that of the general market, or what might be won by depositing in a savings-bank, and borrowing of a savings-bank, under competition, freedom, and individuality. But it is made up of wide extremes. We had knowledge some thirty years ago of a building association on the plan which is described in this book. It was there proved that mechanics and laborers, being eager, hopeful, but unused to investment, would bid far higher premiums than the transaction would justify, and would thus engage themselves

in contracts which ruined them. We believe that every scheme of this sort which involves any element of association will prove delusive, and will ultimately be found to be a cloak for inequitable money-getting. The English plan of joint-stock companies for real estate improvement, which sell houses for a monthly rent which is reckoned to cover the purchase money within a period, which plans are avowedly for making profit on capital and call for nothing but free contract, will be found far more sound, just, and satisfactory. In America,—at least in all country towns,—savings-banks take savings and make loans, and are thus accomplishing all the time, on simple business principles, all there is which is sound and desirable in building societies, and they do it under freedom and independence as between all the parties. The building associations have no advantage save the attraction of newness. In England, savings-banks are far less developed than here, and they invest in consols. There is a field for building associations there which does not exist in this country.

When we come to other forms of coöperation, it is necessary to distinguish very carefully between three different things: (1) Industrial Copartnership; (2) Coöperative Store-keeping; (3) Coöperative Industry. Mr. Barnard describes cases of each of these, but without discrimination. In this he follows all the writers on the subject, for, if the different names are used by some, the proper distinctions are not drawn by any. In economic value the three differ greatly. An industrial copartnership is an industrial monarchy. There is no assumption in it that one man is as likely to make a good "boss" as another. The capitalist employer retains unlimited control (so far as his employés are concerned) of the business. He offers to his work-people contract wages and a share in all profits beyond an established rate. That is to say, he invites his men to coöperate with him, by zeal, painstaking, and care to prevent waste to make the establishment especially successful, and as an inducement he makes them participants in the extra profit which can be thus obtained. Here we see economic forces brought into play by a genuine stimulus, but we see also the reason for the gain and the limit of it. The gain of an industrial copartnership, as such, comes from the fact that the men are raised by it to a grade of diligence and economy above the existing average in the trade. Hence the rates of allowance for loss and waste prove, in the industrial copartnership, to be too high. Also the current calculations as to the product which will be produced in proportion to wages paid prove too small in the industrial copartnership. Here is where the gain comes from. Furthermore, it is evident that, if industrial copartnerships became the rule, the standards of product expected for wages paid would be raised, the allowances for waste, loss, and negligence would be lowered throughout the industry, the standards of diligence and care among the men would be raised, and the net gain would, by competition, be given over to the public. Hence the final result would be simply an elevation in the standards of industrial virtue, and consequent increase of wealth and general well-

being. The system of industrial copartnerships would thus be a practical means of bringing about that moral elevation which we preach about and hope for, as the only real spring of higher social well-being, but which it is so hard to bring about as a practical fact. This is enough to expect from any sound and genuine scheme of improvement. It is the most that we ever have any right to expect. If any one thinks that industrial copartnership is more than this—say, for instance, a permanent solution of the discords of employers and employés by the elimination of the struggle of interests—he is preparing for himself and those whom he leads a very great disappointment.

Coöperative store-keeping is an arrangement for the distribution of products which eliminates credit and bad debts. Strange as it may sound to the sentimental admirers of the Rochdale Pioneers, coöperative store-keeping is aristocratic. In a community where the usages of trade were all bad, and where the honest and prompt payers could get no advantage of their higher virtue because they were lost in the mass of dishonest and bad payers, the good and strong separated themselves from the bad and weak, and by as much as the former profited by the new system, the latter were worse off for it. The grocers and other shop-keepers who have lost all their good customers are obliged to raise the insurance rate against long credit and bad debts for the customers whom they retain. Instead of smoothing the competition of life, the coöperative stores have intensified it. They have taught all those who could understand the instruction to accumulate capital. They have freed the industrious and economical from part of the burden they used to bear when they paid the store-bills of the idle and wasteful. Hence the gulf between the two classes grows wider all the time, and the coöperative stores are operating toward the survival of the fittest.

Our author gives us the latest and best account of the Rochdale Pioneers and some of the other coöperative stores in England. The history of coöperative stores in England is a romantic and pathetic story. It is not strange that every one who reads it should ask, Why do we not have such stores in America? Very many attempts have been made since 1850, when the Rochdale Pioneers first began to attract world-wide notice, to establish such stores here. They have all failed, because the field for them does not exist here. Retail trade in England has been, and yet is, subject to very many abuses. There is too much capital in it. It has to support too many people. Credit is employed in it to a most extravagant degree—bills running for indefinite periods. The result is that the profits exacted are great, the goods are adulterated, and the shop-keepers have tacit combinations. Here was offered, undoubtedly, a grand arena for coöperation. Those who could pay and would pay cash, by uniting, and separating themselves from those who wanted long credit or did not pay at all, could cut off the margin of payment for interest and bad debts. This is the gain of coöperative store-keeping, added to which, however, it does away with adulteration and raises

the quality of supplies. In America, competition is generally active over retail trade. It is so in and near large cities. In country towns, at a distance from large cities, there might be a chance for coöperation, but then it would have to contend with the trouble and expense of management on a small scale. Credit, with us, is not excessive. The fluctuations of the war currency brought about a great reform in that respect, and now, as the currency gets better, competition will work more and more freely on retail trade. There is great reason to believe that coöperative stores in England will bring about a great reform in the modes of retail trade, but that, when the reform is accomplished, the private trader, using his own capital under individual risk and with individual energy, will beat the coöperative store.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, many experiments in coöperative stores were made in this country. It is not known that any of them were successful. From time to time since then, other attempts have been made. Some are in progress now, and the experiment is by no means closed. It is to be noticed, first, that, especially in our large cities, retail trade is conducted on very active competition, and is assimilated to wholesale trade, so that the margin of profit is very narrow; and, second, that coöperative stores have one constant difficulty to surmount, viz.: the difficulty of finding, at a moderate salary, the requisite skill, zeal, and integrity in management.

Coöperation in production is republicanism or democracy applied to industry. It is a question which some will answer one way and some another, whether a democratic-republic is a good organization for industry or not. Experience, up to this time, bears with a heavy preponderance in favor of the negative. The economic elements of gain in coöperative workshops have never been defined by anybody, and are not apparent. There are even great difficulties in the definition, so soon as anything more is intended than a joint-stock company, in which the capital is largely held by the workmen employed by it. If one hundred men want to start a workshop, there is some suitable amount of capital, say ten thousand dollars, which one hundred men at that business need to keep them employed. These one hundred men can, only in the single and most exceptional case, have just that amount. If they have more, they must hire some men, who may not be coöperators, to work up that capital. If they have less than that amount of capital, they must sell shares to some who are not workmen. Therefore, in all but the most exceptional cases, the establishment is simply like one of our Eastern cotton mills, in which the *élite* of the workpeople are often stockholders—i. e., simply a joint-stock company. The constant difficulty of coöperative production arises, of course, from the need of very complete concord and accord among a large number of persons, and that is the hardest thing on earth to bring about.

We must give a paragraph also to a warning against the delusions of coöperative insurance. This

has become very popular in this country, and exists far more widely than any other application of coöperation. Some of the States have recently been legislating about it. Why is it believed that the great insurance companies keep large reserves? Why is it supposed that stringent laws have been passed and close inspection has been established for those companies? Obviously it is because life insurance is not true or sound except under strict conditions which are capable of mathematical computation. The coöperative-insurance societies are cheaper, because they are outside of legal restraint, and are violating all the necessary limitations and burdens of sound business. There is heavy loss and bitter disappointment in store for many people who are putting their savings and their faith into these schemes.

We have used our space for the briefest possible statement of the principles which serve for the criticism of Mr. Barnard's book. The reader will find in it a great deal of the specific information which most people want when they ask what coöperation is. We can recommend it as offering this information in simple form, but we desire to point out to the reader that he must think for himself, and yield nothing to unfounded enthusiasm in reading up this subject. It seems a great deal more important that people should learn to discriminate between what is sound and what is unsound, than that they should be stimulated to an unformed enthusiasm and an impossible hope.

Dr. Schliemann's "Ilios."

SINCE the publication, in "Troy and its Remains," of the diary of his explorations at Hissarlik in 1871 and the two following years, with the full description of the remarkable discoveries then made, Dr. Schliemann has spent parts of two summers in further excavations of the site and of mounds in its vicinity. The direct results of these supplementary researches have not been of great importance, but the opportunity they afford to the explorer of revising his first impressions and of casting his mature conclusions into a systematic form has been eagerly improved. He has also called to his aid a number of eminent scholars, who have contributed, each in his own department, something to the value of the work. Thus the present account of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries must be accepted by students of archaeology as presenting the author's final views, and as offering a more consistent and bolder front to criticism than the earlier book. But the gossipy candor, the garrulous unreserve, the impetuous enthusiasm for every new and romantic guess, reckless

of logic or consistency, which characterized the investigator's former writings, had their own charm; and we miss them here all the more that, in imitating the caution of a scientific observer, he seems all the time to be laboring under an unnatural constraint. There is little of his old exultation in identifying his buried treasures with those of the Homeric heroes; but he seems well content with Professor Virchow's plea, that, though Troy, Priam, and Achilles may have existed only in the imagination of the bards, yet, for the sake of romantic animation, and in order to make vivid the impressions of the Homeric poetry, we may well connect these names with the wonderful objects unearthed at the traditional site of Ilium. On this ground, the scholars who have most seriously resisted Dr. Schliemann's efforts to find history in Homer will gladly meet him, provided that poetical fancies be not intruded upon historical truth and made to pervert our views of the early steps in civilization.

Dr. Schliemann now finds at Hissarlik seven layers or strata of *débris*, each of them containing remains characteristic of a distinct age or community. The seventh or latest of these layers contains pottery, coins, and inscriptions, which seem to have accumulated during a period of several hundred years, beginning, perhaps, as early as the time of Herodotus. This layer may safely be referred to the city of "Ilium," celebrated in antiquity for the visit of Alexander the Great and the favor shown it by Julius Caesar, and for the belief that it occupied the site of ancient Troy. Next below this layer is a stratum containing pottery, which Dr. Schliemann ascribes to a Lydian settlement, perhaps of the seventh or eighth century B. C. The next two of the layers, referred by him to a "fifth" and a "fourth prehistoric city on the site of Troy," contain a variety of interesting objects, made of stone, lead, bronze, bone, and ivory, as well as numerous products of the potter's wheel; but his reasons for regarding them as distinct cities are not given clearly enough to be convincing. The same remark may be made as to the division between the relics of "the first" and "the second prehistoric cities," to which the two layers of remains which lie the lowest of the seven are ascribed. But it is "the third, the burnt city," in which Dr. Schliemann's interest is deepest, for this it is which he identifies with the city of Priam, the Homeric Troy. Undaunted by the fact that the entire site covered by this village must have been less than an acre of ground, he sees no difficulty in believing that it is the great Troy sung by Homer, for and around which the forces of many nations contended for ten years. "My excavations," he says, "have reduced the Homeric Ilium to its real proportions"! But the reduction is too great; it is impossible to conceive the Iliad as the story of a predatory band striving to sack a petty hamlet.

As in his "Mycenæ," so in his "Ilios," Dr. Schliemann gives the reader every opportunity to study the objects recovered by an accurate and beautiful cut of every one which can gratify curiosity or excite it. These illustrations are, indeed, by far the most valuable part of the book, and not only explain

*Ilios: The City and Country of the Trojans. The results of researches and discoveries on the site of Troy and throughout the Troad in the years 1871-72-73-74-75, including an autobiography of the author. By Dr. Henry Schliemann, F. S. A., author of "Troy and its Remains," "Mycenæ," etc. With a preface, appendices, and notes, by Professors Rudolph Virchow, Max Müller, A. H. Sayce, J. P. Mahaffy, H. Brugsch-Bey, P. Ascherson, M. A. Postolaccas, M. E. Burnouf, Mr. F. Calvert, and Mr. A. J. Duffield. With maps, plans, and about eighteen hundred illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881.

and enforce the text, but often correct it. Apart from the extraordinary and romantic interest which the discoveries here described borrow from their association, in the minds of author and readers, with the Homeric poems,—an association which scientific skepticism will at last probably regard as accidental,—they have a more substantial, and perhaps more fascinating, interest to the student as the principal source now known from which an important chapter in the history of civilization is to be restored. Dr. Schliemann's success will doubtless lead to the excavation of other buried cities in Asia Minor, and it is not extravagant to hope that the next generation will be able to trace, in the remains of ancient art, the early stages in the growth of that civilization of the coasts and islands which had already advanced, at least in all that gives promise of a great future, far beyond its contemporary and rival civilizations of Assyria and Egypt, long before it acquired a written language. However this may be, Dr. Schliemann's wonderful discoveries solve none of the old problems which have vexed the students of antiquity, but present new ones still more perplexing. Nothing in his book was looked for more eagerly than the promised essay by Professor Sayce on "The Inscriptions Found at Hissarlik," but, with all the Professor's learning and sagacity, he has been able to give no satisfactory explanation of any word or syllable from the ancient strata of ruin; and the only new contribution to this subject in the entire volume is the simple fact stated in his first sentence—the discovery that writing was known in the north-western corner of Asia Minor long before the introduction of the Phœnician or Greek alphabet.

Three New York Poets.*

It is, of course, the critic's duty to consider the poem, without thought of the poet. Yet it is difficult to look at these three volumes, brought out in the same season, two of them under the editorial supervision of the author of the third, without thinking of the youthful friendship of the three authors, and the circumstances under which they met. A whole generation ago, a number of young men began, in New York, a movement that promised to have a notable influence on American literature. It did have a certain influence; but not in the way they sought. They founded a little kingdom of Bohemia, with a little court that migrated, bag and baggage, from one beer-saloon to another. The cleverest was the king; they had, too, their queen, chosen after a like fashion. King and courtiers all wrote for a living, and eked out certain deficiencies by their wits—to use a delicate euphemism. Their kingdom was an outlawry. They were aggressive, bold, unconventional. They called all the rest of the world Philistia, and waged war against it. The journals which

bought their work were their official organs; and they made themselves admired and feared, in some sort. It was all a cisatlantic imitation of Béranger's or Mürger's *Bohème*; and not a bad one, so far as the Bohemianism went. They cultivated, some of them, the same eccentricities of dress and manner; they lived on the same principle, namely, that life in a garret is pleasant at twenty; and they clean out-drunk the Frenchmen, having a strain of Berserker blood in their Anglo-Saxon constitutions. Only they had no Béranger, and they had no Mürger.

This was a hindrance. Yet they had their success, while they held together. They came in a fortunate time, closely following the dainty dilettanteism of the Willis-Hoffman dispensation. They gave a positive character to what may be called literary journalism. They paved the way for those who came after them,—those who had no need of long hair and deep potations to make their profession prominent among the others.

The kingdom is but a tradition now. The "literary journalists" of to-day are trim young men, who dress well, who carry no signs of their profession about them, who cultivate conventional manners, who use more cold water than hot whisky, and who are none the less useful, and none the less clever.

Some of the royalists drank themselves to death—the more foolish among them; the wiser renounced their allegiance, and became sober citizens of the republic of letters; the mediocrities were blotted out in a natural oblivion. Poor George Arnold crowded his life-time into the little span of the Bohemian sovereignty; Fitz-James O'Brien died a soldier in a more earnest cause; Mr. Winter went seriously and earnestly to work; most of the others the world has forgotten. The old king of Bohemia died a pauper, a half-dozen years ago, and some of his old subjects passed the hat around among the trim young journalists, who had never known him, and collected enough to put a head-stone over his grave.

These three volumes may fairly be taken as the summing-up of three literary careers that met for a brief space and parted forever. George Arnold's poems are over a hundred in number, put forth without revision, in all their original crudity, and comprising nearly all that he did that was worthy of preservation between the covers of a book. Mr. Winter offers less than half this number of poems. They are the winnowings of his work; the best of what he wrote in the fresh force of youth; the best of what he has written in his chastened maturity. Fitz-James O'Brien, with his prose and his poetry, makes the largest and least symmetrical book of the three.

It was well, perhaps, for George Arnold's fame that he died young. The kindly memory in which he is held has thrown a mellow light over his work, and has softened, to the critic's eye, many rough and careless touches. He wrote good newspaper poetry at a time when most newspaper poetry was bad. In his day, a man of his talents generally waited—and waited a long time—for a book-publisher to introduce him to the world. Now, a man of such parts finds many good newspapers and magazines ready to bring his writings before the public; and finds them, too, worthy ve-

*The Poems of William Winter.
The Poems of George Arnold. Edited, with a Biographical Sketch of the Poet, by William Winter.
Fitz-James O'Brien. Poems and Stories. Collected and arranged, with a Sketch of the Author, by William Winter.
Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

hicles, although his most approved productions win no better than the meager immortality of the poetry-lover's scrap-book.

Though Arnold's poems were in advance of the "fugitive verse" of the period, the man who judges them in cold blood must own that the weekly papers to-day overflow with material as good, or better. He had, after all, not the genius that rises over all influence of circumstance,—only the talent that develops itself according to the taste and knowledge of its generation. Were he writing to-day, he would write a little better than his colleagues,—not so well as poets of the same class will twenty-five years hence.

Not that Arnold did nothing that deserves to live. He is best known as the author of "Beer"—partly because the poem has a pathetic personal significance, partly because it has also a quaint individuality that gives it a firm hold on the reader's remembrance. But this is not all that is creditable out of his one hundred and seventeen poems. Shallow and artificial as are "Introspection" and "Recrimination," there are fine lines in them here and there, and touches of genuine sentiment. In his many songs of autumn days, there is a faint and melancholy sweetness, and a notable truth to nature in general tone, as well as in occasional passages of effective description. "The Jolly Old Pedagogue" has something of the spirit of Præd, something of the "lyric gush" of Moore, and a tenderness that is Arnold's own:

"Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chucked, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles:
'I'm a pretty old man,' he gently said;
'I have lingered a long while, here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!'
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago."

A score of years ago, *vers de société* had scarcely assumed the distinct form it has since taken at the hands of Mr. Dobson, Mr. Locker, and others of their school, and its strain of subdued, often semi-cynical, feeling too often sought expression in measures that better served a more serious and candid thought. It is for this reason that Arnold's society-verse has a certain air of consciousness and affectation. "*Farceur de Poëte*" is an instance of this:

"So, fare you well, true love, farewell!
Did you think you saw an earnest woe
In the tear that just now flashed and fell?
It was not so * * *
I am a mere farceur, you know!"

The verses written on his twenty-fifth birthday are thoroughly characteristic of Arnold's more serious vein. They are gentle, graceful, and sad. They may be slightly suggestive of Hood's "I Remember, I Remember"—but Arnold is nowhere strikingly original; and few will quarrel with him if there is an echo of an older song in his closing lines:

"But, looking back, I fear my soul
Is more than twenty-five."

The humorous performances included in the volume are only poor to middling specimens of comic rhyming. "Facilis Descensus Avenue," a wail over the advent of the first shop-keeper in

Fifth Avenue, then a *via sacra*, has a careless cleverness about it; but "The Drinking of the Apple-Jack" is the one piece in the collection that is of real and enduring humor. It is, besides, an ingenious parody on Bryant's famous poem.

It is a book, altogether, that one may take up for a pensive moment, as a man, passing along the street, stops to hear a faintly tinkling old piano stir the air with "Il Bacio" or "La Mandolinata"—stops and smiles, perhaps, at the hackneyed tunes, and wonders vaguely and half-pitying about the player, and the player's past, and what memories may move the hands on the unseen key-board—what memories of the days when those airs were new and catching, and life danced on merrily to their measure, or found a voice for its pain and passion in their sympathetic melody. These are not of the poems that have eternal youth; the children of poor George Arnold's dreams have had time to grow old in the years between 1865 and 1881.

In that Bohemia, which was also an Alsatia, where Mr. Winter left his dead friend, sixteen years ago, he left much of his own strength of inspiration. There was a time when he wrote with his compeers. Mr. Aldrich's dainty love-songs caught the popular ear before the sadder sighing of Mr. Winter's muse; Mr. Stedman's "Ballad of Lager Beer" was a better piece of work than Arnold's "Beer"; but the world expected as much of one poet as it did of the others. Now, George Arnold has retired forever from the contest, Mr. Stedman and Mr. Aldrich have made their running, and Mr. Winter is little further on the road to Parnassus than when he set out. He has certainly written nothing of late years so good as the sketch of George Arnold and preface to his poems, in 1866 and 1867. They express a manly sympathy in clear and simple language.

Mr. Winter's talent has always been for melodies in a minor key, and he has never gained enough mastery of his art to hide a lack of invention. He says that, with him, poetry "has been experienced as a feeling, and not pursued as a design"—which is not so good as Poe's remark about making poetry a passion, not a purpose. This is a bad motto for a poet; Poe's work was none the better for it while he took this attitude; and he soon found it out.

Most of the poems in Mr. Winter's book consist of neatly turned stanzas, setting forth a gloomy view of life. Their tone is occasionally reckless and skeptical, in a mild way. None of them have the ring of real grief or passion about them. They are dismal; they are such verses as a man might write in the early morning, on waking up to the unpleasant realities of life; but it is hard to associate a more dignified emotion with such lines as these:

"And I think, as I sit alone,
While the night is falling around,
Of a cold, white, gleaming stone,
And a long, lone, grassy mound"—

OR:

"But for me there is no morrow,
Crown of love nor crown of fame:
I must tread a mighty sorrow
In the mire of sensual shame.
Down I grovel on the earth,
Wasting toward a brutish birth."

Mr. Winter is at his best when he sings of love unmixed with tears. Then 'he is occasionally pathetic, without knowing it. There is a fine idea that finds honest and unforced expression in "My Queen":

"He loves not well whose love is bold!
I would not have these come too nigh:
The sun's gold would not seem pure gold
Unless the sun were in the sky.
* * *
He keeps his state,—do thou keep thine,
And shine upon me from afar!
So shall I bask in light divine,
That falls from love's own guiding star:
So shall thy eminence be high,
And so my passion shall not die."

Then there are some "occasional verses," good of their kind,—verses read at public dinners, that no doubt sounded apt and bright when the champagne went round the second time: verses in memory of the dead, that will always have a hallowed sweetness in mourner's ears. But why should such things be reprinted? The world was not invited to the banquet: these dead are not the world's dead.

The strong poem of the collection, and one that might readily plead as excuse for a book of more positive faults, is the bit of blank verse which serves at once for epilogue and apology. Tender, graceful, and earnest, it shows what Mr. Winter is able to do when he takes the cypress from his brows and quits writing of pale, proud beauties, and heartless charmers, and angelic demons, to sing in pure, plain English the holiness and power of a modern and actual love:

"True heart! upon the current of whose love
My days, like roses in a summer brook,
Float by, in fragrance and in melody,
Take these—unworthy symbols of my soul,
Made precious by the heavenly faith of thine!
Take them: and, though a face of pain looks through
The marble veil of words, thy heart will know
That what was shadow once is sunshine now,
And life all peace, and beauty, and content,
Redeemed and hallowed by thy sacred grace.
Thrice happy he, who—favored child of fate!—
Finds his Egeria in a mortal guise,
And, hearing all the discords of the world
Blend into music 'round his haunted way,
Knows hope fulfilled and bliss already won!"

It was well for Fitz-James O'Brien, one of the cleverest of all the Bohemians, that he died a brave death in the second year of our civil war. A rebel shot ended an unhappy and ill-ordered life; and the world was willing to look generously on the brilliant promise of his early career as a writer—a promise which his riper years might not have been able to redeem with adequate performance. This is the impression left after a careful study of "The Life, Poems, and Stories of Fitz-James O'Brien, edited by William Winter." The startling cleverness of his work at its best, taken in connection with its commonplace feebleness at its worst, at first bewilders the reader, and then invites him to critical analysis. And when O'Brien's literary art is reduced to its primary elements, we cannot but be convinced of its unsoundness and—in a fair sense of the word—of its insincerity. Here is a man who, at times, has written so well that his achievements seem, at first sight, to surpass the models of their

class; and who, on other occasions, has shown absolute shallowness of thought and poverty of expression. This cannot be called simply "unequal" work—that is, work of one kind, varying in degree of excellence. It is not homogeneous; it is of two kinds; and by the utmost stretch of courtesy or amiability in criticism, we cannot accept the inferior kind as the false product, because a man with a mind fine enough to appreciate a higher type of literature would never seek to do less worthy work. If he did it, it must have been because he could not help himself. Therefore, we suspect O'Brien's strong literary effects, and when we get behind their dazzle and brilliancy, we soon find the secret—which was once another man's.

It is not that O'Brien was in any way a plagiarist. He was not. But he had a strange power of absorption,—or rather of assimilation, to express an elusive idea in a slovenly manner. He saw what some earlier author had done; saw it was good; and at once set about doing better in the same line. When the moment of factitious inspiration was over, he dropped to the level of an honest mediocrity. This peculiarity is to be seen in all his charming yet disappointing short stories. He probably begins a tale as well as any master of the art; but the tale always ends, like a burnt-out Catharine-wheel, in a weak whirl and sputter that destroy the illusion and make us forget the fire. "The Diamond Lens" is his only story where the strength is sustained throughout, and this is largely because the construction is dramatic—in that the movement is steadily toward the final climax. When we read the opening pages of "The Lost Room," we say: Poe never had a weirder dream, nor told one in language so rich and graceful. "Tommatoo" and "The Wondersmith" commence with descriptive passages that suggest a new Dickens, with a chastened English style. The first part of "My Wife's Tempter" is scarcely unworthy of Hawthorne. Yet before the end of any one of these stories we come to the real author, Fitz-James O'Brien, a good writer, who gives us fair weight of fiction for our money; but upon whom we look with some ill-will because we thought him a great genius, and he was not.

This faculty of making whatever he admired a part of himself, or of making himself a part of it, seems also to have been a characteristic of O'Brien the man. It is shown in the way he caught the spirit of American life and scenery, and in his genuine love for his adopted country.

In his poems we see most of O'Brien himself. "The Sewing-Bird" and "The Finishing School" are, perhaps, echoes of William Allen Butler's now almost forgotten success, "Nothing to Wear," or of some earlier prototype; but in his shorter lyrics we recognize the Celtic poet, simple, enthusiastic, healthily sentimental, writing verse of real singing quality, with odd Irish rhymes, technically false, true in assonance. The three stanzas of "The Wharf-Rat" make a wildly colored picture, hint at a story, and the one line that rings in the memory—

"And a girl in the Gallipagos isles is the burden of his song!"—

has something of the sea-swing in it that vibrates through Longfellow's poem of which the refrain is:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The whole poem is worth quoting, and no other in the book gives a fairer idea of what O'Brien could do—at times.

Whittier's "King's Missive."

THIS volume does not differ from the average of Mr. Whittier's verse except that it contains no conspicuous example of either of the two styles of poetic composition in which his reputation is likely to be most enduring. There is no ringing, heroic ballad or narrative, such as "The Angels of Buena Vista," "Barbara Frietchie," or "John Brown of Ossawatimie," and no fervid blast of moral exhortation, such as the lament over Webster, entitled "Ichabod," or "John Randolph of Roanoke," in which his usual mood of poetic eloquence is melted into a long-cooling, white-hot glow of imagination. Mr. Whittier is above all a poet of moral occasion, and any falling off in the quality of his occasional poems—of which this volume presents several—must be attributed, not to the aging of the muse or the man, but to the lesser inspiration of events in the "piping times of peace." The nearest approach to such a theme is in "The Lost Occasion," a poem which we have seen mentioned most unwarrantably as in some sort a retraction of the lines on Webster. However unjust may have been Mr. Whittier's polemical view of Webster's course on the question of slavery, there has been since "Ichabod" nothing to compare with it in scorching pity and tender lament; it was at once an elegy and an indictment. The later poem does not match it for strong emotion tersely expressed, though few can read "The Lost Occasion" without sharing its motive, viz., the regret that Webster could not have lived to see the terrible sequences of the Compromise Measures, upon which he staked so much. There is, however, another side to the question, and one less prosaic—that Webster were better dead while his confidence was high in the security of the Union. Very likely Mr. Whittier himself might have urged this view as poetically as the other had it come to him with as sincere an inspiration; at all events, the suspicion that this may be true operates here, as in much else of Mr. Whittier's argumentative verse, as an impeachment, so far, of its poetic character.

It is a good proof of the power that is acquired by continuing to do one thing over and over that, while Mr. Whittier is not an original poet and never gives us the lightning flash of revelation which makes the reading of any one of Mr. Emerson's best poems an epoch in the mental life of a not unsympathetic mind, he is still able to clothe with his gentle mood the most commonplace and hackneyed thoughts, until we have to put aside their first effect of moral radiance before we are ready to affirm that they are neither great nor new.

The titular poem, "The King's Missive," though

thin in substance, is told with the usual quiet force and broad religious bent. Mr. Whittier strikes a deep, a rare, and for him a new chord in "The Dead Feast of the Kol-Folk." We quote one stanza:

"We have opened the door
For the feast of souls,
We have kindled the coals
We may kindle no more!
Snakes, fever, and famine,
The curse of the Brahmin,
The sun and the dew,
They burn us, they bite us,
They waste us and smite us;
Our days are but few!
In strange lands far yonder
To wander and wander
We hasten to you.
List then to our sighing
While yet we are here:
Nor seeing, nor hearing,
We wait without fearing
To feel you draw near.
O dead, in the dying
Come home!"

The condensed force of this poem is what is most needed in Mr. Whittier's sonnets, which lack not thought so much as *essence* and the appropriate mood. Evidently the sonnet is not a natural means of expression to him: more than any other verse it should possess technical beauty, and especially a certain dramatic interplay of parts, and both seem to be foreign to his nature. As a whole, the volume shows no falling off in the gentle expression of the homely sentiment and natural piety which have hallowed the Quaker poet in many homes. In fact, it may be said in general that while the chief attraction of the most inevitable poets—such as Shakspeare, Shelley, Emerson, and Keats—is their poetry, the chief attraction of Mr. Whittier's poetry is still Mr. Whittier.

The Metternich Memoirs.*

OWING to their regularity and method, the memoirs of a prince of bureaucrats like Metternich form an excellent book of reference for diplomats or for the historian. To the general reader they are more interesting as exhibits of the character of the man. The additional volumes offer little or no further light upon Metternich's character that could not have been caught from the first volume. He himself speaks of the unchangeableness of his nature, and represents his own character at the age of forty-seven as identical with that of his youth. He remains between the years 1815 and 1829 the same preternaturally wise person, engaged in foretelling the dangers into which Europe would plunge unless the baleful effects of the French Revolution and of Bonapartism—such, for instance, as the weak vaporizing of *doctrinaires*, the perilous agitation of secret societies, the ambitious schemes of half-educated men who do not see whither their plans lead, the crack-brained reformers of the English type, the unlicensed freedom of the press—be sternly reproved in all the nations of the civilized world. He shows

* Memoirs of Prince Metternich. 1815-1829. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. Vols. III. and IV. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

his old fondness for the word "moral," chiefly in connection with the policy of Austria and Metternich, as opposed to the naughty plots of Russia, France, and England, and at the same time evinces much of that sagacity which made him and kept him the first counselor of the Austrian throne for a length of time which falls to the lot of very few of his tribe. But along with much that recalls his traditional reputation for hypocrisy, there are traces of real feeling and kindness in the man that tend to soften one's verdict against him and to qualify that ugly word as hypocrisy of the unconscious type.

Such are the natural outbursts of grief over the loss of a young daughter, and of his second wife, Antoinette, who died within a few days of giving birth to Richard Metternich, and, still more, the quieter but even more touching sorrow of the father at the death of his son, Victor. In many passages, moreover, there is testimony to the fact that he was beloved by his dependents as well as by the immediate family circle. One can reconstruct him as a man whose eminent services to Austria and Europe had invested with an outward air of importance that made strangers overlook the fact of a warmer nature underneath, which nevertheless continued to exist and occasionally made itself felt through the bonds of red tape by which most of his correspondence was hampered. His horror of secret societies leads him into odd vagaries. The progress of Methodism in Europe alarms him strangely, and he notes that "the *maladie biblique* extends through both hemispheres." The Bibles on board an American frigate lying at Naples (July 17, 1817) and distributed to the sailors by the Bible Society of Boston, move him to this sage remark; but elsewhere, also, he goes more thoroughly into the matter, siding with the Catholics in their objections to putting the unexpurgated Bible into the hands of young people, and plainly considering the Methodists as little better than the Anabaptists of the Münster variety, who, if not checked in time, would put Europe to sack and institute community of wealth and wives. Of this same frigate he wrote:

"The flag-ship has eighty-four guns and is one of the most beautiful vessels I have ever seen. The Americans, who have a great rivalry with the English, owed their success in the last war to a new construction of their ships of the line, some of which carry as many as ninety guns. They are constructed like frigates, but without quarter-decks, and are fast sailers like frigates, and can, consequently, overtake these vessels, which in England never carry more than eighty guns. They can also avoid with the same facility vessels of the line of greater tonnage. The commodore received us with much distinction; he immediately placed the whole crew under arms, and showed me over every part of his ship. Its whole appearance and neatness are admirable. I do not know if, in those respects, it does not even surpass the English ships; on the other hand, the style of the crew does not equal that of the latter. The commodore is a great amateur of the fine arts and fine animals."

Metternich expresses in one letter the deepest love and sentiment for water; but cannon-smoke was not to his taste, or possibly the noise of guns.

For he deferred his visit till nightfall, to escape the salute of cannon. The *maladie biblique*, according to him, is one phase of a greater disease which in 1817 infested Europe, for he wrote in the same year to Nesselrode: "The world just now is sick of a peculiar malady which will pass away like all other epidemics; this malady is called mysticism." A reference is given to a long article to Lebzeltern at Petersburg on the existence of sects in Central Europe. In this he ventilates his ideas of Methodism, notes the ascetic movements in Swabia, and the sects of self-torturers in Upper Austria. Probably no one piece of writing is quite so self-sufficient and autocratic in tone as this; singular and amusing is its perusal at the present day. In another letter he notes the tendency of France, even at that day, to pick a quarrel in the East with ultimate designs upon Italy. A state paper has a summary of the position of the Jews in Austria, in which he notes that Jews are staff-officers in the army and have gained distinctions of every kind, excepting where a Christian oath was demanded of them. But he adds:

"Nevertheless, in many places it has been necessary to take measures of precaution in carrying out the edict of the Emperor Joseph, even after it has been in force many years, because of the abuse by Jews of the concessions granted them. Devoted to business, from father to son, assisting each other with large capitals, they prefer to gain by either lawful or unlawful trade what would cost both care and trouble to attain by other means."

Nor is Metternich destitute of humor. He tells a story of a magistrate of Judenburg who, like all of his class, must have a grievance, and could find nothing better to complain of than the field-mice, stating that they had ravaged the district ever since the French were there.

"What! did the French bring mice in their train?"

"No, but those devils of men encamped near the town; they ate so much bread that they filled the fields with crumbs, and we have had all the mice of Styria since."

In 1820, he writes an amusing account of the Fürstenburg Palace at Prague, which had been decorated and furnished throughout by its steward in the absence of the owner, as a surprise to that prince. Shell-work, rock-work, gilt animals in wood, lamps in the shape of owls, curious contrivances that set bells a-chiming, or flutes playing, had been prepared by this "horrible steward." The night table of the princess had a musical box and that of the prince a trumpet. The next day Metternich forms one of the imposing marriage ceremony of an Archduke, and on the following he pens this notable passage:

"May 31, 1820. PRAGUE.

"The memorable epochs at which I visited this town followed quickly upon one another. In the year 1812 I spent two months here with the Empress of the French, and in 1813 gave her husband his death-blow. Yet, what to me is all that has rushed through my head and flowed from my pen during my public life? My life may be unpleasant

for me to experience, but my biography will certainly not be tedious. Especially interesting must be the years which I have passed with Napoleon as if we were playing a game of chess, and during which the object of both was—I to checkmate him, and he to surround me with his pieces. These fifteen years seem to me to have passed like a moment of time."

The fable of the dead lion comes to mind with unreasonable quickness on reading such passages. And yet the achievements of Napoleon ought not to belittle the honest overcoming of difficulties in the way of Metternich. If any opponent of Napoleon deserves credit, it is he. Still, are we to take for strictly true the following, written in 1821, as he was reading O'Meara's account of the life on St. Helena?—

"God in heaven! how the poor devil [O'Meara] has been imposed upon. The account of the agreement between Napoleon and the Emperor Francis about the flight from Elba is good. It is to me as if I, too, were listening to Napoleon; he has often tried to make me believe the same. I let him talk till he had done, and then I only said to him, 'That is false.' Then he looked at me, smiled, and said, as he turned away, '*Some bugie per i Parigini.*'"

So we find Metternich to the end fighting over again the battles of his youth and perhaps improving his own undeniable merits in the process. We have again a pretty thorough summary of the character of Napoleon, according to his judgment, and again that summary corroborates the Rémusat account only in its most general outlines. We find none of that scandalous excess charged to Napoleon which in the other memoirs places him on the level of the moral monsters of the world. On the other hand, his papers have been edited by several hands, and it is always possible that the most injurious accusations have been weeded out. Metternich in 1822 considered him a small man "of imposing character." He was as ignorant as most sub-lieutenants, but a remarkable instinct supplied the place of knowledge. Having the meanest opinion of men, he never had any anxiety lest he should go wrong. He made himself master of the world, "while others cannot even get so far as being masters of their own hearth." As a legitimate ruler of a small state he would never have been heard of except as an arbitrary monarch. He would always have made a mark as a military commander in any country whatever, or as an administrator wherever the storm of revolution raged.

Guizot in Private Life.*

IN all probability this book would never have been written, had it not been for a certain tendency among French writers and orators to exaggerate qualities in the persons of whom they treat. Guizot was something of a precisian; he was something of a Puritan; belonged by character, descent on both sides, and by tradition to that Protestantism which showed its least amiable phase in Calvin. That is not saying, however, that Guizot was hard

and formal in his daily life,—a rigid and methodical person, who, in his family, substituted decorum for love. Yet many of his fellow-countrymen have chosen so to describe him, or, by brilliant antithesis, to give people that impression of him without stating it in so many words. His children are naturally unwilling that their father and father-in-law should remain before the world and posterity a figure so forbidding, and this volume is the result.

To see how, with all his learning and love of exactness, he was not only a devoted but a fond father, all that one needs is the letters to his children, which one of them, Pauline de Witt, has incorporated in the well-written private biography of her illustrious parent. When he is ambassador to England, he sends them descriptions of scenes and persons which would be apt to amuse them. He writes from London:

"My dear little Pauline, your picture has come, and I write to you to tell you what pleasure it gave me. I shall not write to Henriette till to-morrow; I am sure that she will not mind. The picture is excellent and the likeness perfect. It gives me a double pleasure. It is very like you, and it looks in good health. You have recovered, therefore, very quickly. Here is a kiss for you, my dear child. I am sure that when we meet I shall find you all very much grown. Keep well in the meantime. Your portrait is in my room, close to my writing-table. I wish you had all been hidden in some corner to see my dinner at the Lord Mayor's. You would have been greatly amused for at least a quarter of an hour. It was in a very large and beautiful room, called, I know not why, the Egyptian Hall, supported by enormous pillars, and ornamented with all sorts of banners and symbols belonging to the city. When I entered, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, and with the Lady Mayoress on my arm, there were already three hundred and fifty people at the table. It was very dimly lighted. The moment we sat down, the gas was turned on and the hall was flooded with light. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress were seated on two raised chairs of state, under a red canopy. I was next to the Lady Mayoress. A magnificent service of plate, belonging to the city, was distributed over all the tables. The dinner was long, and music, which was not bad, went on all the time. Toward the end, two enormous goblets, filled with wine, were brought in; the trumpet sounded, and the City Herald proclaimed that the Lord and Lady Mayoress drank to the health of the French ambassador, the Bishop of London, and all the present company. The Lady Mayoress rose, took one of the cups, and turned toward me; I rose at the same time. She drank, bowed, and passed the cup on to me. I bowed in return, turned to my left-hand neighbor, drank and bowed, and presented her with the cup. The Lord Mayor was performing the same ceremony on his side, and the two cups, in this way, went all round the three hundred and fifty guests. This is called the Loving-Cup. The Lord Mayor's name is Sir Chapman Marshall, and he looks a very good sort of man."

In a letter to Madame Guizot he enters into details about the children, warning her against forcing them in their studies, urging plenty of outdoor exercise, and that they should be left a good deal to themselves when at play, or superintended at a dis-

* *Monsieur Guizot in Private Life. 1787-1874.* By his daughter, Madame de Witt. Authorized Edition. Translated by M. C. M. Simpson. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1881.

tance only. "There is no freedom for children if they are not sometimes alone, left entirely to themselves." Americans may not appreciate how much wisdom that remark contained, because children here, if anything, are left too much to themselves; but in France the surveillance exercised over the young is carried to an absurd and hurtful length.

"Do not let Henriette read Michelet's 'History of the Roman Republic.' It is not fit for her. Not one of M. Michelet's works is fit for children—not even for very advanced children—either as regards instruction or morality. The fact is, these works are very inaccurate, and the deductions they draw are those of an ill-regulated, though honest mind."

Here is a very interesting letter of the year 1840, which gives details of the family of his deceased wife, the brilliant writer who was no longer young when, as Mademoiselle de Meulan, she had married the sober young Protestant who was to play such an important rôle in France as historian and maker of history:

"I went yesterday evening to the House of Commons and came back at one in the morning. There was a very interesting debate on the Irish election. You must always take an interest in Ireland, my child. Your mother always did; it was the cradle of her family. I met a great many relations of yours here. One hundred and fifty years ago, your grandfather's family quitted England in the suite of James II., and took refuge in France, Spain, and Italy. They ran away from England because they were Catholics. Almost at the same time, the Protestants were running away from France. A Protestant now represents France at the Court of St. James, and he finds a great many Catholics in the very House of Commons which turned them out one hundred and fifty years ago. All this, my child, is the result of intellectual progress and a better appreciation of religious truth. If we were suddenly taken back to the state in which Europe was two centuries ago, we could not even endure the sight of so much misery and injustice. This is a reason for deep gratitude to God."

In another letter of about the same period, from Paris, he speaks of a secretary of legation who has just arrived from Texas. He asks his children:

"Do you know what Texas is, and where it is? It is a new nation which is rising up in America, between Mexico and the United States. Its capital is a town which, as yet, has no existence, on the borders of Colorado, and its president, who is like a king, set off with his ministers a few weeks ago, carrying his tent and provisions, to live on the banks of the river and build his own house. A great many years and many events must pass before he will be as well lodged as the king of France at Fontainebleau."

When one reflects upon the variety of ways by which Guizot made an impression on his fellow-men, it is doubly interesting to see him in his private life. We study his works at college, read his "History of France," and other volumes in the historical field; our girls still often read his first wife's books, produced under his immediate influence. He and Thiers occupied in France positions somewhat anal-

ogous to those of Gladstone and Disraeli; when one was in, the other was out. He believed in constitutional monarchy for France, and events justified his belief. The daughter who now shows him equally great on the side of the affections does a good deed, not only for the family, but for France and the world. We see a man who lived while Napoleon and Talleyrand were strong, who could be powerful in his action upon the outer world and lovable in his home circle. He had a mother who was great in her own restricted sphere. His second wife writes to him:

"Your mother and I went yesterday to the Tuileries Gardens, and we talked a great deal about her sorrow, of the effect it produced on her, of her fidelity to your father's opinions, of your education. Your poor mother burst into tears. She said: 'My grief is only a matter of history to my children; they were too young to feel it. For twenty years I spent every night sitting on my bed, bathed in tears. I controlled myself in order not to sadden them. Your husband had an extraordinary instinctive tenderness. He saw my sorrow and the struggle it cost me to live. Without my children I could not have existed, but I had the conviction of a double task laid upon me. My poor darling had trusted me, and I may say that I fulfilled all his wishes. I brought up my children entirely myself. I spared myself neither in mind nor in body. The only thing I cannot correct in myself is my tendency to exact too much from them, but I think God will forgive me this fault.' Dearest, my eyes filled with tears while I listened to her. She told me she had lived three lives: a somewhat careless youth, eight years of happiness, and all the rest sorrow. She has passed thirty-five years in tears, and she has never found a heart that sympathized entirely with her own."

We must find room for one more anecdote of Guizot. At the Rothschilds', the talk came upon table and hat turning, and the Princess de Beauvau asked Guizot for his hat. Three persons put their hands on it in order to magnetize it. It would not budge.

"'It will never turn,' said Guizot.

"'And why?'

"'Because it spent its life on my head.'"

Boyesen's "Ilka on the Hill-top."

THESE short stories, with which our readers are already familiar, have much the same characteristics as the author's first collection, "Tales from Two Hemispheres." To match "The Man who Lost his Name" in that volume, we have "Ilka on the Hill-top" in this—these two romances being, in our opinion, Mr. Boyesen's nearest approaches to the bracing quality of his first success, "Gunnar." In individuality he has made considerable advance upon that delightful book, but his literary excellences and faults remain the same. The buoyancy of the romantic themes he deals with is not the less that he is writing at a time when much of English fiction has taken on a false-realistic tone of reportorial

* Ilka on the Hill-top, and Other Stories. By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

method, the imagination playing a subordinate part to the note-book. Mr. Boyesen succeeds in making his characters interesting, not by a volley of detail so familiar to readers by actual experience that they exclaim at its likeness to life,—the most commonplace incident being therefore regarded as the most typical,—but rather by making their metaphysical relations engaging. Indeed, where some authors suffer from a surplus of superficial life-likeness which is not organic life, Mr. Boyesen goes to the other extreme, and misses the vividness of complete characterization by too little attention to externals and trifles. His fancy has plenty of sail but not enough ballast. The reader is apt to be less interested in his people as human beings than in their dramatic embodiment of an idea. The personalities are distinct as far as they go, but it is a difference in dramatic attitude rather than of mental constitution. There are single exceptions to this in the two stories above named, and in "Annunciata," but it is rare that a good story is made up of but one good character without loss of dramatic force—flint must have flint to strike—and next to poetic quality, dramatic force is what Mr. Boyesen chiefly has. Characters like these it would seem that he has a thorough conception of: others he has only met. When he only intends to set forth a principle, this slightness of treatment is not an objection, for the sense of proportion is at the heart of all good constructive work. Moreover, it is easier to supply deficiencies of description than to forgive the over-weighting of trivial things, a fault so obtrusive in much of Dickens's work. Still, the demands of the age for substantiality and for perfection in detail can be met without going to either extreme.

Once having granted the author's starting-point, and yielding oneself a little to the illusion, Mr. Boyesen's narrative is spirited and well wrought. He is especially happy in a shrewd use of symbolism to heighten a situation. Cranbrook, about to make love to his friend's sweetheart, finds her copying the group of Briseis led away from Achilles by the messengers of Agamemnon. Even this would have been stronger if Cranbrook had known the relations between the others: Hawthorne would have made this intellectual device a pervading and brooding dread in Cranbrook's mind. The same is true of both authors as to the statue of the Roman senator who reflects the moods of Cranbrook. The passiveness of the Italian girl is skillfully portrayed, and the grapple of the two friends in the dark is told with a quick, flashing, stiletto-like sentence. The most human character in the book is Ilka. She stands for an element in life of which we never tire—the attractiveness of a simple, unreasoning love; but it is a question whether the reader would not prefer to take this element unmixed with so much dross as the author thinks needful to give contrast to Ilka. The vulgar Hahns, for instance, though vigorously drawn, are uninteresting and, since Ilka is never really in any danger from either, are hardly worth elaboration.

As a whole, even when least life-like, Mr. Boyesen's stories are always vital—as one might infer

from the strong hold they take on the affections of many readers. They are never written aimlessly or for the sake of an ingenious plot, and those which deal with Norwegian-American life have opened a new field for the sympathies of readers, and have done a valuable service to the cause of political liberty in the next republic of Europe.

Storrs's Oration on Wycliffe.*

IF any English orations of the present time are to become classic, those of Dr. Storrs may well be included among them. To whom else should we look for examples of this kind of literature fitter to survive? Gladstone is a wonderful orator, but although we may despise the sneer of his great rival at the literary quality of his work, it is evident that a style so involved and reverberant needs the interpreting cadences of the author's voice: his orations are never altogether pleasant reading. John Bright is a famous tribune of the people; but his themes have been local, while his culture is provincial. Mr. George William Curtis has spoken some admirable orations, but his busy life affords too little opportunity for the cultivation of an art in which he excels. The erratic Mr. Wendell Phillips, of Boston, has uttered occasional speeches of remarkable penetration and force. But Dr. Storrs has delivered several orations which, for the nobleness of their themes, the thoroughness of their treatment, and the beauty and propriety of their diction, may be ranked among the masterpieces of the oratorical art of our day. The last, and in some respects the best, of these is his oration on Wycliffe. More than half the oration is devoted to the development of the Protestant principle in English history; but this is necessary to a comprehension of Wycliffe's work. The picture of the man and the story of his life are sketched with a bold but careful hand; the ample learning of the orator is felicitously used: and although the style is rather more restrained and less rhetorical than is his wont, there are occasional passages—notably the exordium, in which the completion of the Cologne cathedral and of the English Bible are beautifully associated, the picture of the imperialism of the mediæval church, and the account of the effect of Wycliffe's Bible upon English life—that are touched with the light of imagination.

The Correspondence of Goethe's Mother.†

"FRAU AJA," whom all literary and many political celebrities of the last century delighted to honor, and whose friendship was 'courted even by princes, would have had a claim to distinction as a most

* John Wycliffe and the first English Bible. An Oration, by Richard S. Storrs, D. D., LL. D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Company.

† Goethe's Mother. Correspondence of Catharine Elizabeth Goethe with Goethe, Lavater, Wieland, Duchess Anna Amalia of Saxe-Weimar, Friedrich von Stein, and Others. Translated from the German, with the Addition of Biographical Sketches and Notes. By Alfred S. Gibbs. With an Introductory Note by Clarence Cook. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1880.

charming type of a German woman, even if she had not been the mother of Germany's greatest poet. Fragments of her correspondence have hitherto been published in English, but, so far as we know, a complete collection, embracing her letters to all her numerous friends and admirers, has not until now been presented to the English-speaking public.

Even in Germany these quaint letters, abounding in terse descriptions and mother wit, are only to be found in half a dozen volumes of different size and type; and a collection like the present, giving a complete characterization of Frau Aja, as far as it can be gathered from her own utterances, will therefore be very welcome both to students of Goethe and to that part of the public who seek merely entertainment in the record of a past historic period. For, after all, the importance of the book as an historic document is hardly secondary to its interest as a mere personal recital of small events, connected more or less remotely with the life around which all the minor satellites of German literature for more than half a century revolved. It is the way men thought and spoke a hundred years ago which is here recorded, and it is in their typical capacity that such queer mixtures of religion and charlatanism as Lavater, intellectual epicureans like Wieland, and sweet, healthy, and realistic natures, like Frau Aja, primarily enchain our interest.

Barnard's "Knights of To-day."

Of these seven short romances, at least three are likely to have a wide popularity among readers who do not care so much for serious subject-matter or substantial character-drawing as for an amusing and ingenious plot. They are of the Jules Verne order of writing, which seeks to make probable the most incongruous connections of romance and modern science, and would turn to account in a fictitious narrative the very figures in the census. The agencies employed by Mr. Barnard to give zest and progress to his love-stories are such trifles as the electric telegraph, the heliograph and air-locks, and yet not one of these stories is dull, though "Put Yourself in Her Place" is every way inferior to the others. In "Kate" (--- -- --), the pioneer and the best of the seven, first published in this magazine, and in "A Sanitary Measure," the plots are interesting and not overlaid with the mechanical lore which in places gives a little look of threadbareness to the others. "Kate" was a "hit," and is of itself worth preservation in book-covers. Mr. Barnard writes out of full knowledge, and in a simple, rapid style, adapted to a story of action, but not otherwise making pretensions to literary effect.

* *Knights of To-day, or, Love and Science.* By Charles Barnard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Improved System of Ventilation.

It is now recognized that all household waste is more or less harmful, and that the pipes in which it escapes must be continually flushed with air or water, or our "modern improvements" will be only clever devices for digging early graves. Soil-pipes are ventilated by being carried to the roof and left open at the top. This is very well, as the injurious products of decomposition do escape that way, yet sometimes, in calm weather, they fall like so much invisible water on the roof and over the eaves into the street or windows below. Better results have been obtained by placing the ventilating pipe within the chimney, and thus gaining the power to throw the escaping gas high out the chimney. This works well as long as the fire burns. When it is out, the current in the pipe may, in certain states of the weather, be inverted and overflow into the chimney, and thence into the house. A more recent and radical change is to make the kitchen fire do the work of ventilation. By placing a common "water-back" in a stove or range and using it as an air-heater, a system of drain ventilation has been devised that appears, from experiment and reliable testimony, to be both safe and useful. In an old and familiar system of mine ventilation, there are two shafts leading from the surface of the ground to the bottom of the mine. One of these is called the

"upcast" and the other the "downcast." A fire is kept burning at the foot of the upcast, and the heat and smoke rise through it to the surface. This creates a vacuum below, and to replace this, fresh air continually flows down the downcast and through the mine to the fire, thus securing a fair degree of ventilation. The new system of drain ventilation employs this idea by making the soil-pipe reaching to the roof the downcast, and a second pipe in the kitchen chimney the upcast. In the stove is placed a common cast-iron water-back or other simple casting, arranged on the same "flow and return" principle. The return, or lower side of the casting, is connected by a wrought-iron pipe with the house-drain, just above the trap. The flow, or escape-pipe, passes out of the stove into the chimney, and then upward to the open air. When the fire is started, the air in the casting is expanded and driven upward through the pipe, and thence out at the top of the house. The expansion of the air at once causes a flow of air from the interior of the drain and downward through the soil-pipe from every opening in sinks or closets, and all the air-spaces that may exist. Were the pipe, which is now the downcast of the ventilating system, closed at the top, the suction of the air would unseat all the traps, but this is prevented by always leaving the pipe open at the top, and thus securing a constant flushing of fresh air through the entire drainage

system of the house. As soon as the fire obtains a good start, the temperature of the iron box rises to 400° Fahrenheit, or even more, and as all the air must pass through the highly heated box, all organic life and germs of disease are burned to ash and rendered harmless. The air, after passing through the hot box, is reported to be completely purified, as far as germs of life are concerned, only a fine ash escaping from the top of the chimney. Anything more that might be unchanged by the high temperature is simply thrown out in a highly heated and expanded condition at the chimney-top. The objection may suggest itself that this passing the ventilating pipe through the kitchen fire might be dangerous, on account of leaks in the apparatus. From experiments with an apparatus purposely cracked or perforated, it was found that the flow of air was from the fire into the pipe or casting. When the fire is out the apparatus is equally safe, because both the upcast and downcast are open at the top, and there is no chance for pressure to force the air out of any leaks that might exist. A better plan, it is found, is to have a small gas-burner attached to some part of the upcast pipe, and to thus keep the system in constant operation. The apparatus examined seemed to be placed under very trying circumstances and to be working with entire success. Reliable testimony would also appear to warrant the belief that this idea of causing the air of the drains to pass through a suitable casting, bedded in a hot and constant fire, works successfully.

New Copying Processes.

A GREAT number of experiments have been made to find a simple and inexpensive actinic method of copying plans, drawings, and diagrams, but only one of these has proved of any particular value in actual business. Two new formulas are now announced that have the merit of being comparatively simple and of giving positive reproductions in black on a white ground. A solution is prepared by dissolving twenty-five parts of gum arabic in one hundred parts of water, and then adding seven parts of bichromate of potash and one part of alcohol. Good, well sized drawing-paper is then coated with a film of the solution laid on evenly with a flat brush, and is then dried in the dark, and, if kept in the dark, will retain its sensitiveness indefinitely. The drawing to be copied (on thin paper) is laid over the sensitive paper and exposed to diffused light for from five to ten minutes. It is then placed in water, in a dark room, for twenty minutes, to wash out the chromated gum that has not hardened under the action of the light. After drying with blotting-paper the drawing will be found developed in dull lines on a bright or shining ground. To intensify the effect, the drawing is then inked. The ink to be used is made by dissolving five parts of shellac in one hundred parts of alcohol and adding fifteen parts of "vine black" (carbon black would probably do as well). This ink is spread over the paper with a sponge, and the print is then placed in a two per cent. bath of sulphuric acid till the color can be

rubbed off with a stiff brush, when the print will appear in black on a white ground. The only objection raised to this process is that it does not copy fine shadings or the half-tones of the original.

Another formula employs well sized drawing-paper floated in a solution of one part of gelatine in thirty parts of water. To sensitize the paper, it is dipped in a solution (one in twenty-five) of bichromate of potash, and dried in the dark. After exposure, as before, the sheet is laid in cold water to remove the excess of gelatine, when the print is found to be developed by the swollen gelatine rising in relief. The paper is then laid in a water bath of about 87 Fahr. (30°C.), when the gelatine becomes sticky. It is then dried on a smooth surface with blotting-paper, and carbon black is spread over the print with a dry brush. It may then be dried before a fire and, when completely dry, the excess of carbon black may be washed off by gentle rubbing in water, leaving the print in black on a white ground. Colors may be used, if desired. Highly artistic effects have been obtained by this process, but the first is the more simple and likely to be more generally useful.

Photographic Enlargements.

By a recent improvement in enlarging and copying photographs, the scope of solar printing has been greatly extended, and photographs can be produced on fabrics 4.57 meters (15 feet) square. Instead of putting the sensitized sheet (whatever its material) into a camera, as in solar printing, and exposing it to the sun, a large room is prepared by dividing it by wooden partitions into closets, or dark rooms, each in the shape of a segment of a circle. Each closet thus becomes a camera, in which the operator carries on his work. In the studio examined, a part of one floor was divided by matched board partitions into two segments, each about five meters deep. The points of the two segments met, and were cut off just enough to admit a large lens. Doors were provided for each room, closed by heavy drapery curtains to exclude the light. Outside, in the larger room, and just at the meeting of the two closets, was placed an electric light. In each closet was laid a track, and on this moved a car carrying an easel. By this arrangement the sensitized canvas, stretched on a frame, can be easily rolled forward or backward to get the right focus. The operator thus stands within the camera and uses electric light to obtain his prints. This makes it possible to make enlargements from even very small negatives up to prints as large as a drop scene in a theater. The prints taken in this manner are on muslin, the fabric itself being sensitized. The advantage claimed for this new style of photographic material is that there is no film, or skin, to peel off or crack, and that the print is indelibly fixed in the muslin, and will neither fade nor wash out.

Gas Fuel.

THE manufacture of coke, which is carried on in this country, outside of ordinary city gas-works, upon an enormous scale, appears to be accompanied by a

waste of good fuel that would be criminal were not the coal so cheap and abundant. It is reported, on good authority, that in one Pennsylvania coke-making center not less than twenty-four million feet of good gas is daily thrown away into the air and disappears in smoke that becomes a nuisance to all the country round about. To save this waste of fuel, a new form of coke oven has been devised that enables the coke-burner to make from the bi-products of his ovens a good heating gas of about eight candle power. It is useless for lighting, but for fuel it is invaluable, as it is clean, lights instantly, requires no stoking, and leaves no ash behind. Experiments appear to show that the gas can be made (or saved) on a commercial scale, and may be sold for about ten cents a thousand feet. For a puddling furnace using the gas as a fuel, the cost would be about three dollars a day, for a battery of steam boilers about one dollar, and for an ordinary dwelling about ten cents a day. The use of gas fuel is steadily growing in this country, and if, as is claimed, it can be produced at this low price, it will prove of the greatest possible advantage in all cities, particularly in the West, where the smoke question is so troublesome. Gas is, undoubtedly, the fuel of the future, and it is only a matter of surprise that the gas companies do not make some effort to produce a cheap gas. Perhaps the rapid spread of the electric light will force them out of the rut of conservatism into which they appear to have fallen.

Combined Plow and Harrow.

HITHERTO the two processes of turning over the soil in plowing and breaking it up into suitable condition to form a seed-bed for the future crop have

been performed by two separate processes and old and familiar types of machines. In a new implement that appears to be finding much favor in the Middle States, plowing and harrowing may be done by one man and team at the same time. The apparatus consists essentially of a double plow and a scarifier, for tearing the clods turned over by the plow and breaking them up into a loose powder. The plow consists of an iron beam carrying two shares. The first one is the smaller of the two, and moves in advance, its duty being to cut off a thin slice of the sod and to invert it in the usual manner. The depth of cut of this share is regulated by a wheel in front. Behind this comes the larger share, following in the same line, and turning a deeper furrow. Beside this share is a large iron wheel, running freely on an axle at the end of the plow beam. This wheel is of wrought iron, and armed on the inside with numerous sharp-edged, pointed teeth. As the plow advances the wheel revolves, and as it is directly opposite the rear share, the soil raised by the share is turned directly into the wheel and over the teeth. The result is, the clod is torn to pieces and thrown behind the wheel in a shower of powder and broken lumps, completely breaking it up and leaving a fine, smooth surface, in good condition for immediate seeding. The machine requires two or three horses and can be managed by one man. The scarifying wheel is balanced by a loose wheel at the opposite side of the plow, to sustain the weight of the machine and cause it to run steadily. It will be observed that the first share inverts the sod while the second covers it, and the toothed wheel beats it down and breaks up the covering soil ready for seeding.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Observations of Rev. Gabe Tucker.

You may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky plan
To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kivers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come ercross
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
An', wukin' in de low-groun's, you diskiver, as you go,
Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a row!

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for Heben
Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seben;
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat
An' nebber draps a nickel in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de chunes,
But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons!

I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey come fum an' de houses whar dey stay;
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty high,
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
An' you finds de smalles' 'possum up de bigges' kind o' tree!

Mike's Confession.

Now Mike was an ostler of very good parts,
Yet sly as a church-mouse was he;
And he came to confess to the new parish priest,
Like a pious and true devotee.

When his sins were reeled off till no more could
be found,
Said the priest: "Are you sure you've told all?
Have the mouths of the horses never been
greased,
So they couldn't eat oats in the stall?"

"With respect to yer riv'rence," said Mike, with
a grin,
"Sure for that ye may lave me alone;
I've scraped till there's niver a sin left behind—
Me conscience is clane to the bone!"

So absolved, happy Mike went away for more sins,
Till the day came around to tell all;
And the very first thing he confessed:—He had
greased
The mouth of each horse in the stall!

"How is this?" said the priest. "When here,
but last week,
You never had done this, you swore?"
"Faith, thanks to yer riv'rence," said Mike, "sich
a thing
I niver had heerd of before!"

Sonnets from the Afghanese.

IN venturing to publish a few specimens of the
literature of a remote race, who have lately attracted
the attention of the whole civilized world, I deem it
necessary to offer a word of explanation, lest the
reader should conclude that the colloquialisms of
Cabool are too suspiciously like the slang of our
own metropolis. Sir William Leslie, in his admirable
work on the "Social Life and Manners of the
Afghans," says: "Their poetry is rude and simple,
full of colloquial phrases, and celebrates only the
primitive passions and most familiar surroundings
of their daily life." It will be observed that this
remark is eminently true, if the following sonnets
are faithfully typical of Pushtaneh literature. In
translating, I have been at some pains to preserve a
natural atmosphere by substituting for the idioms
of the Pushtu language such of our own colloquial-
isms as most nearly correspond. In no other way
could I preserve the *viva voce* tone of the originals.

No. I.—TO A MULE.

A WEIRD phenomenon, O mule, art thou!
One pensive ear inclined toward the west,
The other sou'-sou'-east by a little sou',
The acme explicate of peace and rest.
But who can tell at what untoward hour
Thy slumbering energy will assert its function,
With fervid eloquence and awakening power,
Thy hee-haw and thy heels in wild conjunction?
War, Havoc, and Destruction envy thee!
Go! kick the stuffing out of Time and Space!
Assert thyself, thou Child of Destiny,
Till nature stands agast with frightened face!
A greater marvel art thou than the wonder
Of Zeus from high Olympus launching thunder!

No. 2.—TO A GOAT.

THOU hast a serious aspect, but methinks
Beneath the surface, Billy, I discern
A thoughtful tendency to play high-jinks,
A solemn, waiting wickedness supernal.
Within the amber circle of thine eye
There lurketh mischief of exsuccous kind,—
A humor grim, mechanical, and dry;
Evasive, subdulous, and undefined.
I would I understood thee better, Bill.
Beseech thee of thy courtesy explain:
Now, doth the flavor of a poster fill
Thy utmost need? Of old hats art thou fain?
I pry'thee, goat, vouchsafe some information;
Oh, say! come now! Get out! Oh, thunderation!

No. 3.—TO TAFFY.

HAIL, Taffy, new-born goddess! Thou art come
Into the world emollient and serene,
With liberal hands dispensing balmy gum,
A sirup-mouthed, molasses-visaged queen!
What art thou giving us, O gracious one?
Thou dost assuage our daily cares and toils.
'Tis thine to mollify the rasping dun,
Thine to alleviate domestic broils;
The lover seeks thy aid to win his joy,
The statesman looketh toward thee, and the
preacher,
The interviewer, and the drummer-boy,
Who drummeth wisely owning thee for teacher.
The clam-dispenser toots thy tuneful praise,
The lightning-rod-distributor knoweth all thy ways.

The Middy of 1881.

I'M the dearest, I'm the sweetest little mid,
To be found in journeying from here to Hades.
I am also, nat-u-rally, a *prodid*.
Gious favorite with all the pretty ladies.
I *know* nothing, but say a mighty deal;
My elevated nose, likewise, comes handy;
I stalk around, my great importance feel—
In short, I am a brainless little dandy.
My hair is light, and waves above my brow,
My mustache can just be seen through opera-
glasses;
I originate, but flee from every row,
And no one knows as well as I what "saars" is!
The officers look down on me with scorn,
The sailors jeer at me—behind my jacket,
But still my heart is not "with anguish torn,"
And life with me is one continued racket.

Whene'er the captain sends me with a boat,
The seamen know an idiot has got 'em;
They make their wills and are prepared to die,
Quite certain they are going to the bottom.
But what care I? For, when I go ashore,
In uniform, with buttons bright and shining,
The girls all cluster 'round me to adore,
And lots of 'em for love of me are pining.

I strut, and dance, and fool my life away;
I'm nautical—in past and future tenses!
Long as I know an ocean from a bay,
I'll shy the rest, and take the consequences.
I'm the dearest, I'm the sweetest little mid,
That ever graced the tail-end of his classes,
And through a four-years' course of study slid.
First am I in the list of Nature's—donkeys!